Aug. 30, 1969

THE NEW YORKER

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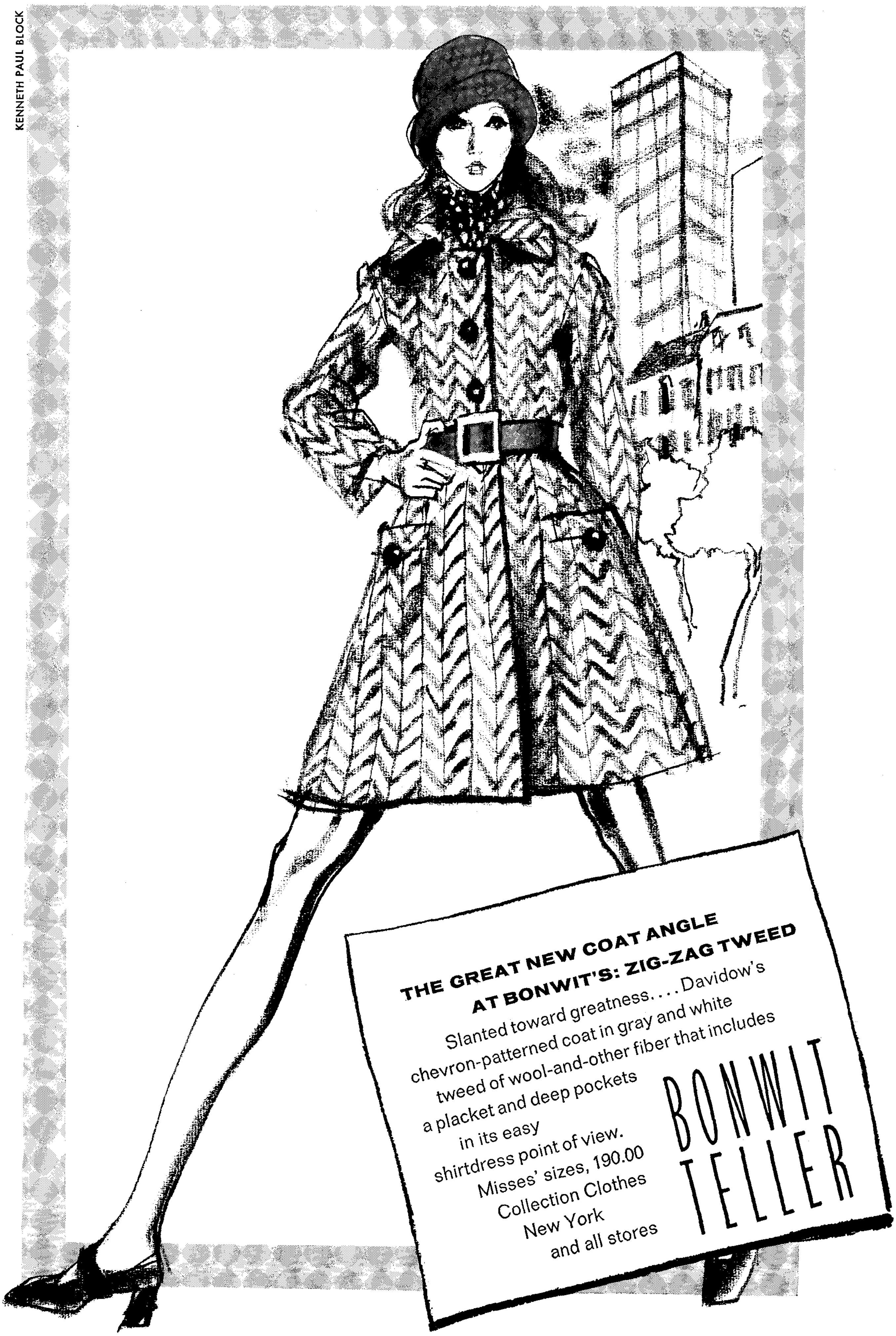

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BONWIT TELLER

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			27	28	29	30
31	1	2	3	4	5	6

THE THEATRE

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of Labor Day, Sept. 1. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans. . . . ¶ E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

ADAPTATION and **NEXT**—Two one-acters (the first by Elaine May, the second by Terrence McNally, and both directed by Miss May) that together make the funniest evening imaginable. R. G. Brown and James Coco are the respective stars. Highly recommended. (Greenwich Mews, 141 W. 13th St. 243-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A BLACK QUARTET—One-acters by Ed Bullins, LeRoi Jones, Ben Caldwell, and Ronald Milner. Three out of four of the plays are militant, fierce, and rife with symbols; the fourth, and most interesting and touching, is Mr. Milner's "The Warning—A Theme for Linda," which is about people. With L. Errol Jaye, Minnie Gentry, and Vikki Summers. (Gate, Second Ave. at 10th St. 982-3255. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

CEREMONIES IN DARK OLD MEN—An extraordinary play—funny and tragic—about a Negro family in Harlem who decide to bypass the white community and go it on their own by tying up with a local racketeer. Edmund Cambridge has directed a new cast, with Richard Mason. The dramatist is Lonne Elder III. Reopens Tuesday, Sept. 2. (Pocket, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE CONCEPT—A moving and utterly convincing drama about the rehabilitation of heroin addicts at a community called Daytop, on Staten Island. Originally an improvisation but now a set piece, it is acted by a cast of eight ex-addicts from Daytop. (Gramercy Arts, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7665. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10.)

FORTY CARATS—Adapted by Jay Allen from a French farce, and given a brassy local polish by the director, Abe Burrows, this mindless trifle provides an occasion for Julie Harris, Marco St. John, Murray Hamilton, and a number of other superlative actors to show off their skills. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays and Labor Day, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30: special matinée Labor Day at 2:30.)

GEESE—A twin bill by Gus Weill. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

HADRIAN VII—The bizarre career of a real-life scamp named Baron Corvo provides a juicy role for Alec McCowen, who takes full advantage of it. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Sept. 3, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Labor Day at 2:30.)

IN THE MATTER OF J. ROBERT OPPENHEIMER—Heinar Kipphardt's fascinating mock-documentary account, sometimes true and sometimes false, of the famous hearing at which Professor Oppenheimer was denied security clearance. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Saturday, Sept. 13.)

LITTLE MURDERS—A revival of Jules Feiffer's black farce about violence—indoors and out—in New York. Alan Arkin, its new director, has made a hit out of this Broadway flop of a couple of years ago. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

NO PLACE TO BE SOMEBODY—Charles Gordone's rich, complex, and altogether fascinating play, set in a West Village saloon that is owned by a Negro. The actors, who come in a variety of colors, are all good; Nathan George (prop.), Ron O'Neal, Henry Baker, Nick Lewis, and Marge Eliot are especially good. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

PLAY IT AGAIN, SAM—A comedy by Woody Allen, starring Woody Allen. The play is not up to Mr. Allen's gifts, but it makes a pleasant enough evening, and the many girls in it are young and warm and full of promise. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Sept. 3, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Labor Day at 2:30.)

TO BE YOUNG, GIFTED AND BLACK—A selection from the letters and diaries and a sprinkling of scenes from the plays of the late Lorraine Hansberry, as recited and performed by a cast of eight. Somehow, the show is not as affecting as it might be, but it has stirring and poignant moments all the same. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—**THE BOYS IN THE BAND:** A comedy about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **THE GREAT WHITE HOPE:** James Earl Jones in a pageant-like play loosely based on the life of the Negro prizefighter Jack Johnson. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays and Labor Day, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Labor Day at 2:30.). . . **PLAZA SUITE:** Three skits by Neil Simon. Maureen Stapleton and Don Porter are the stars. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

DAMES AT SEA—An entertaining takeoff on musical movies of the thirties, about a dancer named Ruby who loves a boy named Dick and is befriended by a chorine named Joan. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE HOOFERS—The exhilarating art of the tap dance, as displayed by about ten of its proponents. With, among others, Raymond Kaalund, Sandman Sims, Rhythm Red, and Chuck Green. Go and see for yourself. (Mer-

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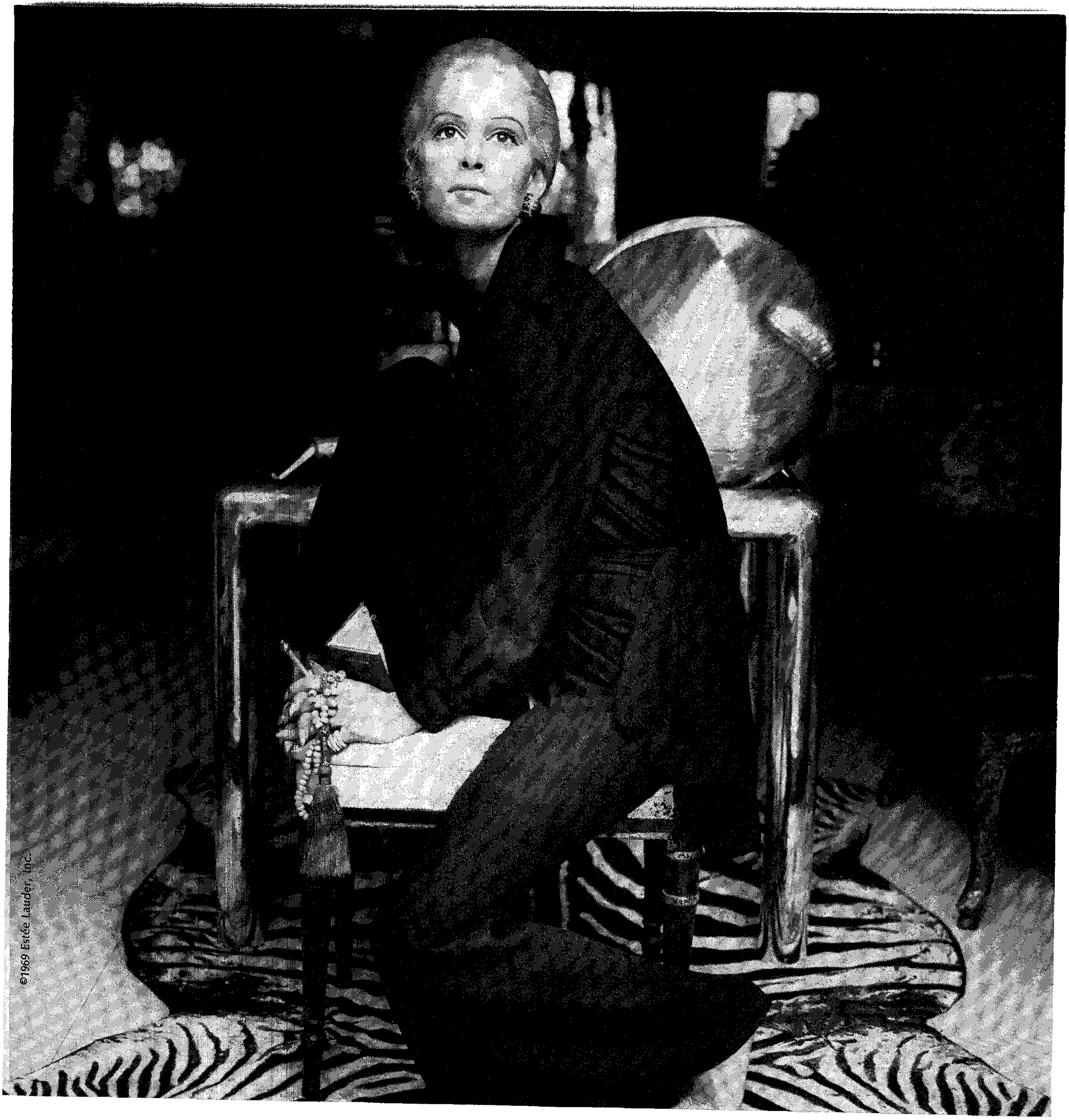
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

cury, 134 E. 13th St. 228-2080. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

OH! CALCUTTA!—A sleazy collection of short sketches, which purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. There is some pleasant dancing and some loud music, and the performers are exceptionally comely, though what they do isn't. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 982-9815. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

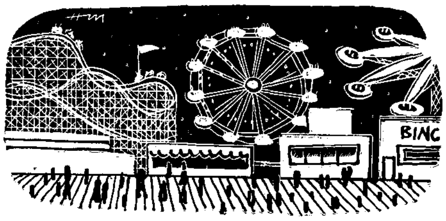
OKLAHOMA!—A revival by the Music Theatre of Lincoln Center of the Rodgers and Hammerstein musical, with Bruce Yarnell, Spiro Malas, and Margaret Hamilton. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Nightly, except Sundays and Labor Day, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Labor Day at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Sept. 6.)

PROMENADE—A musical caper with an enchanting, witty, brimming score by Al Carmines, charming costumes and scenery by Willa Kim and Rouben Ter-Arutunian, respectively, and words—absurd and sometimes funny—by Maria Irene Fornes. The antics and mockery, which comprise the action, are entertaining, and the singing is very good. Lawrence Kornfeld directed the stylish production. (Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Sept. 3, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Labor Day at 2:30.)

PROMISES, PROMISES—Jerry Orbach and Jill O'Hara may spend the next twenty years in this breezy adaptation of the movie "The Apartment." Book by Neil Simon, music by Burt Bacharach, and lyrics by Hal David. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

1776—A childish retelling of a heroic chapter in our history. Little music, no dancing, and two thin girls. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LONG RUNS—**JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 8; Fridays at 7:45; and Saturdays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **CABARET:** Germany just before the Nazis took control. With Melissa Hart. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Sept. 3, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Labor Day at 2:30.)... **CURLEY MCDIMPLE:** A lampoon of musical movies of the nineteen-thirties. (Bert Wheeler, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** Stephen suffered him to pull out and hold up on show by its corner a dirty crumpled handkerchief. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 9:45. Matinées Sundays at 3.) ... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Jerry Jarrett (filling in for Harry Goz, who will return on Monday, Sept. 8) in a saga derived from some Sholom Aleichem tales. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Sept. 3, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Labor Day at 2:30.)... **HAIR:** Lots of clatter in lots of clutter, and the sooner your mind gives way the happier you will be. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!:** With an all-Negro cast headed by Pearl Bailey and Cab Calloway. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays and Labor Day, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Labor Day at 2:30.)... **MAME:** Ann Miller is the antic aunt. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** Bob Wright plays the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman. The music is by Mitch Leigh. David Holliday substitutes for Mr. Wright at the Wednesday and Saturday matinée performances. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays and Labor Day, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Labor Day at 2:30.)... **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** Peanuts to music. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **YOUR OWN THING:** As this rock musical goes its merry way, its path often crosses that of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)



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MISCELLANY

ICE SHOW—The twenty-fifth-anniversary edition of "Holiday on Ice," with Ronnie Robertson and Marei Langenbein. Opens Wednesday, Aug. 27, and will run through Sunday, Sept. 14. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2; special matinée Labor Day.)

OUTDOORS

NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL—This happy-go-lucky free production of **TWELFTH NIGHT** rates O.K. on comedy and clarity but almost nowhere on wit or depth or beauty. Galt MacDermot has provided a tuneful, charming score. Tom Aldredge is very good as Aguecheek. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly at 8. Closes Saturday, Aug. 30. *For information about tickets, call* 535-5630.)

REBEKAH HARKNESS FOUNDATION DANCE FESTIVAL—A series of seven free performances—**HARKNESS BALLET.** Tuesday, Sept. 2, and Thursday, Sept. 4, at 8: "Madrigalesco," "Sebastian," "Canto Indio," and "Time Out of Mind."... ¶ Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 6-7, at 8: "Night Song," "Grand Pas Espagnol," "After Eden," and "Feast of Ashes."... **HARKNESS YOUTH DANCERS.** Wednesday, Sept. 3, at 8, and (primarily for children) Saturday, Sept. 6, at 4: "Theme of Youth," "Spring Waters," "Pas de Fiancée," "Percussion for 6," and "Fervor."... ¶ Friday, Sept. 5, at 8: "Circle of Love," "Pas de Fiancée," "Nocturne," "Jazz Mission," and "Masque of the Red Death." (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

JONES BEACH THEATRE—A revival of **SOUTH PACIFIC**, with Jerome Hines, Nancy Dussault, and Jerry Lester. (Nightly at 8:30. Closes Monday, Sept. 1. For tickets, call 516 CA 1-1000.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

BITTER END, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Coffee and cider are representative of the drinks, and the quarters are cramped, but the entertainment sometimes overshadows the wooden benches. Rick Nelson has made the transition from bobby-sox-land to Dylanville. He sings at nine-thirty and eleven Sundays through Thursdays, and at *nine, ten-thirty,* and *midnight* Fridays and Saturdays. On Wednesday, Sept. 3, the New York Rock and Roll Ensemble will arrive. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting performers.

LA BOHÈME, 2019 Broadway, at 69th St. (TR 4-9801)—Nothing Bohemian, and little to shout about, but there is a lot of percussion as Elvin Jones plays drums—with Wilbur Little on bass and Joe Farrell on reeds—like one destined for drumming. Between sets, the Jimmy Lovelace orchestra is onstage. Dining, dancing, and music, from eight-thirty to four. Closed Mondays.

CASEY'S, 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—Some fairly provocative jazz from eleven to one—on piano and bass, with horns sitting in occasionally—as well as dining and drinking in a serene, red-brick setting. No live music Sundays.

HALF NOTE, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—A quintet involving Richie Kamuca, Jake Hanna, and Bill Berry is on the stand six nights a week in this easeful spot. On Tuesday, Sept. 2, Zoot Sims will come in to lead a quartet. Some light Italian dishes are served. Closed Mondays.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—A forthright kind of place for traditional listening, where the patrons seem as much at home as the musicians—a group that includes Max Kaminsky, Bobby Pratt, George Stevenson, Zutty Singleton, and Joe Muranyi. They play a confident, hale Dixieland from nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

RED GARTER, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—Eighteen-nineties rinky-dink, complete with fire engine, but the banjo band is above average, and has even been known to come up with its own alluvial arrangements of some Top Forty tunes, for what they're worth. Old movies are shown from time to time. Closed Mondays.

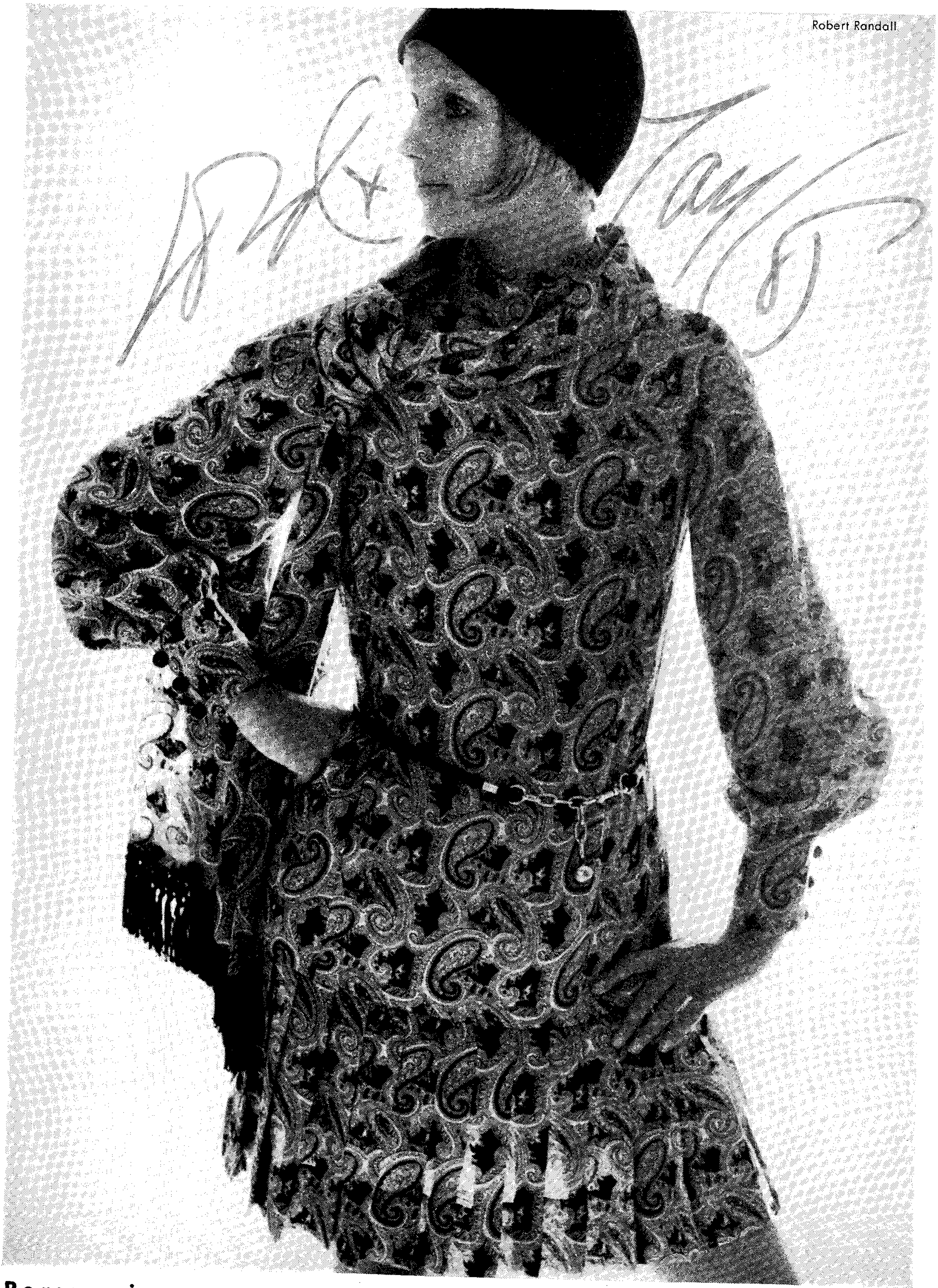
RED ONION, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Another ode to the banjo—a small, neighborly place where people can buy straw hats and frilly garters and commune with their ancestors. The three-man band twangs from nine to three or four. The peanuts are free.

SLUGS', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—It's a trip getting to this spectral part of town, and wheels may be needed to get back, but the clientele knows pretty much where it's at. The Pharoah Sanders quintet, with singer Leon Thomas, plays most nights from nine to four (from seven on Sundays). On Tuesday, Sept. 2, the George Coleman quintet and singer Betty Carter will take over. Closed Mondays.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—In the rustic upstairs, you can drink or dine while listening to the Dave Akins trio and vocalist Marian Taylor, beginning at about nine-thirty. On Mondays, the regulars are off and new talent is auditioned.... ¶ Downstairs: Jimmy Smith's trio takes turns with the newly re-formed—and unfailingly engrossing—Charles Mingus quintet. Starting Tuesday, Sept. 2, Carmen McRae will alternate with an outfit called Young-Holt Unlimited. Shows at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty Tuesdays through Thursdays and on Sundays; on Fridays shows begin at ten, and on Saturdays at nine-thirty. Closed Mondays.

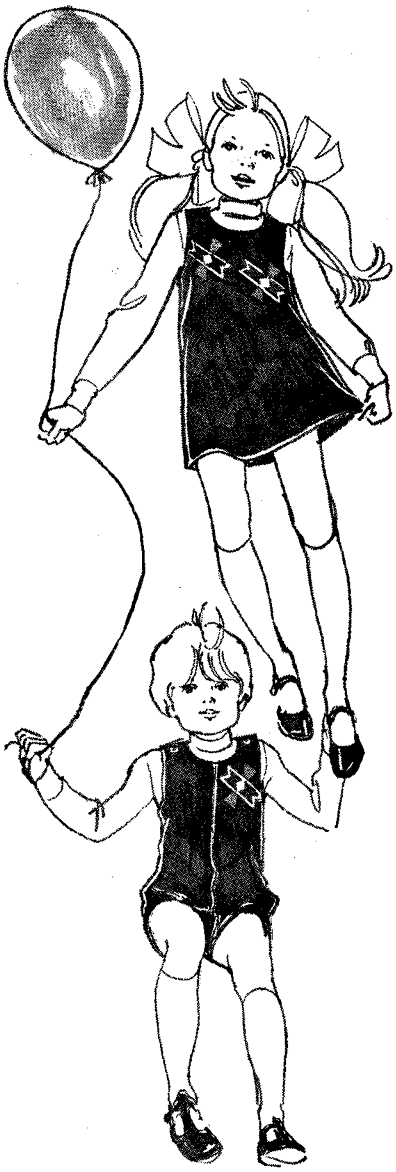
VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—A subsurface box with a bent for jazz, where Gary Burton's young quartet plays nightly. On Tuesday, Sept. 2, the ebullient Roland Kirk quartet will replace the Burton bunch. Starting time is approximately nine-thirty. Closed Sunday and Monday, Aug. 31-Sept. 1.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—On a quiet corner in an empty area, where you wouldn't expect to find much of anything. The jazz, swingingly subdued, is on piano and bass; Nat Jones and Herman Wright play Monday through Wednesday, and Lance Hayward and Bill Lee play Thursday through Sunday, from eight-thirty to



Robert Randall

Persuasive paisley with everything going for it: black-gold-red wool from Victor Costa for Suzy Perette. 6 to 14, 80.00 Town Shop, all Lord & Taylor stores



Two Little Indians

Shortall for him, jump for her—both signalling wildly with bright Indian motifs. And both, thank goodness, navy, red or gold stretch nylon/acrylic. Florence Eiseman does the whole tribe. Jump, 2 to 4, **$14**; 4 to 6x, **$15**; 7 to 12, **$18**. Shortall, 2 to 4, **$15**; 4 to 6x, **$16**. White cotton turtleneck, 2 to 4, **4.50**; 4 to 6x, **$5**; 7 to 12, **$6**. Add 80¢ outside UPS.
Boys & Girls, Sixth Floor

ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK
BERGDORF GOODMAN
5TH AVE., 57 TO 58TH STREETS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

two. Sawdust is on the floor, and collard greens and black-eyed peas are on the menu.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

Aux Puces, 70 E. 55th St. (688-2920)—A small restaurant-discothèque whose advantages manage to outweigh its pretensions. Waiters *glide about discreetly, and the trappings*—lacquered cabinets, ponderous chandeliers, gilded griffins, and the like—are for sale. The clientele looks imperturbable, and the dinners are distinctive, if slight. Dancing to records from ten until three or four. Closed Sundays.

Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—Pin-striped wallpaper, red velvet draperies, and moody, muted murals are reminiscent of the years 1795-99, when France wasn't quite making it. The cuisine—dinner and supper—is good, and a generally svelte-looking crowd dances to records on a small dance floor from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.

Electric Circus, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—Odd-shaped cubbyholes and a lethargic sort of carrousel—the rest is sound and light. On Sundays, as well as Tuesdays through Thursdays, dancing runs from nine until two. On Fridays and Saturdays, it runs from eight until four. Live music will come from Ten Wheel Drive until Tuesday, Sept. 2, when Coliseum moves in. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 5-6, Brute Force will make music, too. Closed Mondays. No alcohol.

L'Interdit, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—A fairly low-keyed, dressy establishment with Ivy overtones, where the lights are dim and the music is less than urgent. Table reservations are recommended on weekends. Without them, you can stand at the minuscule bar. The supper menu is sturdy enough. Closed Sundays.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1 0900)—Ceiling fans turn, and a sphinx guards the door. Is it the Nile? Musically speaking, it's the Mersey, Lake Michigan, or sometimes even the Danube. Between record sets, some boys and girls known as Tony, Sam and the Tartans entertain. On Tuesday, Sept. 2, a group called Holgate, Perkins, and Shaw, and a singer named Marilyn Johnson, will begin an engagement. A substantial dinner menu. Closed Sunday and Monday, Aug. 31-Sept. 1.

Wednesday's, 210 E. 86th St. (535-8500)—An indoor street of sorts, with many aspects of an outdoor one—trees, lampposts, a bar, café tables, and shops. Dancing on the pavement to records, from six to three every night but Saturday, when the doors open at eight. The whole thing sounds contrived, but it works.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—A down-to-earth club whose youthful patrons seem more interested in music and dancing than in ogling other people's threads. The live sounds of the Elephant's Memory alternate with high-powered records. Closed Sundays.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—Paisley walls in a burnished underground cave, with music that comes on big and stays there disc after disc. Action nightly from nine-thirty to three-thirty. Reservations—which may or may not be honored at the door—are a good idea on weekends. Crêpes and other light fare are available at street level. All the comely people—where do they all come from?

OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too, unless noted.)

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000): A life of E's, for Excellence, of course, awaits whoever journeys to the little Café Pierre. The jaunty music is supplied by Phil Wayne's band Mondays and Tuesdays, by Stanley Worth's band Wednesdays through Sundays. Ellen Harwicke plays solo piano and sings (more E's) on the nights the Worthies are at work. . . . **DELMONICO'S**, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The ways and miens of the restaurant are decorous, even when Ernie Warren's small band gets the dancers out on the floor. Eight to one in mid-week, eight to two Saturdays, not at all Sundays and Mondays. . . . **ROSELAND DANCE CITY**, 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200): What was good enough for our founding fathers is still good enough here—the foxtrot, the two-step, et al. No others need apply. Seven-thirty until one, mostly; Sundays, though, begin at three-thirty; Wednesdays run from six-thirty until twelve and Thursdays from two until twelve. The dietary arrangements are almost invisible. . . . **TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN**, Central Park W. at 67th St. (873-3200): In defiance of all UFO (some of them probably smog and fireflies), a brace of bands canters, with some emphasis, on the open-air terrace from seven-thirty every night. All hands indoors in case of IFO, such as rain.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—"Free Fall," the local revue, is enacted by a set of boy and girl earthlings and often possessed by a demon (the mind of Ronny Graham, its head coach), which generally makes the end product that much funnier. Nine-thirty and midnight every evening but Sunday.

El Avram, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661)—Hands across the Aegean, the Gulf of Corinth, and tributaries. Among the hands are Avram Grobard, head man and joker; Yakov Uriel, trumpeter; George Mgrdichian, oudist; a stately belly dancer; and Angelo Saridis, Greek guitarist rescued from "Zorba." Dancing, and home cooking, often Israeli. Closed Mondays.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and a show.)

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—Protest songs, mostly having to do with the inexorability of love and the inevitability of man, issue from the heart and soul of Olga Guillot, an impressive figure of a Free Cuban; flamenco complaints along similar lines, and a lot of footwork, issue from the five-strong Iberian troupe of Emilia Rivas. The piano of Juan Bruno Tarraza, Señorita Guillot's chief aide, is in itself a work of art. The stint is dinner and supper during the week, and thrice on Saturdays. . . . ¶ In the much smaller Flamenco Room, the activity, likewise on a no-nights-off basis, is enhanced by guitar (Antonio Arenas) and voice (Domingo Alvarado). They commence at ten, and do not stop until way past bedtime.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Checkmates Ltd., who have converted themselves into evangelists *manqués*, cease singing on Wednesday, Sept. 3. Next evening, a new deal, mainly Jerry Vale, a sort of Johnny One-Note. Every night, from dinner on and on. . . . ¶ In the street-level bar, there is hustle and bustle, the professional portion of it provided by the music of the Pacesetters, from ten o'clock until early morning.

Downbeat, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (889-5100)—Jump for joy and jingle and jangle, all as early as six-thirty, and continuing until two every night but Sunday, entirely because of Jimmy McPartland's pristine-jazz crew (Annette Sanders as songbird) and Junior Mance's latter-day threesome. On Friday, Sept. 5, Wild Bill Davison's Jazz Giants will replace the McPartlands. No dancing.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Persian Room, even in the droop of summer, remains one of the best of all possible whirls. The bands of Burt Farber and Mark Monte speak out boldly, which is all that's needed. Nevertheless, at ten during the week, and at dinner and supper Friday and Saturday, a determined soprano (right now, Fran Jeffries) feels impelled to sing. All quiet from Sunday, Aug. 31, until Wednesday, Sept. 3, when, at ten-fifteen, a real pro, Eartha Kitt, starts waxing, never waning. She'll be on hand at dinner and supper thereafter. The Farbers and the Montes will be back the same night. . . . ¶ In **PLAZA 9—AND ALL THAT JAZZ**, Hazel Scott's trio is wooing both the nostalgic ear and the happy-go-lucky one; Mousie Alexander's threesome is for both blithe ears and blithe feet. Dinner is sufficient, supper is fragmentary. Events begin at eight; Mondays are dark. . . . ¶ The Edwardian Room's summer concerts, from seven to nine (Sandu Marcu's fiddle and a piano), end on Thursday, Aug. 28; on Monday, Sept. 1, the autumn concerts (seven to ten-thirty, every night but Sunday) resume. . . . ¶ Palm Court, we love thy templed hills! No rock, but rill music begins with the Marcu teatime duets (four-thirty to six-thirty every day) and ends with another set of violin (almost always Gunnar Hansen's) and piano (eight to one, except Sundays).

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Dr. Edward Kennedy Ellington and entourage, and let no man put asunder this marriage of sound and sensuality, of power and persuasion. Joya Sherrill is the lark who soars on its wings. Twice a night, except Sundays; dancing, too, as early as seven, but not, regrettably, while the Ellingtons are declaiming. They wind up on Saturday, Aug. 30; on Tuesday, Sept. 2, Margaret Whiting will begin delivering her broad-gauge, snap-the-whip tunes.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Vacationing on the altiplano Roof is not at all on the American plano; à la carte is much more like it. The bands of Joseph Sudy and Quintero never drop a stitch in their perpetual chanting, and now and then Ed Sims and Audre Deckmann are tempted to demonstrate to the non-pros the lightsome tricks of ballroom dancing. The Roof closes on Saturday, Aug. 30, and on Thursday, Sept. 4, the Maisonette reopens, the bandstand staffed by Quintero's Latin perennials and a new crew (Hal Turner's), the floor occupied, during dinner and supper, by Carmen Cavallaro, a pianist and singer who is a superperennial. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The city domain of Louis Goldie Hawkins is on its summer demeanor, which does not differ greatly from its winter demeanor, for his alter ego, Wayne Sanders, is still at his jaunty piano, but the weekend holiday is longer—Friday through Monday. Eight until early morn is the regimen. On Tuesday, Sept. 2, Mr. Hawkins returns to do double-team piano with Mr. Sanders, and life as of old (Monday through Saturday, as late as necessary) resumes. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): Reopens on Tuesday, Sept. 2, again as a set right out of "Treasure Island," but the crew is calypso, not Long John Silver, and the native rum and edibles are not served on a dead man's chest. No singers Sundays or Mondays. **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): The denizens of both bar and grill will, upon application, trust anybody over twenty-one, but that is mostly because they're having such a good time. Chuck Wayne's pensive yet prancing triad intersperses the conversation pieces until late at night. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Reopens on Wednesday, Sept. 3, once more with Tibor Rakossy for *régisseur,* Béla Babai's band for serenader, and Budapest for remembrance. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): The Manhattan *pied-à-terre* of Rita Dimitri, the perpetual-motion soubrette, reopens on Wednesday, Sept. 3, to serve also as her *pied-à-piano,* from the top of which she is apt to sing at nine-thirty most nights and again at midnight on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Reopens Wednesday, Sept. 3. Asti is the name of the cuisine, right enough, but the vocal outpouring, which often involves not only the entire staff but the entire audience, runs from Neapolitan opera to the Donnybrook fair grounds. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

CHÂTEAU HENRI IV, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The majesty of the Loire, so to speak. Within, the violin of Norbert Faconi awaits the questing traveller until late at night. He and his faithful pianist, Herman Arminski, begin their week's work on Tuesday and end it on Saturday. All is quiet Sundays, and on Mondays the piano of Victor del Monte goes it alone. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): No delusions of grandeur; the grandeur is real, and Roman. In the bar, Lynn Mullinax does the proper and joyous prandial and post-prandial piano, six to midnight, every evening but Sunday. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Ship of state, and a shipshape one—a rarity in these times. Dick Hankinson addresses his piano off and on from six until one; Sundays, someone fills in for him. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Supra dig.* is how the bar-restaurant operates. There is piano (five-thirty to eight and nine to twelve-thirty) except Sundays and Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(PL 1-3160); Decorators' delight. The accent is Andalusian, especially when Rogelio Reguera picks up his guitar, which happens between seven-thirty and eight. He does not cease until somewhat past midnight. No music Sundays; closed Labor Day. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): Tony Gorody, of the earlier-day Havana *boîtes*, sits down at the piano in seemly surroundings at eight-thirty and stays put until half past one. No music Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Reopens on Wednesday, Sept. 3, once more to the tune of roving musicians and certain implications of Rome. Closed Sundays. . . . **PEACOCK ALLEY,** in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000): A piano works out in the bar from four to eight every night but Saturday and Sunday. . . . **PROMENADE CAFÉ,** in the lower plaza of Rockefeller Center. (PL 7-5730): In the sunken living room, open to all outdoors, music goes on and on until midnight, except on Sundays. It begins at noon, if you really must, but there is always shelter under the beach umbrellas. . . . **UMBERTO,** 13 E. 53rd St. (688-3344): Umbrian wine cellar, with quite a few kitchen privileges. Franco Pagani, guitar in hand, sings the rounds from seven until midnight, though not on Saturdays or Sundays. . . . **HOUSE OF HUNGARY,** 320 E. 79th St. (TR 9-6220): *Faubourg* existence, and a well-fed one, in an Old, Old World. The favorite tipple of the musicians is Romany Rye. They sound off from seven-thirty until three, night after night.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will all be closed Labor Day.)

GALLERIES

GORKY, DE KOONING, AND NEWMAN—Paintings by these influential Americans; through Sept. 20. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

E. MCKNIGHT KAUFFER (1890-1954)—Fifty-five posters dating from 1915 to 1943 by an American who did much of his work in London; through Sept. 12. (IBM Gallery, 16 E. 57th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS,** 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: Sixteen paintings of the past two decades, from the Guggenheim Museum collection of Latin-American art, by Botero, Tamaya, Cuevas, Soto, Morales, Noé, and other artists well known in New York; through Sept. 14. (Closed mornings.). . . **MIDTOWN,** 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings by such gallery artists as Isabel Bishop, Waldo Peirce, William Thon, Robert Vickrey, Doris Rosenthal, and Roy Moyer; through Friday, Aug. 29. . . . **WADDELL,** 15 E. 57th St.: Members of the gallery, including, among the Americans, Will Barnet and Howard Kanovitz, and, among the Europeans, Alain Jacquet and Nicola Schöffer; through Sept. 30.

NOTE—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit will be on view daily, from noon until dark, starting Friday, Aug. 29, and continuing through Sunday, Sept. 14.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

NOTE—The immense Nelson A. Rockefeller collection is providing the material for three separate current shows. At the **METROPOLITAN MUSEUM,** Fifth Ave. at 81st St.: An exhibit spanning three thousand years of aboriginal art from Oceania, Africa, and the Americas, including about seven hundred and fifty bronze, stone, and wood carvings from Africa; textiles and feather hangings and objects of gold, jade, and shell from the Americas; and masks, ceremonial boards, and drums from Oceania. Through Monday, Sept. 1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays and Labor Day, 1 to 5. Except on Mondays, admission is $1.). . . ¶ At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART,** 11 W. 53rd St.: About two hundred twentieth-century paintings and sculptures, plus drawings, prints, and illustrated books; through Monday, Sept. 1. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evening, Aug. 28, until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.). . . ¶ At the **MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART,** 15 W. 54th St.: A selection of Mexican folk art, comprising about three hundred items—ceramics, toys, tinware, glassware, and objects in paper, straw, and papier-mâché—from the nineteenth century to the present; through Sunday, Aug. 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—A hundred and twenty painted Greek vases spanning three centuries, from the archaic period to the classical, together with nineteenth- and twentieth-century European drawings, all from the Walter Bareiss collection; through Monday, Sept. 1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays and Labor Day, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—About a hundred and fifty paintings and sculptures by the "first generation" of Abstract Expressionist and Action painters, who became prominent in the nineteen-forties and the early nineteen-fifties, selected from the Museum's collection, augmented by recent acquisitions and promised gifts; through Oct. 5. . . . ¶ A comprehensive show of lithographs produced by such artists as Nevelson, Albers, Sam Francis, Hockney, and Krushenick at the Tamarind Lithography Workshop, in Los Angeles, which has pioneered in the revival of this craft in America; through Monday, Sept. 1. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evening, Aug. 28, until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A summer exhibition of sculptures and works on paper, around a hundred and sixty pieces in all, from the Museum's collection; through Sept. 14. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays and Labor Day, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—About two hundred oils, sculptures, and watercolors reviewing American art since the beginning of the twentieth century, chosen from the Museum's collection; through Sept. 28. . . . ¶ Sixty-one paintings and fourteen drawings by Thomas Cole (1801-48), outstanding figure of the Hudson River School; through Monday, Sept. 1. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays and Labor Day, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—More than a hundred years of prints from portfolios, beginning with Blake's "The Book of Job;" through Sept. 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Labor Day, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The new Hall of Earth History offers a variety of displays that examine the mysteries of our planet's history and evolution. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Labor Day, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

ROBERT MOOG AND THE MOOG SYNTHESIZER—The final concert of the season in the Museum of Modern Art Garden, 11 W. 53rd St. 956-6100. Thursday, Aug. 28, at 8:30. In the event of rain, the concert will be cancelled.

LED ZEPPELIN, LARRY CORYELL, AND RAVEN—The final concert of the season at the Pavilion, Flushing Meadow Park. 268-5011. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 29-30, at 8:30.

INCREDIBLE STRING BAND—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Thursday, Sept. 4, at 8.

B. B. KING, ALBERT KING, AND BOBBY BLUE BLAND—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 5-6, at 8 and 11:30.

MUSIC OUTDOORS

NAUMBURG ORCHESTRA—Emerson Buckley conducting Massenet's opera "Werther" in concert form, with Susan Belling and Sandra Darling, sopranos; Kay Creed, mezzo-soprano; Kenneth Riegel, tenor; William Beck, baritone; and Malcolm Smith, bass. The final concert of the season. (Central Park Mall. Monday, Sept. 1, at 8:30.)

IN THE COUNTRY

BERKSHIRE FESTIVAL—Arthur Fiedler conducting the Boston Pops Festival Orchestra in the final performances of the season. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. Saturday, Aug. 30, at 8, and Sunday, Aug. 31, at 2:30.)

WATERLOO VILLAGE MUSIC FESTIVAL—Van Cliburn, piano, in an all-Chopin recital. The final per-

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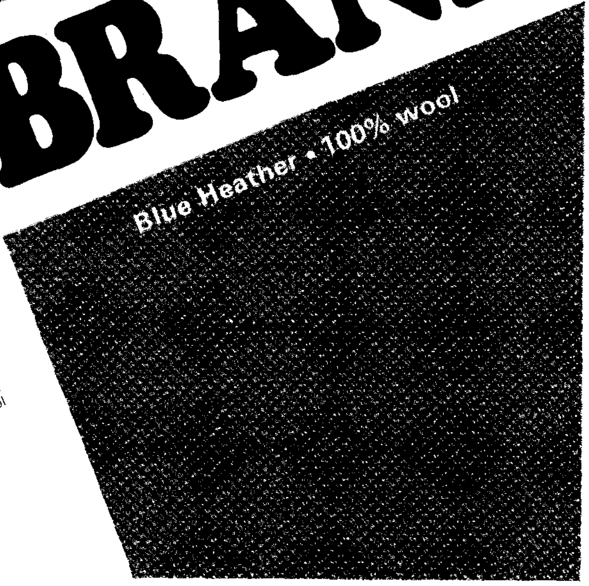

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

formance of the season. (Stanhope, N. J. Saturday, Aug. 30, at 8:30.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—The season of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing will close with a program by Patricia McBride and Edward Villella, Nala Najan, Anuradha, and the Jacob's Pillow Dancers. (Lee, Mass. Thursday, Aug. 28, at 3, and Friday and Saturday, Aug. 29-30, at 3 and 8:40.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At **yankee stadium:** Yankees vs. Chicago, Wednesday, Aug. 27, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Kansas City, Friday and Saturday, Aug. 29-30, at 8, and Sunday, Aug. 31, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Seattle, Monday, Sept. 1, at 1 (doubleheader), and Tuesday, Sept. 2, at 8. . . . **shea stadium:** Mets vs. Philadelphia, Friday, Sept. 5, at 5:05 (twi-night doubleheader), and Saturday, Sept. 6, at 2:15.

Horse Shows—Warrenton Horse Show. (Warrenton, Va. Saturday through Monday, Aug. 30-Sept. 1.) . . . ¶ North Shore Horse Show. (Stony Brook. Wednesday through Sunday, Sept. 3-7.)

Hunt Racing—Fair Hill Meeting. (Fair Hill, Md. Saturday, Sept. 6.)

Polo—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30.

Racing—At **belmont:** Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Oct. 18. The Gazelle Handicap, Saturday, Aug. 30; the Governor Nicolls, Monday, Sept. 1; and the Matron, Saturday, Sept. 6. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Tuesdays through Fridays between 11 and 1:45, and Saturdays and Labor Day between 10:30 and 1:45.) . . . **atlantic city,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Monday, Oct. 13. (Through Labor Day, buses to the track will leave the terminal at 201 W. 41st St. between 9 and 11:30.)

Sports-Car Racing—At Lime Rock Park, Lime Rock, Conn.: Monday, Sept. 1, at 3:45.

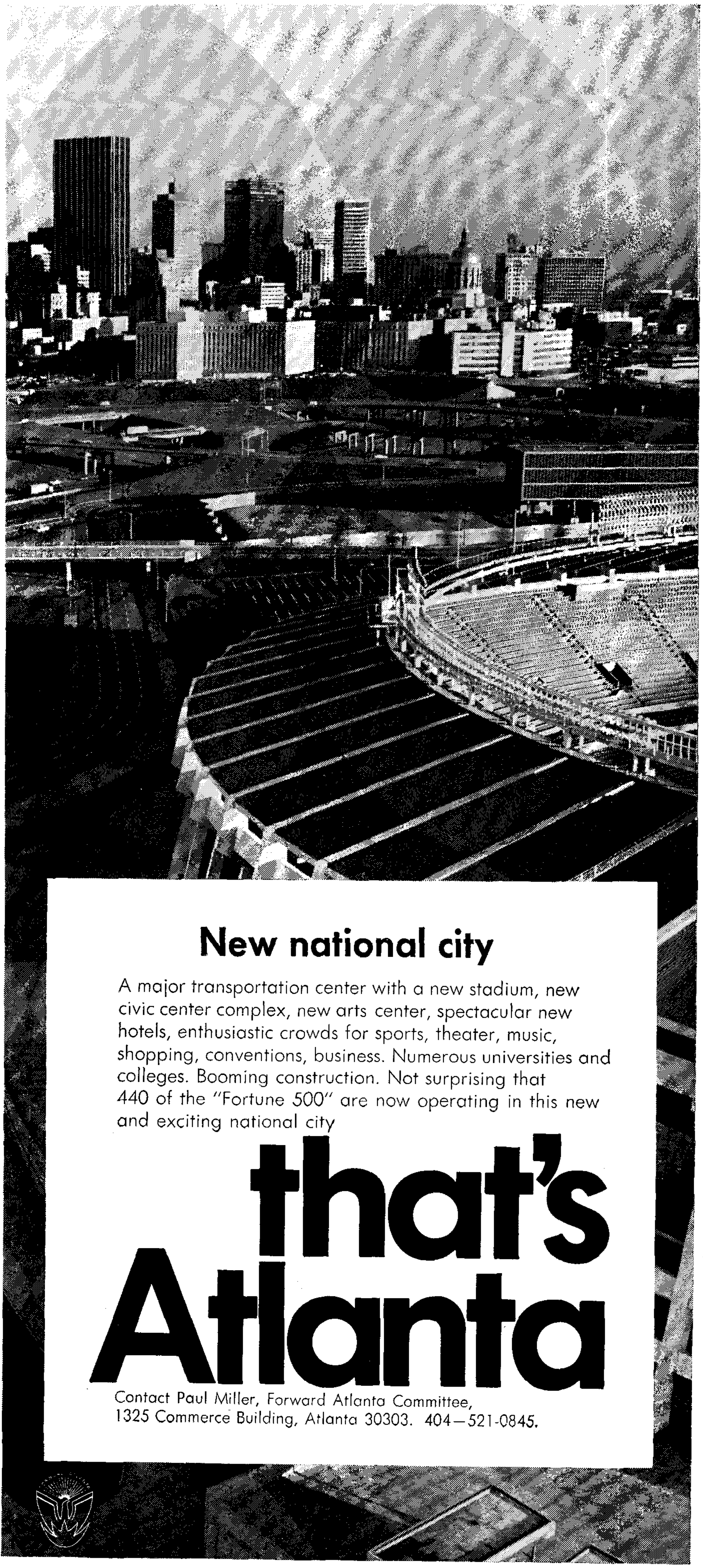
Tennis—United States Open Championships. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. Wednesday, Aug. 27, through Sunday, Sept. 7. Weekdays at noon; Sundays at 1. For information about tickets, call 564-4400.)

Trotting—At **roosevelt raceway,** Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Friday, Oct. 17. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 6:43.) . . . **saratoga raceway,** Saratoga Springs: Weekdays, except Labor Day, at 8:15, and Labor Day at 2:15; last day Saturday, Nov. 15.

ET ALIA

United Nations—The organization's activities will be more or less quiescent for the next several weeks; there may, however, be meetings of the Security Council to which the public will be admitted. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Seven programs in a series of science-fiction films: Aug. 28 at 2, 5:30, and 8, "The Day the Earth Stood Still" (1951); Aug. 29 at 2 and 5:30, "Mirror, Mirror," an episode from "Star Trek," and "Beachhead," an episode from "The Invaders;" Aug. 30 at 3 and 5:30, "War of the Worlds" (1953); Aug. 31 at 2 and 5:30, "The Blob" (1958); Sept. 1 at 2 and 5:30, "The Quartermass Experiment" (1956); Sept. 2 at 2 and 5:30, "The H-Man" (1959); Sept. 4 at 2, 5:30, and 8, "This Island Earth" (1955). . . . ¶ Aug. 27 at 2 and 5:30: "Lilac Time" (1928), with Colleen Moore and Gary Cooper. . . . ¶ Aug. 30 at 11:30: "David Holtzman's Diary" (1966), a film by Jim McBride and L. M. Kit Carson. . . . ¶ Sept. 3 at 2 and 5:30: "The Last Command" (1928), with Emil Jannings. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

L'Atalante (1934)—Jean Vigo's poetic chronicle of a young barge captain. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 30.)

Ballad of a Soldier (1960)—A film about the war that is less a drama than a collection of memorable photographic essays. Directed by Grigori Chukhrai. In Russian. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; through Aug. 28.)

Band of Outsiders (1966)—Directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Anna Karina. In French. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; starting Sept. 3.)

Barefoot in the Park (1967)—Robert Redford, Jane Fonda, Mildred Natwick, and Charles Boyer in Neil Simon's adaptation of his Broadway comedy. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, 929-3350; through Aug. 30.)

Bedazzled (1967)—Peter Cook, Dudley Moore, and Eleanor Bron ringing changes on the ancient Faustian theme. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, 929-3350; starting Sept. 3.)

Casablanca (1942)—Intrigue in North Africa. With Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 1.)

Children of Paradise (1945)—Jean-Louis Barrault, Pierre Brasseur, and Arletty in a dreamlike impression of theatrical life in nineteenth-century Paris. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 29.)

La Chinoise (1967)—Godard's political comedy about the terrorist thinking of a group of young French Maoists. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting Sept. 4, tentative.)

Cool Hand Luke (1967)—Paul Newman as a Southern misfit who refuses to be pushed around. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, 929-3350; Aug. 31-Sept. 2.)

Diabolique (1955)—How a cad, his wife, and his mistress try to reduce their number by a third. With Vera Clouzot, Simone Signoret, and Paul Meurisse. Directed by Henri-Georges Clouzot. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 2.)

Dinner at Eight (1933)—Marie Dressler, Jean Harlow, and John and Lionel Barrymore in the Ferber-Kaufman play. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; Aug. 27. . . . ¶ Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 31.)

Easy Rider—Dennis Hopper's important first piece of direction, made with a moving, simply stated film. Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper play two motorcycle riders, journeying east across America from an easy calm into the eye of the country's storm. Jack Nicholson gives a wonderful performance as a humorous Southern liberal. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

The Exterminating Angel (1962)—About a grand dinner party, which the guests mysteriously can't quit. Directed by Luis Buñuel. In Spanish. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting Sept. 4, tentative.)

Faces (1968)—Apathy and desperation in an American marriage, as visualized by John Cassavetes in semidocumentary style. With John Marley, Gena Rowlands, Lynn Carlin, and Seymour Cassel. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, 929-3350; starting Sept. 3.)

The Fiancés (1963)—Directed by Ermanno Olmi. In Italian. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; Sept. 2-3.)

W. C. Fields Shorts (1933)—The great man in "The Pharmacist," "The Fatal Glass of Beer," and "The Barbershop." (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

The 400 Blows (1959)—A François Truffaut film that reviews the short, unhappy career of a twelve-year-old boy. In French. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; starting Sept. 4.)

Funny Girl—The triumphant début of Barbra Streisand, directed by William Wyler. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

Goodbye, Columbus—Philip Roth on the theme of a bright young Jewish boy who is caught in the middle of a Jewish joke and not laughing about it. Richard Benjamin is the hero. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Sept. 2.)

La Guerre Est Finie (1966)—Yves Montand in a sombre Existentialist tale about an aging Spanish revolutionary. Directed by Alain Resnais. In French. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Sept. 3.)

The Gypsy Moths—Burt Lancaster, Gene Hackman, and Scott Wilson as three exhibition parachutists risking their lives to earn a poorish living out of small-town audiences hungry for the spectacle of risk-taking. Very well directed by Frankenheimer, the acting as finely as the action sequences. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, PL 7-3100; starting Aug. 28.)

MOTION PICTURES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			27	28	29	30
31	1	2	3	4		

If . . .—An odd epic on guerrilla warfare in an English boarding school, combining a cold and queasy view of youth with a romantic view of violence. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, 929-3350; through Aug. 30.)

Illicit Interlude (1954)—Directed by Ingmar Bergman, with May Britt. In Swedish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 4.)

I Love You, Alice B. Toklas! (1968)—Peter Sellers as a Los Angeles Jewish lawyer who turns hippie. With Joyce Van Patten. Directed by Hy Averback. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Sept. 2.)

The Immortal Story—Orson Welles' film, taken from Isak Dinesen's "The Immortal Story," about an allegorical millionaire in Macao. With Jeanne Moreau. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; starting Aug. 28.)

Justine—George Cukor's decent, flat attempt from a plotty script to film Lawrence Durrell's "Alexandria Quartet." Dirk Bogarde hams a bit as the aphoristic British diplomat. Anouk Aimée and Anna Karina as Justine and Melissa are well directed, but it makes for a lot of accents, what with Severn Darden as Balthazar as well. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663.)

The Lavender Hill Mob (1951)—Alec Guinness and Stanley Holloway making off with the assets of the Bank of England. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 28.)

The Lion in Winter—James Goldman's entertaining Broadway melodrama about the Plantagenets has been brought to the screen as if it were poetic drama of a very high order. Peter O'Toole is in good, noisy form, but Katharine Hepburn is a bit much. Directed by Anthony Harvey. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées daily at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Loves of Isadora—Karel Reisz's finely intelligent study of the character of Isadora Duncan, wonderfully acted and danced by Vanessa Redgrave. Some hamfist in the movie industry not only added "The Loves of" to the original title but also lopped off nearly an hour of the film's running length. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through Sept. 2.)

The Maltese Falcon (1941)—Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor, and Sydney Greenstreet in the Dashiell Hammett yarn. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 1.)

Marry Me! Marry Me!—Claude Berri's sweet-natured film about pressures on a French boy to get married into a family that is a cut above him—a tribe of Belgian diamond merchants. Made with great care and sense of detail. In French. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304.)

Midnight Cowboy—Jon Voight and Dustin Hoffman look good as the ersatz cowboy and his seedy pal Ratso in John Schlesinger's garish interpretation of the book by James Leo Herlihy. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663.)

The Night They Raided Minsky's (1968)—A parody tribute to burlesque, with a minimum of plot and a maximum of evocative stage routines. The actors include Jason Robards, Norman Wisdom, Joseph Wiseman, Britt Ekland, and Elliott Gould. Directed by William Friedkin, choreographed by Danny Daniels. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Sept. 2.)

La Notte (1962)—A study of a married couple in Milan. Directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Jeanne Moreau and Marcello Mastroianni. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 4.)

Oliver!—Carol Reed and his crew demonstrate that a big expensive movie musical can be beautifully made—if you know how. With Ron Moody as Fagin. (State I, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5060. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées weekdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2 and 5:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10:30. Reserved seats only.)

Petulia (1968)—Directed by Richard Lester, with Julie Christie and George C. Scott as swinging moderns pretending to feel no pain at all. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Sept. 2.)

Popi—Alan Arkin, a splendid actor, as a Puerto Rican father teaching his young sons how to pass as orphans and Cuban refugees. (Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th, TR 4-8445.)

The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie—Maggie Smith as Muriel Spark's heroic, eccentric, snobbish teacher (a cross between Emlyn Williams' Miss Moffat and Norman Podhoretz's Mrs. K.), and Celia Johnson as Miss Brodie's quietly implacable enemy. Directed by Ronald Neame. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Sept. 2.)

Putney Swope—Robert Downey's cockahoop farce about an advertising agency taken over by a black who never meant to be in power—of this sort or any other. Some of the jokes backfire and seem boorish, but a lot of the film is pretty funny. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

Romeo and Juliet—Franco Zeffirelli throws Shakespeare into the generation gap and comes up with a teen-age tragedy that seems to be more Italian opera than English poetry. Unfortunately, there are no arias. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, 688-2013.)

Simon of the Desert—Luis Buñuel's little comedy (forty-five minutes long) about a desert anchorite takes place at the point when saintliness turns into foolishness. Claudio Brook is Simon, and Silvia Pinal provides the temptations. In Spanish. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; starting Aug. 28.)

Staircase—Stanley Donen's conventional and rather untender film made from Charles Dyer's play about two homosexuals, acted by Rex Harrison as if he were doing a turn that alarmed him, but by Richard Burton with more feeling and heroic comedy than anything else in the film possesses. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, 683-0255.)

Stolen Kisses—A modern comedy-romance in an improvised style, by François Truffaut. With Jean-Pierre Léaud, Claude Jade, Delphine Seyrig, and Michel Lonsdale. In French. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Sept. 3.)

Strangers on a Train (1951)—A Hitchcock picture that deals with everything from tennis to schizophrenia. With Farley Granger and Robert Walker. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 27.)

Take the Money and Run—Woody Allen as a sweetly incompetent gangster with gentle manners and a handwriting for hold-up notes that no one can read. Directed and written by him. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302.)

Tight Little Island (1949)—Some Scots and a wartime whiskey shortage. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 28.)

The Virgin Spring (1960)—Directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Max von Sydow and Gunnel Lindblom. In Swedish. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; Aug. 29-Sept. 1.)

Weekend (1968)—Jean-Luc Godard's satire on modern depravity. With Mireille Darc. In French. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, 924-3363.)

The Wild Bunch—The West in 1913, on the border between Texas and Mexico. Sam Peckinpah has directed a cast including Robert Ryan and William Holden. The film is very good, with Brecht's bitter realism about lone gunslingers who are unwittingly the victims of capitalistic politics. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Sept. 2. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Sept. 3.)

Wild Strawberries (1957)—Victor Sjöström plays an eminent physician in this film directed by Ingmar Bergman. In Swedish. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; starting Sept. 4.)

Zero for Conduct (1933)—Life among schoolchildren, written and directed by Jean Vigo. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 30.)

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THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE PREVIOUS PAGE

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
THE LOVES OF ISADORA.

Evergreen, 53 E. 11th. (533-5325)
"I Am Curious (Yellow)," in Swedish.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
WEEKEND (in French); and "The Queen" (1968), a film of a transvestite pageant.

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through Sept. 2: **THE NIGHT THEY RAIDED MINSKY'S**; and "Buona Sera, Mrs. Campbell," Gina Lollobrigida.
From Sept. 3: "Can Heironymus Merkin Ever Forget Mercy Humppe and Find True Happiness?," Anthony Newley, Joan Collins; and "Secret Ceremony" (1968), Elizabeth Taylor, Mia Farrow.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Sept. 2: **GOODBYE, COLUMBUS.**
From Sept. 3: **THE WILD BUNCH.**

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Sept. 2: "A Session with the Committee." The Committee is a Los Angeles satirical group, and this is a film of one of their performances.
From Sept. 3: **BAND OF OUTSIDERS** (in French).

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Alice's Restaurant," Arlo Guthrie.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
STAIRCASE.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Thank You All Very Much," Sandy Dennis.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Rain People," James Caan, Shirley Knight.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Me, Natalie," Patty Duke, James Farentino.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"More," Mimsy Farmer.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
JUSTINE.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
MIDNIGHT COWBOY.

Pacific East, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Daddy's Gone A-Hunting," Carol White, Paul Burke.

Avco Embassy East, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"Sweden—Heaven and Hell," a documentary film.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Last Summer," Barbara Hershey.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
PUTNEY SWOPE.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
EASY RIDER.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
TAKE THE MONEY AND RUN.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Medium Cool," Robert Forster.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
MARRY ME! MARRY ME! (in French).

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Sept. 2: **THE LOVES OF ISADORA.**
From Sept. 3: "Daddy's Gone A-Hunting," Carol White, Paul Burke.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"Paranoia," Carroll Baker.

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"A Place for Lovers," Faye Dunaway, Marcello Mastroianni.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"The Bridge at Remagen," George Segal, Ben Gazzara.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
Aug. 27: **DINNER AT EIGHT**; and "Grand Hotel" (1932), Greta Garbo, John Barrymore.
From Aug. 28: **SIMON OF THE DESERT** (in Spanish); and **THE IMMORTAL STORY.**

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Sept. 2: **THE WILD BUNCH.**
From Sept. 3: To be announced.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Sept. 2: **THE PRIME OF MISS JEAN BRODIE**; and **I LOVE YOU, ALICE B. TOKLAS!**
From Sept. 3: To be announced.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Detour" (in Bulgarian).

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Aug. 30: **IF . . .**; and **BAREFOOT IN THE PARK.**
Aug. 31-Sept. 2: **COOL HAND LUKE**; and "Harper" (1966), Paul Newman, Lauren Bacall.
From Sept. 3: **FACES**; and **BEDAZZLED.**

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through Aug. 28: **BALLAD OF A SOLDIER** (in Russian); and "Fires on the Plain" (1963; in Japanese), Eiji Funakoshi.
Aug. 29-Sept. 1: **THE VIRGIN SPRING** (in Swedish); and "Ugetsu" (1954; in Japanese).
Sept. 2-3: **THE FIANCÉS** (in Italian); and "The Caretaker" (1964), Donald Pleasence.
From Sept. 4: **THE 400 BLOWS** (in French); and **WILD STRAWBERRIES** (in Swedish).

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through Sept. 2: "Ring of Bright Water," Bill Travers, Virginia McKenna.
From Sept. 3 (tentative): "The Valley of Gwangi," James Franciscus; and "Seven Golden Men," Rossana Podesta, Philippe Leroy.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
FUNNY GIRL.

State I, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5060)
OLIVER!

Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (265-5711)
"Krakatoa, East of Java," Maximilian Schell, Diane Baker.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"If It's Tuesday, This Must Be Belgium," Suzanne Pleshette, Ian McShane; and "Support Your Local Sheriff," James Garner, Joan Hackett.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
Aug. 27: "True Grit," John Wayne, Glen Campbell.
From Aug. 28: **THE GYPSY MOTHS.**

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Alice's Restaurant," Arlo Guthrie.

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"I Am Curious (Yellow)," in Swedish.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"A Place for Lovers," Faye Dunaway, Marcello Mastroianni.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
W. C. FIELDS SHORTS; and "The Crazy World of Laurel & Hardy" (1967), a film made up of excerpts from their old movies.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
THE LION IN WINTER.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
ROMEO AND JULIET.

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (TR 4-8445)
POPI.

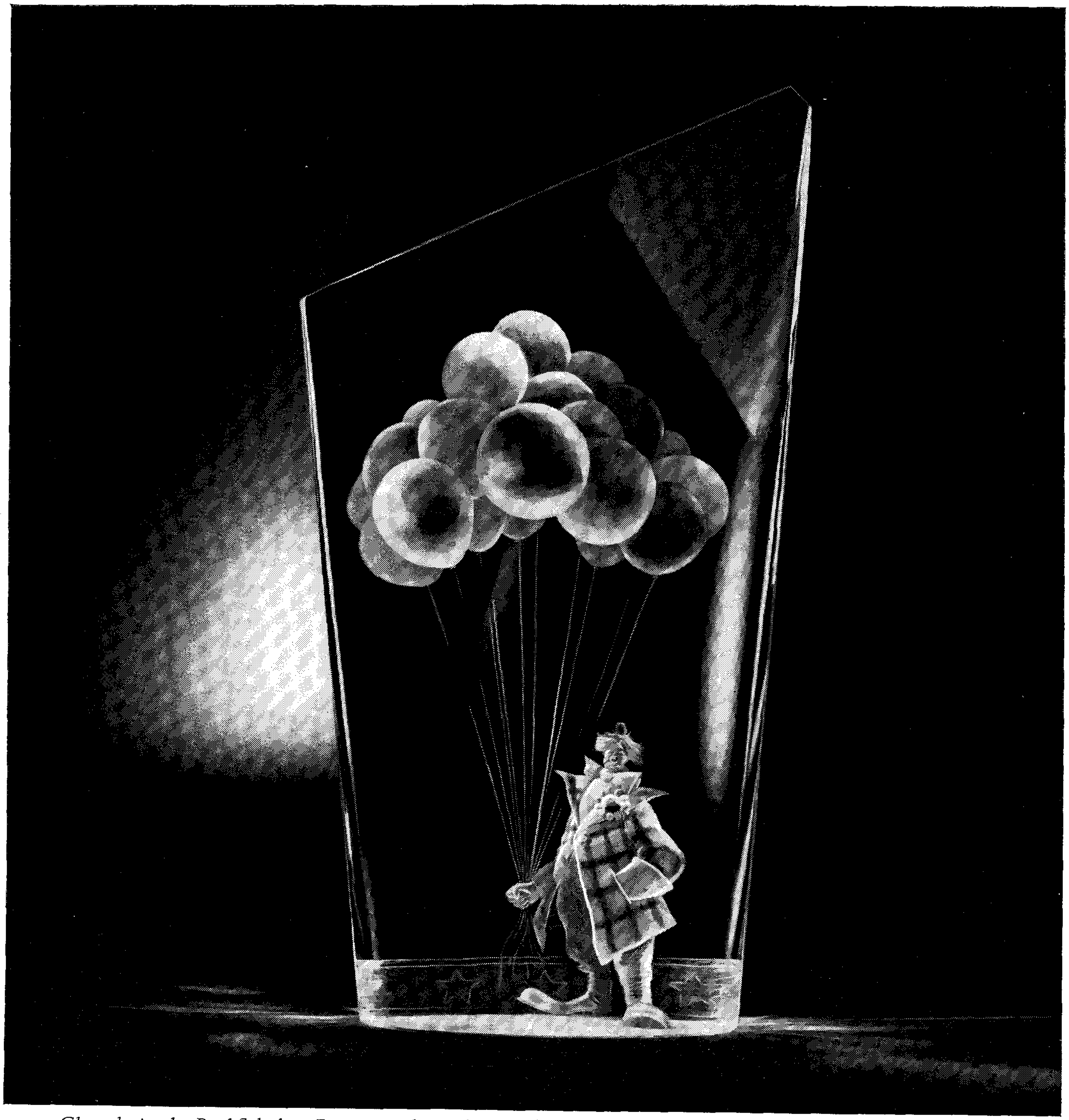
Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"La Chamade" (in French), Catherine Deneuve.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Aug. 27: **STRANGERS ON A TRAIN**; and "Targets" (1968), Boris Karloff.
Aug. 28-Sept. 3: "Footlight Parade" (1933), James Cagney; and "Gold Diggers of 1935" (1935), Alice Brady, Hugh Herbert.
From Sept. 4 (tentative): **LA CHINOISE** (in French); and **THE EXTERMINATING ANGEL** (in Spanish).

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Sept. 2: **THE WILD BUNCH**; and **PETULIA.**
From Sept. 3: **STOLEN KISSES** and **LA GUERRE EST FINIE** (both in French).

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Aug. 27: Five short films on psychology.
Aug. 28: **THE LAVENDER HILL MOB**; and **TIGHT LITTLE ISLAND.**
Aug. 29: **CHILDREN OF PARADISE** (in French).
Aug. 30: **ZERO FOR CONDUCT** and **L'ATALANTE** (both in French).
Aug. 31: **DINNER AT EIGHT**; and "Grand Hotel" (1932), Greta Garbo, John Barrymore.
Sept. 1: **CASABLANCA**; and **THE MALTESE FALCON.**
Sept. 2: **DIABOLIQUE** (in French); and "Mademoiselle" (1966), Jeanne Moreau.
Sept. 3: "The Captain from Koepenick" (1958; in German), Heinz Ruehmann; and "The Confessions of Felix Krull" (1957; in German), Horst Buchholz.
Sept. 4: **LA NOTTE** (in Italian); and **ILLICIT INTERLUDE** (in Swedish).

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
THE LOVES OF ISADORA.



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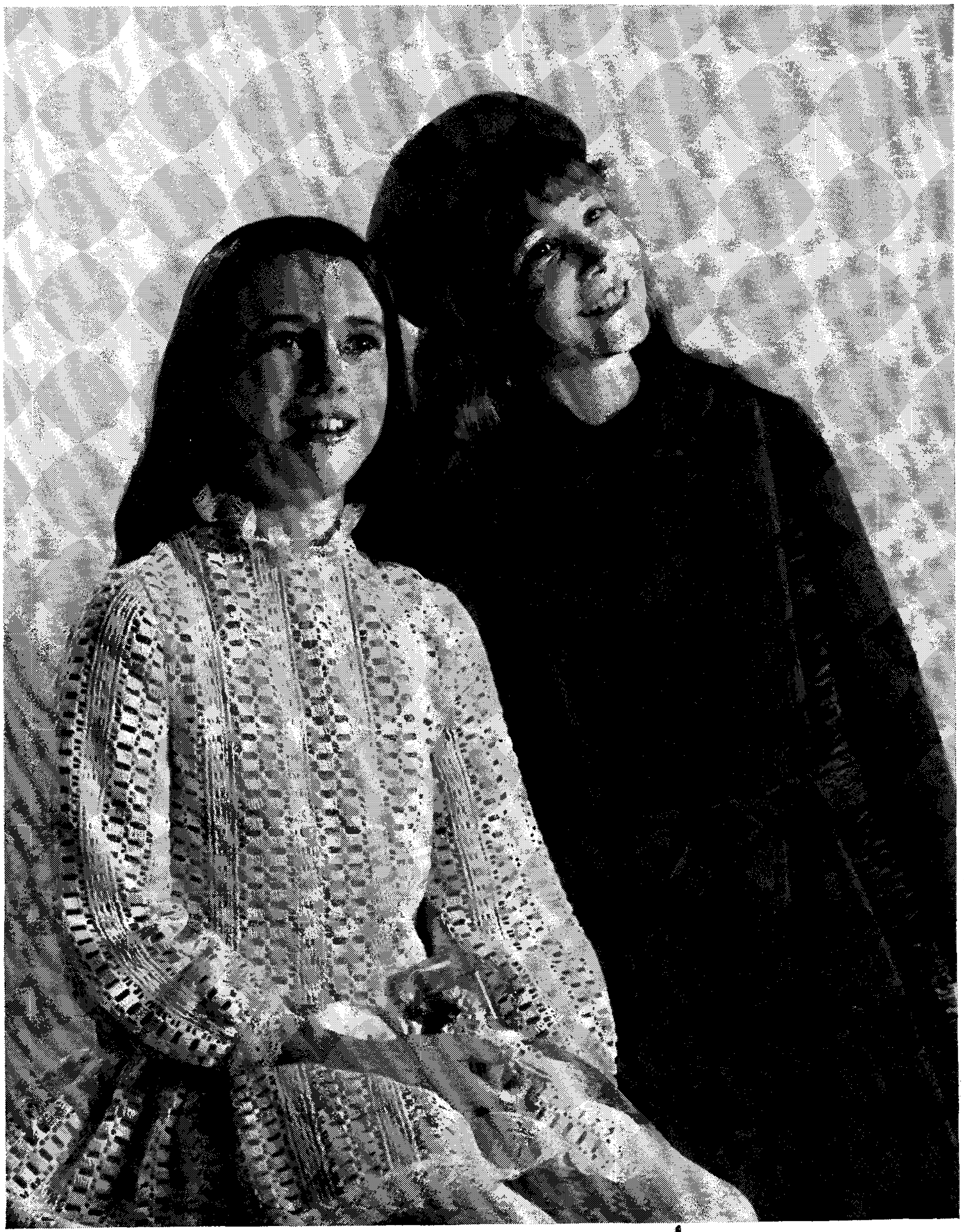

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

Ed, a portly, middle-aged parent, appeared in our doorway one afternoon last week, his shoes caked with dried mud, a bit of corn tassel sticking out of a trouser cuff, and a glazed look behind his glasses. "Woodstock," he gasped, leaning against the door. "I mean Walkill . . . I mean Bethel . . . I mean White Lake . . ."

"The Festival?" we asked.

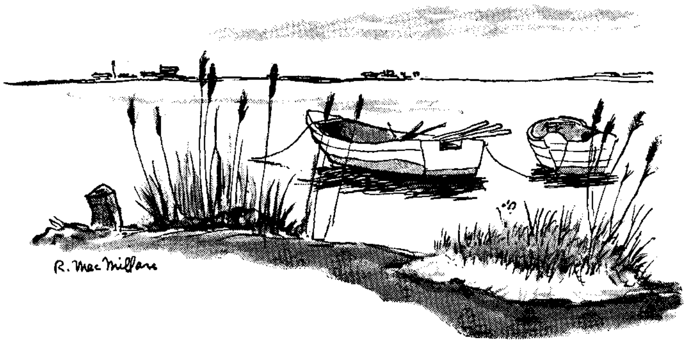
Ed nodded, and handed us an unfolded, dirty cardboard box labelled "Howard Johnson's Salt Water Taffy," on which there was a lot of small, sloppy handwriting running in various directions. Then he limped away down the hall. Ed's notes seemed to begin under the word "Taffy":

"I had not planned to attend any festivals—rock, art, folk, or Aquarian—this weekend, or any *other* weekend, for that matter. I had not planned to do much of anything beyond catching an afternoon nap, actually, when my son Jimmy, aged twelve, approached me on Friday noon, suggesting that we drive up to the Catskills and attend the three-day Woodstock Festival at White Lake. We could take sleeping bags, he explained, and sleep on the ground. Jimmy was prepared to leave at a moment's notice; he was wearing a pair of blue-and-white striped bell-bottoms, a Navy work shirt, and an 'electric' hairdo. (He had spent the last of his savings to buy a Toni Home Permanent, which his mother had generously consented to apply to his hair.) I told him that going to the Festival was out of the question.

"By midafternoon, we were driving up the New York State Thruway, with two sleeping bags in the back seat and a box of Howard Johnson's Salt Water Taffy in the front. (I had consented to attend for *one* night, and one night *only*.) Frightening reports were coming in over the radio: traffic in the Bethel area backed up for twenty miles, eight-hour delay, no food, no water, etc. A quarter of a million people on the scene, and more arriving. As we turned off the Thruway for Route 17, we hit a large, ominous traffic jam—although we were still fifty miles from Bethel, or White Lake—and a fierce downpour. Turned off onto a minor road as soon as possible, and the skies cleared. Had a nice, fast ride through rolling farmland and sunshine for the next hour or so. Stopped for supplies in a village delicatessen. Jimmy did the marketing: 1 bag of pretzels, 1 bag of potato chips, 1 large jelly roll, 4 raisin cakes, six-pack of Coca-Cola, 1 box of peppermints, 2 chewing gum, 1 red gumballs. Resumed trip, and sailed along Route 52, down steep mountainsides, past lakes, big hotels, small hotels, hills, camps, farms, past Grossinger's, and through Liberty, and there the traffic slowed down. The final ten miles or so, going down toward Bethel, or White Lake, took us until near sundown—stopping and starting, starting and stopping. It was comparable to, say, the Long Island Expressway on a Friday night, except that it was devoid of car honkings and anger. Every so often, the traffic would come to a total halt, and young people in bare feet and long hair and interesting clothes would wander back along the cavalcade, greeting other people, passing along the news ('Somebody says it's eight miles to the Festival'), giving the peace sign, or whatever. Often, there would be a boarding house nearby, and as the Festival-goers walked or drove by, the guests—some in long black coats and hats and Chassidic sideburns—would cheerfully raise their hands to them in the peace sign. 'Hey, Weinstein!' an old man by the road called to another old man, who was emerging from a farmhouse. Weinstein glanced over in time to see his friend, beaming, flash him the peace sign, and Weinstein, with a smile, returned the sign with a sweeping gesture. At one point, children were stationed along the road with a large sheet on which was lettered 'PEACE.' There was an easy, serene give-and-take between the people on the road and the people on the roadside.

"Then, abruptly, the traffic would begin to move again—cars that had been abandoned in the grass would be started up, barefoot people would run by, and the procession would resume. Slowly, behind us, a small lake would recede into the distance; a field with large hills beyond would appear, then a valley, a turn in the road—and just when we felt we were on our way again a solid line of stopped cars would come into view, and progress would halt for another half hour. There were a few police on hand, but generally they were from somewhere else and were unable to give much information about how far down the road the Festival might be. Nobody was upset, however; everybody was cheerful.

"About an hour and a half before sunset, I lost Jimmy. He had walked on ahead several times, saying he'd see how far he could get before the traf-



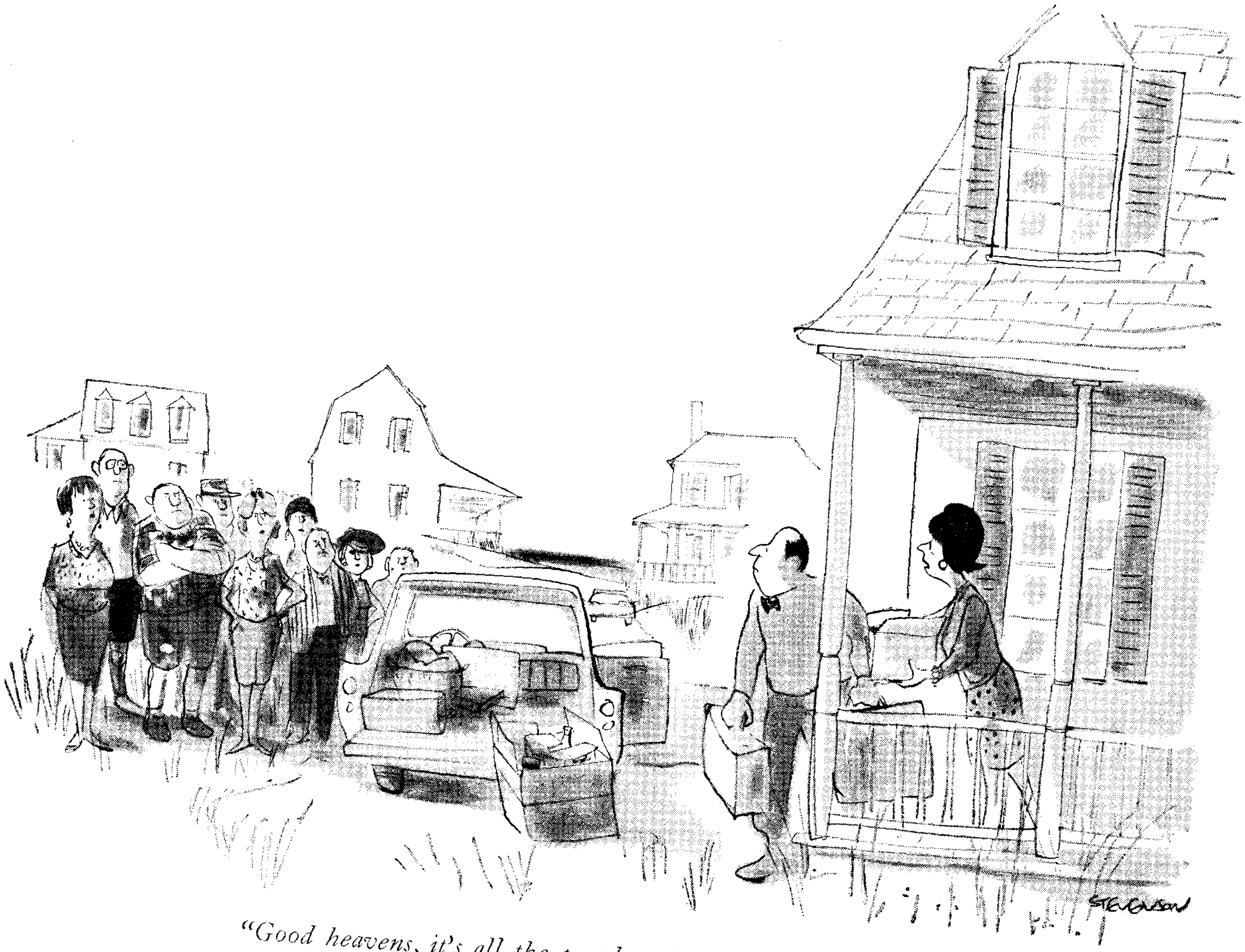
fic got moving again and I picked him up. There had been a great deal of wandering around by everybody, so I paid little attention, and assumed that I'd encounter him soon, but the traffic did not move for a long time. Finally, I set out on foot to look for him, leaving our car in line, and walked up a series of rises—a quarter or half mile, perhaps—but I couldn't find him. As I reached the highest point, and the road fell away in front of me, the traffic slowly began to move. I ran back downhill to the car, and the procession drove for several miles—but still no sign of Jimmy. Then another long halt, and I set out on foot again. I was very anxious now, because time was running out. Soon it would be night, and there were no street lights, almost no police, and where would I find him, *how* would I find him, among all the people? Well, Jimmy's account of what happened when he was 'lost' is on the other side of this cardboard."

We turned the box of taffy over and encountered a larger, messier writing:

"I got out of the car because I didn't want to sit in the hot sun, and I wanted to walk because we had been driving for a long time. We had just gone by Swan Lake and were in bumper-to-bumper traffic. I started up the hill past cars filled with all sorts of people, many of them sitting on bumpers, roofs, and hoods. I kept walking up the hill. People in jeeps, smashed-up buggies, and rented trucks. I came to a fork in the road, with a sign on one of the poles saying 'Festival.' I walked by girls, boys, and grownups waving and making peace signs at the slowly moving traffic. There was an air of happiness and gaiety, even though there was a traffic jam. I started down a hill with grassy fields on both sides filled with the loud noise of crickets chirping. I looked for the crickets but couldn't find any. People were hitchhiking and getting rides, sitting and lying on the cars, which zoomed by in the empty lane occasionally. I didn't think I should hitchhike, but I stuck out my thumb once or twice, and didn't get a ride. On the side of the road, I found a pamphlet announcing the name of the show and three days of Peace and Music and the names of the performers at the Festival. I went up a slight hill with a barn and a house on one side. You could see chickens, which were squawking. I walked a little more, and a dark-olive-green Mustang stopped with a man with a mustache and a lady, and they asked how far it was to the Festival. I said I didn't know, and they asked if I wanted a ride. I was getting tired, so I said yes. We drove along and talked about the Festival and things. When we hit more traffic, I said goodbye and thank you, and started walking again. Down the road, there were two teen-agers in a Carnival ice-cream truck. Nobody seemed to know how far it was to the place, but there was a lot of guessing. Farther along, there was a yellow school bus, which I was to see often during the time I was there. It had a big red banner with a yellow 'Peace' sign and the words 'New Orleans' on it. I kept walking and saw these men—two white, one Negro—playing with a Frisbee. The Negro had an Afro cut and a weird pipe, and a leather pouch on his belt. He smiled, and when I saw him later he remembered me and smiled again. The next ride I got was in a red car full of guys, which took me for about half a mile. I got out on a dirt road with woods on both sides, and was getting thirsty when I came in sight of a house with a little girl on the steps spraying water with a hose, so some other people and I asked her for a drink. She let us. My last ride was up a hill with a girl driving a white convertible and a man sitting on top of the back seat. I got out, finally, and walked the rest of the way to the parking lot, where there was a guy who was giving directions and looked hot and tired. I waited awhile, looking at the people, and saw a couple of choppers. I started back down the hill to look for my father, and a man was throwing leaves and flowers in the air. A few minutes after that, I found my father."

We turned the box over and returned to Ed's handwriting:

"I was so relieved to see Jimmy—even his Toni Home Permanent—that nothing else mattered. I jumped out of the car, yelling jubilantly—nobody paid any attention to that—and then we got back in the car and were directed to a parking area, which was in a vast meadow. Thousands of cars were already parked, tents were being erected in the twilight, and as we got out the ground was squishy underfoot. It occurred to me that we might be here to stay. Somebody told us the Festival was *that* way about a mile and a half, and we set off. We walked and walked—across fields and down narrow country lanes, past more and more fields filled with cars, and always accompanied by a stream of people. After perhaps an hour, it seemed we were almost there—a lot of people were sitting in a meadow, as if within earshot of a concert—so we limped into the field and looked around. We asked some reclining youths where the Festival was, and they pointed across a vast valley to some tiny lights on a distant hilltop. 'You're kidding!' said Jimmy. We sank to the grass and stared at the lights. 'What'll we do?' I asked. 'Shall we go back?' Jimmy thought for a while. 'I don't know,' he said. We just sat there. Finally, we decided we'd try to make the Festival. We cut through a muddy cornfield—Jimmy broke off an ear of corn to eat—and sank into water that was ankle-deep. We wallowed through that and reached another road. This road was really choked: cars three deep—on both shoulders as well as in the middle—almost all empty, none moving, just people streaming around them. It was pitch-dark when we climbed the final hill and found the Festival. There were no ticket-takers, or sellers—people simply poured in, free. The area was packed with people, sitting, lying down, or walking around; helicopters gargled overhead. Tim Hardin was singing—a tiny figure in a blue spotlight—but he was about as audible as a radio in a distant apartment over street noises. From time to time, a flare went up and dimly revealed the vastness of the crowd. There was no food in the area, and, apparently, no water. We sat. Somebody stepped on my hand. The people flooded in—more and more and more. I felt we would be buried any moment. Jimmy and I agreed to leave, and, using a sweater to keep us from getting separated—Jimmy holding one



"Good heavens, it's all the people we've never had back!"

• •

sleeve, I holding the other—we made our way against the oncoming tide. We retraced our steps, frequently flopping down in the grass on the roadside to rest. Jimmy never complained, although he was exhausted. But that was the spirit of the occasion. Not once did we hear anyone angry or rude or complaining—the universal attitude was one of stoicism, courtesy, good will. The benevolence was awesome. If Jimmy had been a little older or I had been a little younger, we probably would have stayed. As it was, when we reached the area where we had parked, some cars were already mired. When I stepped on the gas, the wheels of our car—for a horrible moment—spun. Then they caught, and I drove as fast as I could over the muddy field. I was sure that if I slowed down at all the car would sink in and we'd be there for a week. Jimmy went to sleep on a sleeping bag, and I drove on, stopping and starting again (the road was blocked in many places), until, about an hour later, we were in the clear. But in the opposite lane the headlights of the cars heading toward the Festival continued—on and on. I estimate we spent about fifteen minutes at the actual concert, but the next day, at home, Jimmy told everybody that the Festival was great, and he meant it, and, as a matter of fact, I think it was."

SHORTLY after Ed handed us his notes, we talked with a younger friend of ours—a nineteen-year-old—who had been to the Festival, and he told us he was indignant and discouraged by what the *Times* had had to say about the event. In an editorial headed "Nightmare in the Catskills," the *Times* said, "The dreams of marijuana and rock music that drew 300,000 fans and hippies to the Catskills had little more sanity than the impulses that drive the lemmings to march to their deaths in the sea. They ended in a nightmare of mud and stagnation. . . . What kind of culture is it that can produce so colossal a mess?" "It wasn't a nightmare," our friend told us. "The mud didn't matter, and it was one of the most remarkable experiences I've ever had. The big point was not that pot was passed around openly but that because there was a minimum of force and restriction—the cops were few, and they were friendly—a huge crowd of people handled itself decently. There were no fights, no hassles, no pushing, no stealing. Everybody shared everything he had, and I've never seen such consideration for others. People volunteered for all kinds of jobs—picking up trash, carrying stuff, doing whatever was needed. It was the most extraordinary demonstration of how good people can be—really *want* to be, if they are let alone. It was an ethic shared by a huge mass of people. The *Times* wants to know what kind of culture produces this. In a broad sense, Christian culture produced it."

We asked our young friend, who attends the University of Chicago and has hair neither very short nor very long, to jot down some further notes on his experience, so that, for the record, we could append them to what Ed and Jimmy had written.

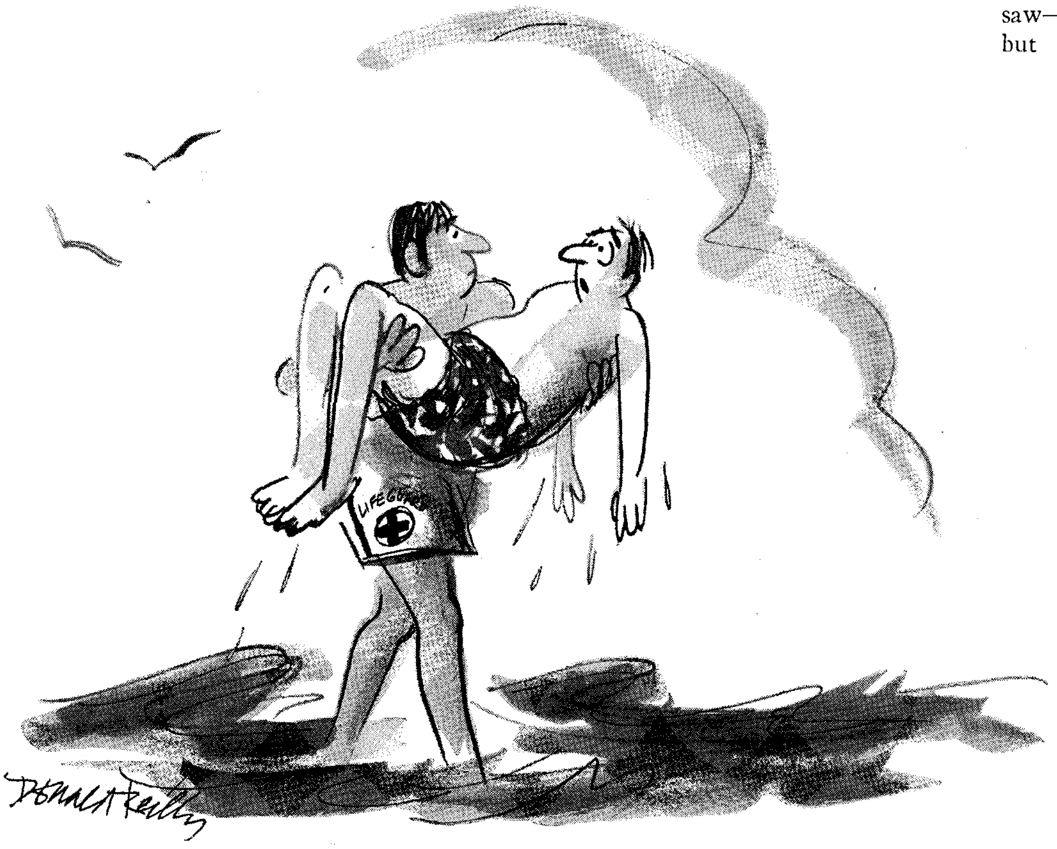
"I went rather casually," he wrote, "partly because I wanted to hear the music, and partly because I knew, by word of mouth, that there would be a tremendous mass of people my age, and I wanted to be part of it. Of course, there was going to be a terrific assemblage of artists—the best this kind of event has to offer—but the main thing was that by listening to the grapevine you could tell the Festival was going to be above and beyond that. We heard it wasn't going to be like Newport, with high fences, high prices, cops shoving and cursing you. We heard that there wouldn't be any reserved seats, that we'd be free to wander, and that the townspeople weren't calling out the militia in advance. I went, like the others, to meet people, to sit on the grass and play guitars, and to be together. I also knew that people were coming from thousands of miles away, but I had no idea how tremendous the event would be. We're a car culture now, and people will travel vast distances to get something they want.

"I drove from Rhode Island with a group of friends. When we got on the New York Thruway, we began to see the first signs of how huge it would be—Volkswagens full of kids, motorcycles, hitchhikers carrying signs. Everybody waving at everybody else as people passed. The first traffic jam—about twenty miles from White Lake, on 17B—set the tone. It was a cheerful traffic jam. People talked from car to car. People came up and asked to sit on your hood. Somebody in our car spoke to a girl in a blue Volks next to us and, not having yet caught the tone, remarked that the jam was a drag. 'Oh, no,' she said quickly. 'Everyone here is so beautiful.' She gave us some wine, and we handed over peaches in exchange.

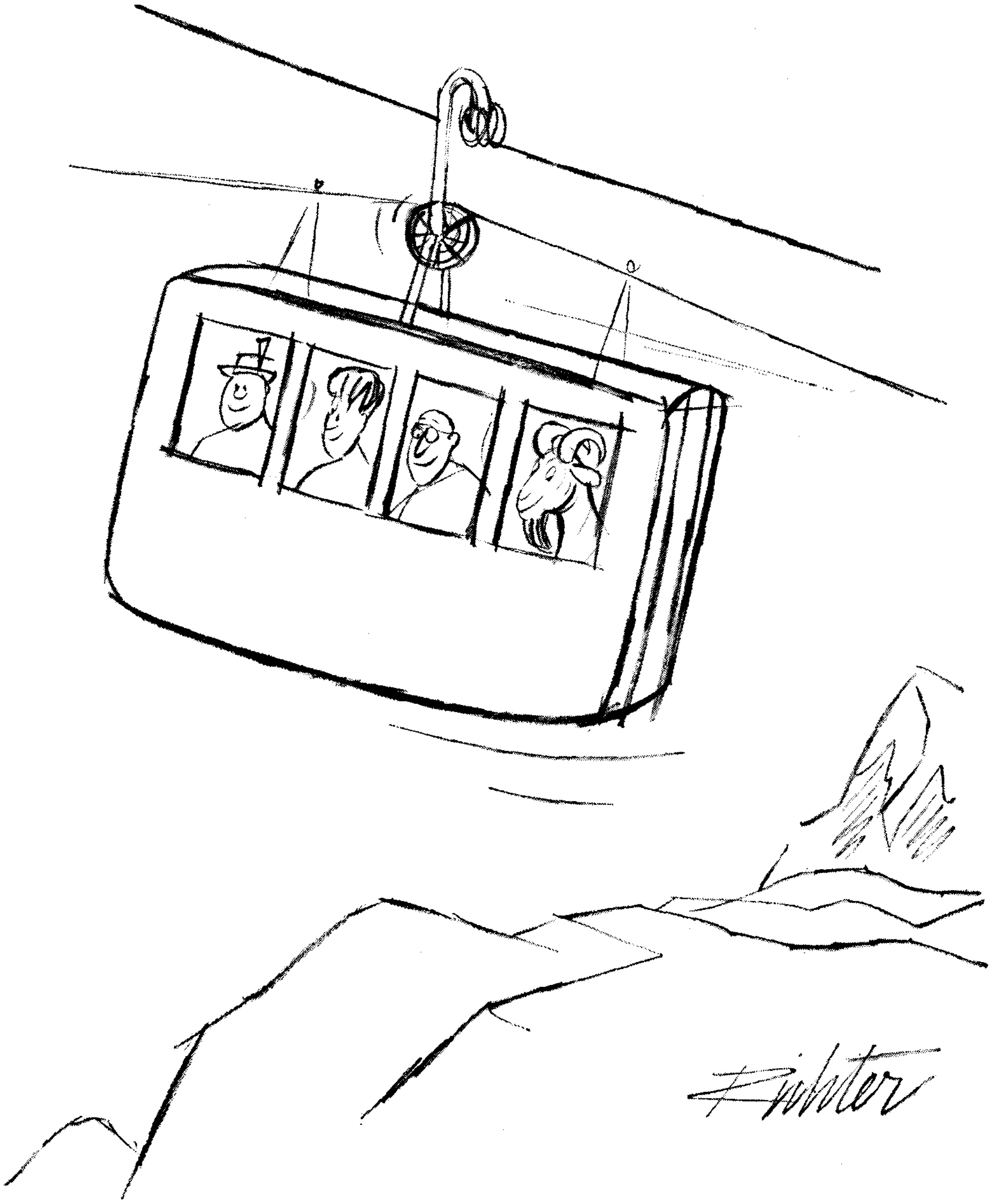
"We inched along for two hours. Cars began parking on the roadside. Boys and girls would just sit on the hillsides with a bottle of wine. They had lots of time, and they were cheerful and happy. The feeling wasn't 'Oh, God, what a jam!' but 'Wow, look how many of us there are!' There was a gathering feeling of awe that our group was this big, that the grapevine was this big. We were exhilarated. We were in a mass of *us*.

"Finally, we got to a huge parking lot. It cost five dollars and it was already full. We were the last car in. We parked and started walking. This was 10 P.M. Thursday. There would be no music until Friday afternoon. We walked along in a stream, exchanging comments with every passer-by. There were no houses, no local folk staring at us. People became aware of the land around us. Somebody said, 'It's like being part of an encamped army that has won.' We felt as though it were liberated territory. We came to the top of a hill and looked down on a huge meadow—a natural amphitheatre—where the Festival would be. In the center, people were building the stage. People were lying around in sleeping bags or sitting around little fires. The grass was fresh with dew, and the stars were bright. It was wonderful. We went on and found a campground, full of people sitting around or sleeping or eating. We unpacked our gear. For fifty cents, we bought 'macroburgers' that some communal people from California had cooked. They were made of soybeans, rice, and vegetables—no meat—between slices of rye bread. The California people also gave us slices of huge cucumbers they had grown themselves. It all tasted good. The girl serving the macroburgers gave us water in a plastic cup. She said, 'Save the cup. Somebody else may want it.' The campground was full of the most ingenious shelters. One huge canopy was made of scraps of polyethylene fastened to scraps of wood. Beneath it about forty people were lying down, snuggled against each other, singing and playing music. There was a fence across the campground, and one tough guy—the only tough guy I saw—started to tear down the fence, but people remonstrated with him. They told him it was the farmer's fence and it wasn't necessary to take it down. He was only allowed to take down one panel to make an exit. It was like that through the whole Festival. Where the mass needed an opening, an opening was made. There was no needless destruction. It was a functional thing. There was a woods between us and the amphitheatre. Two paths through the woods had been marked with strings of Christmas lights. One was called the Gentle Path and the other the Groovy Way. Nobody knows who named them. Late that night, we went to sleep in our sleeping bags with the sound of singing and guitars and voices all around us. I slept well.

"In the morning, it was raining lightly, but it didn't last. I went looking for water. I found a tank truck, and there I met a Rhode Island girl I knew who was there brushing her teeth. She hugged me, and the



". . . and suddenly, after that, a wrapup of the highlights of my life flashed before my eyes."



crowd laughed. We breakfasted with some people from the Santa Fe Hog Farm Commune. They were serving out of a great vat of boiled wheat and raisins, scooped onto a paper plate with a dollop of honey on it. It was delicious. It held me all day.

"That day, I just wandered around. I found a group of people who were blowing up a red balloon five feet across, so that their friends could find them, but lots of other people had the same balloons, so these huge red globes dotted the fields. Various groups of people had put up amusement devices for everybody to use free. One was called the Bumblebee Nest. It consisted of forked branches ingeniously fastened together with wooden pegs to support a platform of hay. It was just for the pleasure of sitting on. Somebody had an enclosure of chickens and had brought chicken feed. It was fun to feed the chickens. Somebody else had brought rabbits and made a big pen with benches in it, so you could sit and watch the rabbits and feed them. There was a huge tepeelike construction with a flat stone hung from ropes that you could stand on to swing. All these were free things that people had taken the trouble to provide for others. Most of the day, people wandered around and talked. I read and played cards. In the late afternoon, the music began. The amphitheatre was a mass of people, but there was no pushing. The sound system was excellent. We listened all afternoon and evening. The music was great, and the audience sang and clapped the rhythm. The performers loved it. There was a terrific feeling of unity between the crowd and the stage.

"The next morning, we woke to find it raining hard. Some boys who had got soaked took off their clothes and walked around naked. It didn't bother anyone. It brought home the idea that this was our land. Nobody was busting them. I was struck by how harmless it was—how the violence of sexuality was missing. The naked boys looked harmless and innocent.

"The concessionaires—hot-dog stands and so on—started out with prohibitive prices, and the kids complained to the management. All day, there were announcements from the stage about where to get free food. Eventually, there was an announcement that the concessionaires had knocked their prices down to cost.

"It rained hard the early part of the day, but the reaction of the crowd was 'Don't fight it.' We sat and listened, soaking wet. The rain really did something to reinforce the spirit. There were radios on the campground, and we began to hear news reports that we were in the midst of a mass disaster. At every report, the crowd around the radio laughed. It was such a splendid example of the division between us and the outside world. It dramatized the whole crazy split that the world thought we were having a disaster and we knew we were having no such thing.

"About three o'clock, the sun came out. Everyone took off his clothes to dry. I stripped to my shorts. We lay in the sun and listened to fantastic music. The most popular song was against the Vietnam war. Just as it finished, an Army helicopter flew over. The whole crowd—all those hundreds of thousands of people—looked up and waved their forefingers in the peace sign, and then gave a cheer for themselves. It was an extraordinary thing. Soon after that, the farmer who owned the land was introduced, and he got a huge cheer, too.

"Late that afternoon, a 'free stage' began acting as a travellers' aid, where volunteers arranged free rides for people and helped to solve problems. They took up a collection for a ten-year-old boy who had lost his money. They returned a lost child to her mother. They asked for volunteers to pick up garbage, and they made announcements warning those leaving to be careful on the way out—not to take grass with them, because of busts on the highway, and so on.

"There was still another day to go, but I had to leave. We got our stuff together and jammed three hitchhikers into our car and drove it out of the mud. As we went out, people called to us, 'Don't leave! Don't leave!' Nobody wanted to let go of what we'd had there. What we'd had was a fleeting, wonderful moment of what you might call 'community.' "

THE DAY OF THE DYING RABBIT

THE shutter clicks, and what is captured is mostly accident—that happy foreground diagonal, the telling expression forever pinned in mid-flight between two stages of vacuity. Margaret and I didn't exactly intend to have six children. At first, we were trying until we got a boy. Then, after Jimmy arrived, it was half our trying to give him a brother so he wouldn't turn queer under all those sisters, and half our missing, the both of us, the way new babies are. You know how they are—delicate as film, wrapped in bunting instead of lead foil, but coiled with that same miraculous brimming whatever-it-is: *susceptibility*, let's say. That wobbly hot head. Those navy-blue eyes with the pupils set at f/2. The wrists hinged on silk and the soles of the feet as fine-grained as the lids of the eyes.

Also, I'm a photographer by trade and one trick of the trade is a lot of takes. In fact, all six kids have turned out pretty well, now that we've got the baby's feet to stop looking at each other and Deirdre fitted out with glasses. Having so many works smoothly enough in the city, where I go off to the studio and they go off to school, but on vacations things tend to jam. We rent the same four-room shack every August. What the cat dragged in as a love-present this mauled rabbit it had caught, it was minutes before I could get close enough even to *see.*

Henrietta—she's the second youngest, the last girl—screamed. There are screams like flashbulbs—just as cold. This one brought Linda out from her murder mystery and Cora up from her Beatles magazine, and they crowded into the corridor that goes with the bedrooms the landlord added to the shack to make it more rentable and that isn't wide enough for two pairs of shoulders. Off this corridor into the outdoors is a salt-pimpled aluminum screen door with a misadjusted pneumatic attachment that snaps like lightning the first two-thirds of its arc and then closes the last third slow as a clock, ticking. That's how the cat got in. It wasn't our cat exactly, just a tattered calico stray the children had been feeding salami scraps to out in the field between our yard and the freshwater pond.

It was Deirdre's turn to help Margaret with the dishes, and they piled into the corridor just ahead of me, in time to hear Linda let crash with a collection of those four-letter words that come out of her face more and more. The more pop out, the more angelic her face grows. She is thirteen, and in a few years I suppose it will be liquor and drugs, going in. I don't know where she gets the words, or how to stop them coming. Her cheeks are trimming down, her nose bones edging up, her mouth getting witty in the corners, and her eyes gathering a kind of smoky depth; and I don't know how to stop that, either. Faces, looked at through a lens, are passageways for angels, sometimes whole clouds of them. Jimmy told me the other day—he's been reading books of records, mostly sports—about a man so fat he had been buried in a piano case for a casket, and asked me what a casket was, and when I told him, a dozen angels overlapped like the ribs of a fan as he mentally matched up casket with fatness, and piano, and earth; and got the picture. I should have had a camera.

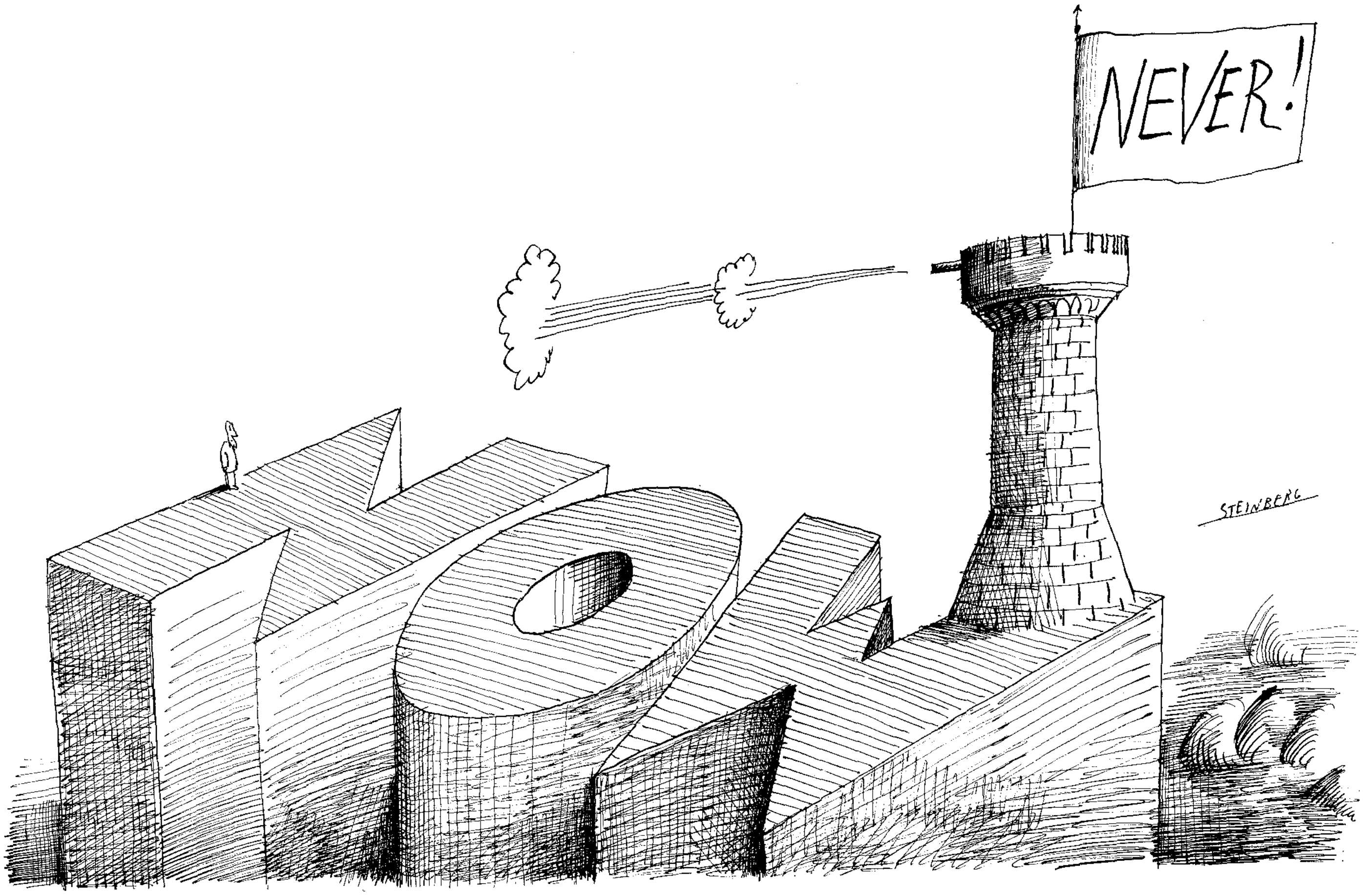
After Linda's swearing, there was the sound of a slap and a second's silence while it developed who had been hit: Henrietta. Her crying clawed the corridor walls, and down among our legs the cat reconsidered its offer to negotiate and streaked back out the screen door, those last ticking inches, leaving the rabbit with us. Now I could see it: a half-grown rabbit huddled like a fur doorstop in the doorway to the bigger girls' room. No one dared touch it. We froze around it in a circle. Henrietta was still sobbing, and Cora's transistor was keeping the beat with static, like a heart stuffed with steel wool. Then God came down the hall from the smaller children's room.

Godfrey is the baby, the second boy. We were getting harder up for names, which was one reason we stopped. Another was, the club feet seemed a warning. He was slow to learn to walk after they took the casts off, and at age four he marches along with an unstoppable sort of deliberate dignity, on these undeformed but somehow distinctly rectangular big feet. He pushed his way through our legs and without hesitation squatted and picked up the rabbit. Cora, the most squeamish of the children—the others are always putting worms down her back—squealed, and God twitched and flipped the bunny back to the floor; it hit neck first, and lay there looking bent. Linda punched Cora, and Henrietta jabbed God, but still none of the rest of us were willing to touch the rabbit, which might be dead this time, so we let God try again. We needed Jimmy. He and Deirdre have the natural touch—middle children tend to. But all month he's been out of the shack, out of our way, playing catch with himself, rowing in the pond, brooding on what it means to be a boy. He's ten. I've missed him. A father is like a dog—he needs a boy for a friend.

This time in God's arms, the rabbit made a sudden motion that felt ticklish, and got dropped again, but the sign of life was reassuring, and Deirdre pushed through to it at last, and all evening there we were, paying sick calls on this shoebox, whispering, while Deirdre and Henrietta alternately dribbled milk in a dropper, and God kept trying to turn it into a Steiff stuffed animal, and Cora kept screwing up her nerve to look the bunny in its left eye, which had been a little chewed, so it looked like isinglass. Jimmy came in from the pond after dark and stood at the foot of Deirdre's bed, watching her try to nurse the rabbit back to health with a dropper of stale milk. She was crooning and crying. No fuss; just the tears. The rabbit was lying panting on its right side, the bad eye up. Linda was on the next bed, reading her mystery, above it all. God was asleep. Jimmy's nostrils pinched in, and he turned his back on the whole business. He had got the picture. The rabbit was going to die. At the back of my brain I felt tired, damp, and cold.

What was it in the next twenty-four hours that slowly flooded me, that makes me want to get the day on some kind of film? I don't know exactly, so I must put everything in, however underexposed.

LINDA and Cora were still awake when headlights boomed in the driveway—we're



a city block from the nearest house and a half mile from the road—and the Pingrees came by. Ian works for an ad agency I've photographed some nudes shampooing in the shower for, and on vacation he lives in boat-neck shirts and cherry-red Bermudas and blue sunglasses, and grows a salt-and-pepper beard—a Verichrome fathead, and nearsighted at that. But his wife, Jenny, is nifty: low forehead, like a fox. Thick dirty-blond sun-bleached hair ironed flat down her back. Hips. And an angle about her legs, the way they're put together, slightly bowed but with the something big and bland and smooth and impeccable about the thighs that you usually find only in the skins of new cars. Though she's very serious and liberal and agitated these days, I could look at her forever, she's such pleasure for the eyes. Which isn't the same as being photogenic. The few shots I've taken of her show a staring woman with baby fat, whereas some skinny snit who isn't even a name to me comes over in the magazines as my personal version of Eros. The camera does lie, all the time. It loves it.

Margaret doesn't mind the Pingrees, which isn't the same as liking them, but in recent years she doesn't admit to liking anybody; so it was midnight when they left, all of us giddy with drink and talk under the stars, that seem so presiding and reproachful when you're drunk, shouting goodbye in the driveway, and agreeing on tennis tomorrow. I remembered the rabbit. Deirdre, Linda, and Cora were asleep, Linda with the light still on and the mystery rising and falling on her chest, Cora floating above her, in the upper bunk bed. The rabbit was in the shoebox under a protective lean-to of cookout grilles, in case the cat came back. We moved a grille aside and lit a match, expecting the rabbit to be dead. Picture by sulphur-glow: undertakers at work. But though the rabbit wasn't hopping, the whiskers were moving, back and forth no more than a millimetre or two at the tips, but enough to signify breathing, life, hope, what else? Eternal tenderness brooding above us, also holding a match, and burning its fingers. Our detection of life, magnified by liquor, emboldened us to make love for the first time in, oh, days beyond counting. She's always tired, and says the Pill depresses her, and a kind of arms race of avoidance has grown up around her complaints. Moonlight muted by window screens. Great eyesockets beneath me, looking up. To the shack smells of mist and cedar and salt we added musk. Margaret slipped into sleep quick as a fish afterward, but for an uncertain length of time—the hours after midnight lose their numbers, if you don't remind them with a luminescent dial—I lay there, the rabbit swollen huge and oppressive, blanketing all of us, a clenching of the nerves snatching me back from sleep by a whisker, the breathing and rustling all around me precarious, the rumbling and swaying of a ship that at any moment, the next or then the next, might hit an iceberg.

Morning. The rabbit took some milk, and his isinglass eye slightly widened. The children triumphantly crowed. Jubilant sun-sparkle on the sea beyond the sand beyond the pond. We rowed across, six in the rowboat and two in the kayak. The tides had been high in the night, delivering debris dropped between here and Portugal. Jimmy walked far down the beach, collecting light bulbs jettisoned from ships—they are vacuums and will float forever, if you let them. I took a roll of Plus-X: some shots of the children (Cora's face, horrified and ecstatic, caught in the translucent wall of a breaker about to submerge her; Godfrey, his close-cut blond hair shiny as a helmet, wearing a Tritonesque strand of kelp across his shoulders) but most of grass and sand and shadows, close-up, at 1/125 stopped way down to f/16, ultraviolet filter, trying to get, what may be ungettable, the way the shadow edges stagger from grain to grain on the sand, and the way some bent-over grass blades draw circles around themselves.

Jimmy brought the bulbs back and arranged them in order of size, and before I could get to him had methodically smashed two. All I could see was bleeding feet but I didn't mean to grab him so hard. The marks of my hand were still red on his arm a half hour later. Our fight depressed Henrietta; like a seismograph, she feels all violence as hers. God became hungry and Deirdre began to worry about the rabbit. There is a puffy look children's faces get that I associate with guilt but that can also signal grief. Deirdre and Jimmy took the kayak, to be there first, and Linda, who maybe thinks the exercise will improve her bosom, rowed the rest of us to our dock. We walked to the house, heads down. Our path is full of poison ivy, our scorched lawn full of flat thistles. In our absence, the rabbit, still lying on its side, had created a tidy little heap of pellet-like feces. The children were ecstatic; they had a dirty joke and a miracle all in one. The rabbit's recovery was assured. But the eye looked cloudier to me, and the arc of the whisker tips even more fractional.

Lunch: soup and sandwiches. In the sky, the clouding over from the west that often arrives around noon. The level of light moved down, and the hands of the year swept forward a month. It was autumn, every blade of grass shining. August has this tinny, shifty quality, the only month without a holiday to pin it down. Our tennis date was at two. You can picture for yourself Jenny Pingree in tennis whites, those rounded guileless thighs, and the bobbing, flying hair tied behind with a kerchief of pink gauze, and that humorless, utterly intent clumsiness—especially when catching the balls tossed to her as server—that we love in children, trained animals, and women who are normally graceful. She and I, thanks to my predatory net play, took Ian and Margaret, 6–3, and the next set was called at 4–4, when our hour on the court ran out. A moral triumph for Margaret, who played like the swinger of fifteen years ago, and passed me in the alley half a dozen times. Radiant with sweat, she took the car and went shopping with the four children that had come along to the courts; Linda had stayed in the shack with another book, and Jimmy had walked to a neighboring house, where there was a boy his age. The Pingrees dropped me off at our mailbox. Since they were going back to the city Sunday, we had agreed on a beach picnic tonight. The mail consisted of forwarded bills, pencil-printed letters to the children from their friends away on islands or beside lakes, and *Life*. I flicked through an over-gorgeous photographic essay on Afghanistan while walking down our dirt road. Hurrying blurred women in peacock-colored saris, mud palaces, rose dust, silver rivers high in the Hindu Kush. An entire valley—misted, forested earth—filled the center page spread. The *lenses* those *Life* people have! What beautiful thing on earth is as selfless as a beautiful lens?

Entering the shack, I shouted out to Linda, "It's just me," thinking she would be afraid of rapists. I went into her room and looked in the shoebox. The eye was lustreless and the whiskers had stopped moving, even infinitesimally.

"I think the bunny's had it," I said.

"Don't make me look," she said, propped up in the lower bunk, keeping her eyes deep in a paperback titled "A Stitch in Time Kills Nine." The cover showed a dressmaker's dummy pierced by a stiletto, and bleeding. "I couldn't *stand it*," she said.

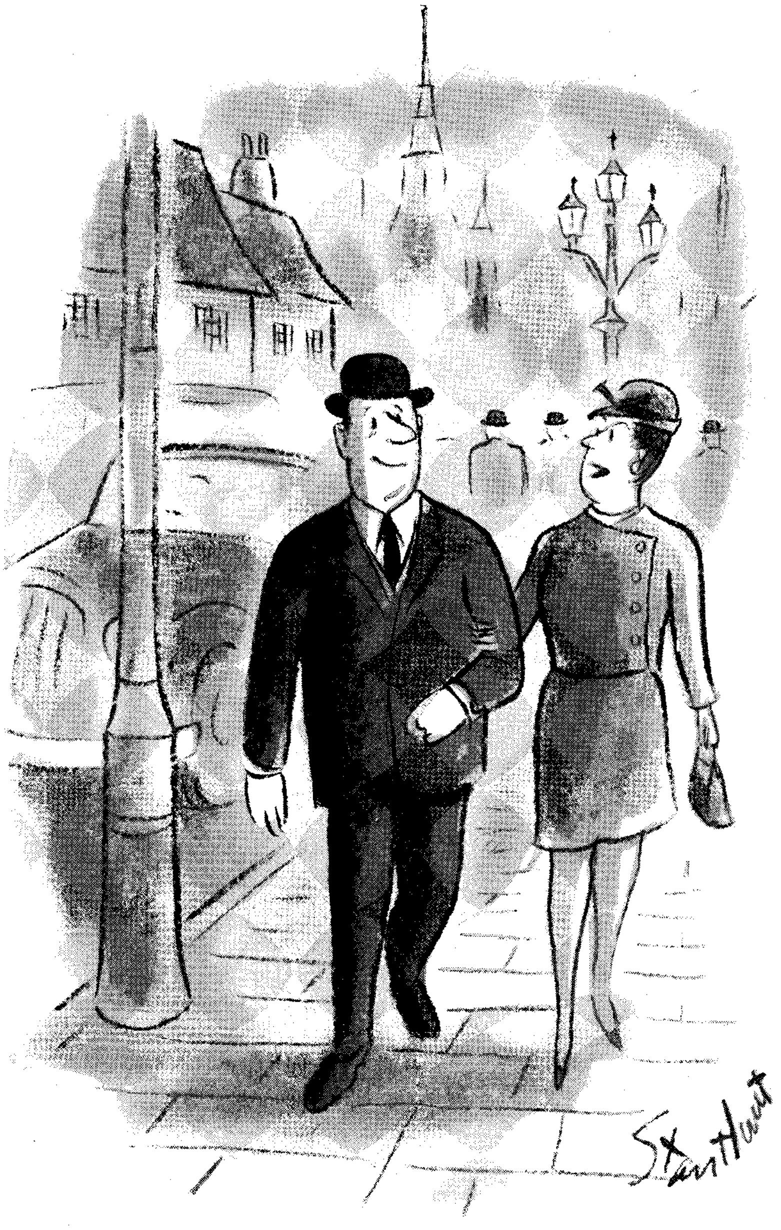
"What should I do?" I asked her.

"Bury it." She might have been reading from the book. Her profile, I noticed, was becoming a cameo, with a lovely gentle bulge to the forehead, high like Margaret's. I hoped being intelligent wouldn't cramp her life.

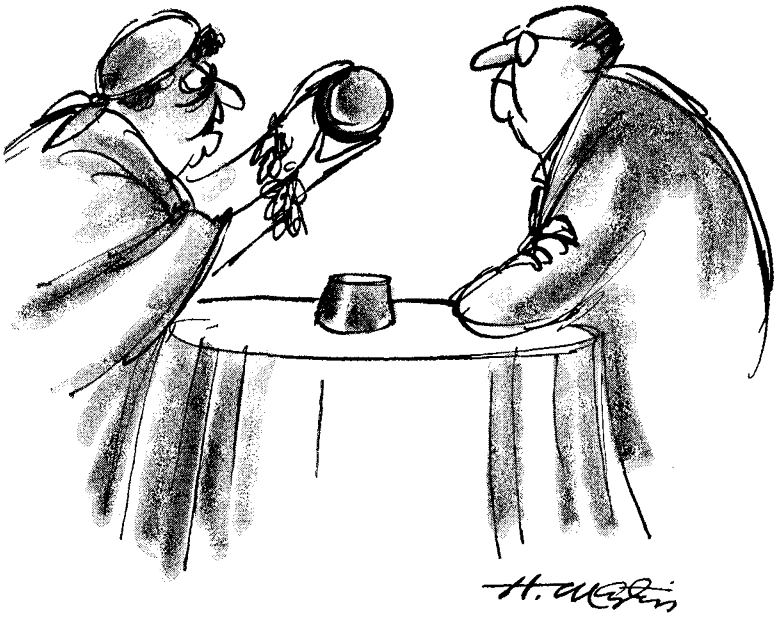
"Deirdre will want to see it," I argued. "It's her baby."

"It will only make her *sad*," Linda said. "And dis*gust* me. Already it must be *full* of *ver*min."

Nothing gives me courage like some woman's taking a high tone. Afraid to touch the rabbit's body while life was haunting it, I touched it now, and found it tepid, and lifted it from the box, not yet rigid, and so floppy its back or neck must have been broken since the cat's first pounce. Blood had dried in its ear, an intricate, translucent tun-



"I sometimes think we've come all the way to England just so you can wear your bowler without feeling self-conscious."



"... but by the time you discover the loss of your credit card it will be too late. Someone will have had a swinging $8,275.24 two weeks in gay, carefree, sun-drenched Acapulco."

nel leading downward into the brain, oddly muscular at the root. The eye not of isinglass was an opaque black bead. Linda was right; there was no need for Deirdre to see. I took the rabbit out behind the prickly yard, into the field, and laid it below the least stunted swamp oak, where any child who wanted to be sure that I *hadn't* buried it alive could come and find it. I put a marsh marigold by its nose, in case it was resurrected and needed to eat, and paused above the composition—fur, flower, the arty shape of fallen oak leaves—with a self-congratulatory sensation that must have carried on my face back to the shack, for Margaret, in the kitchen loading the refrigerator, looked up at me and said, "Say. I don't mind your being partners with Jenny, but you don't have to toss the balls to her in that cute confiding way."

"The poor bitch can't catch them otherwise. You saw that."

"I saw more than I wanted to. I nearly threw up."

"That second set," I said, "your backhand was terrific. The Maggie-O of old."

Deirdre came down the hall from the bedrooms. Her eyes seemed enormous; I went to her and kneeled to hold her around the waist, and began, "Sweetie, I have some sad news."

"Linda told me," she said, and walked by me into the kitchen. "Mommy, can I make the cocoa?"

"You did everything you could," I called after her. "You were a wonderful nurse and made the bunny's last day very happy."

"I know," she called in answer. "Mommy, I *prom*ise I won't let the milk boil over this time."

Of the children, only Henrietta and Godfrey let me lead them to where the rabbit rested. Henrietta skittishly hung back, and never came closer than ten yards. God marched close, gazed down sternly, and said, "Get up." Nothing happened, except the ordinary motions of the day: the gulls and stately geese beating home above the pond, the traffic roaring invisible along the highway. He squatted down, and I prevented him from picking up the rabbit, before I saw it was the flower he was after.

Jimmy, then, was the only one who cried. He came home a half hour after we had meant to set out rowing across the pond to the beach picnic, and rushed into the field toward the tree with the tallest silhouette and came back carrying on his cheeks stains he tried to hide by thumping God. "If *you* hadn't dropped him," he said. "You *ba*by."

"It was nobody's fault," Margaret stated, impatiently cradling her basket of hot dogs and raw hamburger.

"I'm going to kill that cat," Jimmy said. He added, cleverly, an old grievance: "Other kids my age have BB guns."

"Oh, our big man," Cora said. He flew at her in a flurry of fists and sobs, and ran away and hid. At the dock I let Linda and Cora take the kayak, and the rest of us waited a good ten minutes with the rowboat before Jimmy ran down the path in the dusk, himself a silhouette, like the stunted trees and the dark bar of dunes between two sheets of reflected sunset. Odd how sunsets upside down look like stairs.

"Somehow," Margaret said to me, as we waited, "you've deliberately dramatized this." But nothing could fleck the happiness widening within me, to capture the dying light.

The Pingrees had brought swordfish and another, older couple—the man was perhaps an advertising client. Though he was tanned like a tobacco leaf and wore the smartest summer playclothes, a halting uncertainty in his manner seemed to crave the support of advertisement. His wife had once been beautiful and held herself lightly, lithely at attention—a soldier in the war of self-preservation. With them came two teenage boys clad in jeans and buttonless vests and hair so long their summer complexions had remained sallow. One was their son, the other his friend. We all collected driftwood—a wandering, lonely, prehistoric task I never enjoy. Darkness came a little suddenly, as it does in the tropics, where the warmth leads us to expect an endless June evening from childhood. We made a game of popping champagne corks, the kids trying to catch them on the fly. Startling, how high they soared, in the open air. The two boys gathered around Linda, and I protectively eavesdropped, and was shamed by the innocence and long childish pauses of what I overheard: "Philadelphia . . . just been in the airport, on our way to my uncle's, he lives in Virginia . . . wonderful horses, super . . . it's not actually blue, just bluey-green, blue only I guess by comparison . . . was in France once, and went to the races . . . never been . . . I want to go." Margaret and Jenny, kneeling in the sand to cook, setting out paper plates on tables that were merely wide pieces of driftwood, seemed sisters. The woman of the strange couple tried to flirt with me, talking of foreign places: "Paris is so dead, suddenly . . . the girls fly over to London to buy their clothes, and then their mothers won't let them wear them . . . Malta . . . Istanbul . . . life . . . sincerity . . . the *people* . . . the poor Greeks . . . a friend absolutely assures me, the C.I.A. engineered . . . apparently used the NATO contingency plan." Another champagne cork sailed in the air, hesitated, and drifted down, Jimmy diving but missing, having misjudged. A remote light, a lightship, or the promontory of a continent hidden in daylight, materialized on the horizon, beyond the shushing of the surf. Margaret and Jenny served us. Hamburgers and swordfish full of woodsmoke. Celery and sand. God, sticky with things he had spilled upon himself, sucked his thumb and rubbed against Margaret's legs. Jimmy came to me, furious because the big boys wouldn't Indian-wrestle with him, only with Linda and Cora: "Showing off for their boyfriends . . . whacked me for no reason . . . just because I said 'sex bomb.' "

We sat in a ring, survivors, around the fire, the heart of a collapsing star, fed anew by paper plates. The man of the older couple, in whose breath the champagne had undergone an acrid chemical transformation, told me about his money—how as a youth just out of business school, in the depths of the Depression, he had made a million dollars in some deal involving Stalin and surplus wheat. He had liked Stalin, and Stalin had liked him. "The thing we must realize about your Communist is that he's just another kind of businessman." Across the fire I watched his wife, spurned by me, ardently gesturing with the teen-age boy who was not her son, and wondered how I would take their picture. Tri-X, wide-open, at 1/60; but the shadows would be lost, the subtle events within them, and the highlights would be vapid blobs. There is no adjustment, no darkroom trickery, equivalent to the elastic tolerance of our eyes as they travel.

As my new friend murmured on and on about his money, and the champagne warming in my hand released carbon dioxide to the air, exposures flickered in and out around the fire: glances, inklings, angels. Margaret gazing, the nick of a frown erect between her brows. Henrietta's face vertically compressing above an ear of corn she was devouring. The well-preserved woman's face a mask of bronze with cunningly welded seams, but her hand an exclamatory white as it touched her son's friend's arm in some conversational urgency lost in the crackle of driftwood. The halo of hair around Ian's knees, innocent as babies' pates. Jenny's hair an elongated flurry as she turned to speak to the older couple's son; his bearded face was a blur in the shadows, melancholy, the eyes seeming closed, like the Jesus on a faded, drooping veronica. I heard Jenny say, ". . . *must* destroy the system! We've forgotten how to *love!*" Deirdre's glasses, catching the light, leaped like moth wings toward the fire, escaping perspective. Beside me, the old man's face went silent, and suffered a deflation wherein nothing held firm but the reflected glitter of firelight on a tooth his grimace had absent-mindedly left exposed. Beyond him, on the edge of the light, Cora and Linda were revealed sitting together, their legs stretched out long before them, warming, their faces in shadow, sexless and solemn, as if attentive to the sensations of the revolution of the earth beneath them. Godfrey was asleep, his head pillowed on Margaret's thigh, his body suddenly wrenched by a dream sob, and a heavy succeeding sigh.

It was strange, after these fragmentary illuminations, to stumble through the unseen sand and grass, with our blankets and belongings, to the boats on the shore of the pond. Margaret and five children took the rowboat; I nominated Jimmy to come with me in the kayak. The night was starless. The pond, between the retreating campfire and the slowly nearing lights of our neighbors' houses, was dark. I could scarcely see his silhouette as it struggled for the rhythm of the stroke: left, a little turn with the wrists, right, the little turn reversed, left. Our paddles occasionally clashed, or snagged on the weeds that clog this pond. But the kayak sits lightly, and soon we put the confused conversation of the rowers, and their wildly careening flashlight beam, behind. Silence widened around us. Steering the rudder with the foot pedals, I let Jimmy paddle alone, and stared upward until I had produced, in the hazed sky overhead, a single, unsteady star. It winked out. I returned to paddling and received an astonishing impression of phosphorescence: every stroke, right and left, called into visibility a rich arc of sparks, animalcula hailing our passage with bright shouts. The pond was more populous than China. My son and I were afloat on a firmament warmer than the heavens. I wondered, as we cleaved the water, if mankind isn't leaving its history of focus—the long focus on eternity, the short focus on pleasure, the middle focus on tribe and flag—and heading into a sweet night of constant dilation; everything will stream across our field of vision like a comet, a welcome prodigy. I felt how closed I had grown, and saw clearly that the way to ease Margaret's frown was to let her have another baby.

"Hey, Dad."

His voice broke the silence carefully; my benevolence engulfed him, my fellow-wanderer, my leader, my gentle, secretive future. "What, Jimmy?"

"I think we're about to hit something."

We stopped paddling, and a mass, gray etched on gray, higher than a man, glided swiftly toward us and struck the prow of the kayak. With this bump, and my awakening laugh, the day of the dying rabbit ended. Exulting in homogenous glory, I had steered us into the bank. We pushed off, and by the lights of our neighbors' houses navigated to the dock, and waited for the rowboat with its tangle of voices and impatience and things that would snag. The days since have been merely happy days. This day was singular in its, let's say, *gallantry:* between the cat's gallant intentions and my son's gallantly calm warning, the dying rabbit sank like film in the developing pan, and preserved us all.

—John Updike

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THE PROPHETS

I keep pushing this
wheelbarrow full of ambition
down a bruised road
toward blind decisions like roadsigns
in a language I cannot read

with my brother the general
and my frenzied companion
the inner voice I have come a long way

but the dead do not
wait they do not give a damn
about any of us

I search for their lost faces
in a field of broken mirrors and find
only my eyes shattered
as usual vacant as usual

and all this time the dead
know what they are doing
they attend classes in forgetting
and come out with diplomas of silence

from nests in their ripe mouths
the aisles of teeth open like wings
and fly away

I shout to them across the distance I
tell them the worst thing
that can happen has happened

but they rise out of themselves
laughing silently watching
their fingers drip from their hands
letting them go

—Richard Shelton

THE OLD FRIENDS

PART of the plot of their friendship, the reason for it, is that the police commissioner has become an old bachelor now, and his life rests upon other lives. He rests upon people for whom he is not really responsible. Helena is by far the most important. She is important quite in herself, because anyone with television in this part of Germany knows her by sight. The waitress, just now, blushed with excitement when she recognized her, and ran to the kitchen to tell the others.

The commissioner and Helena have been friends forever. He cannot remember when or how they met, but if he were asked he would certainly say, "I have *always* known her." It must be true: look at how charming she is today—how she laughs and smiles, and gives him her time; oh, scarcely any, if the minutes are counted, but as much as he needs, enough. She is younger than the commissioner, but if she were to turn away, dismiss him, withdraw her life, he would be the orphan. Yes, he would be an orphan of fifty-three. It is the greatest possible anxiety he can imagine. But why should she? There is no quarrel between them. If ever there was, he has forgotten it. It was never put into words. He is like any policeman; he knows one meaning for every word. When, sometimes, he seems to have transgressed a private rule of hers, it is outside the limits of the words he knows, and he simply cannot see what he has done. She retreats. In a second, the friendship dissolves, and, without understanding why he deserves it, he is orphaned and alone.

When the weather suits her and she has nothing urgent to do, she lets him drive her to a garden restaurant on a height of land above Frankfurt. It is in a suburb of quiet houses—"like being in the mountains," he says. He sniffs the air, to demonstrate how pure it is. "But you really should come here at night," he says; for then the swimming pool in each of the gardens is lighted blue, green, ultramarine. The commissioner flew over in a helicopter once, and it looked . . . it was . . . it should have been photographed . . . or painted . . . if it had been painted . . . described by *Goethe*, he cries, it could not have been more . . .

"Tell us about Goethe," Helena interrupts, laughing.

She has brought her little boy along. The three of them sit at a table spread with a clean pink cloth. On a silver dish, and on still another pink cloth, this one embroidered, are wedges of chocolate cake, and mocha butter cakes, and *Linzer Torte*, and meringue shells filled with whipped cream, sprinkled with pink, green, yellow sugar. The champagne in the silver bucket is for the commissioner and Helena.

There is no view from here, not even of swimming pools. They are walled in by flowering shrubs. It is a pity, he says, for if they could only see . . .

"Tell the child what all these flowers are called," Helena interrupts. But the commissioner does not know their names. He knows what roses or tulips are, but most flowers have names he has never *needed* to know. Flowers are pale mauve or yellow in spring, blue or yellow as summer wears on, and in the autumn orange, yellow, and red. On a hot autumn day, the garden seems picked out in bright wool, like a new carpet. The wine, the cakes, the thin silver vase of bitter-smelling blooms ("Nasturtiums," he suddenly cries out, slapping the table, remembering) attract all the wasps in the neighborhood. He is afraid for Helena—imagine a sting on that white skin! He tries to cut a wasp in two with a knife, misses, captures another in the child's empty glass.

"The child needs men, you see," Helena goes on. "He needs men to tell him what things are. He is always with women."

Somewhere in her career she acquired this little boy. She does not say who the father is, but even when she was pregnant, enormous, the commissioner never asked. He treated the situation with great tact, as if she had a hideous allergy. It would have been a violation of their friendship to have pried. The rumor is that the father was an American, but not a common drunken one, an Occupation leftover—no, it was someone highly placed, worthy of her. The child is a good little boy, never troublesome. He eats his cakes with a teaspoon, and it is a wobbly performance. His fingers come into it sometimes; then he licks them. He scrapes up all the chocolate on his plate, because his mother dislikes the sight of wasted food.

"I mean it. Talk to him," Helena says. She may be teasing; but she could be serious, too.

"Child," says the obedient commissioner. "Do you know why champagne overflows when the cork is taken out of the bottle?"

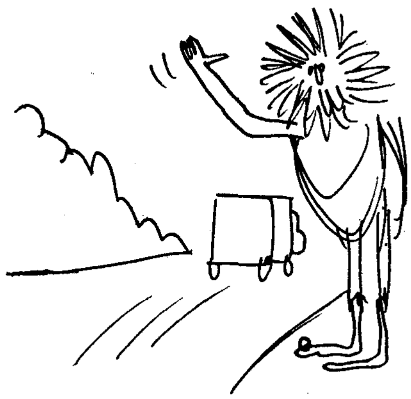
"No, why?" says Helena, answering for her son.

The commissioner reflects, then says, "Because air got in the bottle."

"You see?" she tells the boy. "This is why you need men."

She is laughing, so she must be pleased. She is giving the commissioner her attention. On crumbs like these, her laughter, her attention, he thinks he can live forever. Even when she was no one, when she was a little actress who

"Tell him it's Mission Control!"



would travel miles by train, sitting up all night, for some minor, poorly paid job, he could live on what she gave him. She can be so amusing when she wants to be. She is from—he thinks—Silesia, but she can speak in any dialect, from any region. She recites for him now, for him alone, as if he mattered, Schiller's "The Glove"—first in Bavarian, then in Low Berlin, then like an East German at a radio audition, then in a Hessian accent like his own. He hears himself in her voice, and she gets no farther than "*Und wie er winkt mit dem Finger*," because he is laughing so that he has a pain; he weeps with it. He has to cross his arms over his chest to contain the pain of his laughter. And all the while he knows she is entertaining *him*—as if he were paying her! He wipes his eyes, picks up his fork, and just as he is trying to describe the quality of the laughter ("like pleurisy, like a heart attack, like indigestion"), she says, "I can do a Yiddish accent from Silesia. I try to imagine my grandmother's voice. I must have heard it before she was killed."

She has left him; he is alone in the garden. He does not know the word for anything anymore. He has forgotten how one says "hedge" or "wasp" or "nasturtium." He does not know the reason for the transparent yellow light in his glass. Everything assembled to please her has been a mistake: the flowers on the table smell too strong; the ice in the bucket is melting because the sun, too hot, is straight upon it; and the bottle of champagne, half empty, tipped to one side, afloat, is inadequate and vulgar. He looks at the red trace of the raspberry cake he had only just started to eat, at the small two-pronged fork, at the child's round chin—he daren't look at Helena. He discovers a crumb in his throat. He will choke to death, perhaps, but he is afraid to pick up his glass. Here he is now, a man in his fifties, "a serious person," he reminds himself, in a bright garden, unable to swallow a crumb.

She sits smoking, telling herself she doesn't need him—that is what he imagines. The commissioner is nothing to her, a waste of time. It is a wonder she sees him at all. He feels the garden going round and round, like the restaurant in Frankfurt that revolves on its hub. He would have taken her there often if she'd allowed it. He likes spending money on her, being reckless; and also, when he gives his card, the headwaiter and all the waiters know the commissioner and Helena are friends. But the restaurant is too high up; it makes her ill and giddy just to look out the window. And anyway she has enough publicity; she doesn't need to have a waiter bow and stare. What can he do for her? Nothing, and that is what makes her so careless—why she said the wounding thing just now that made him feel left out and alone.

Oh, that grandmother! That mother! She has a father somewhere, alive, but she shrugs when she mentions him, as if the living were of no use to her. The commissioner knows nothing about the mother and grandmother. He never met them. But he knows that where Helena was concerned a serious injustice was committed, a mistake; for, when she was scarcely older than the child at this table, she was dragged through transit camps on the fringes of Germany, without—thank God—arriving at her destination. He has gone over it so many times that her dossier is stamped on his mind, as if he had seen it, typed and signed, on cheap brownish wartime paper, in a folder tied with ribbon tape. To the dossier he adds: (One) She should never have been arrested. She was only a child. (Two) She is partly Jewish, but how much and which part—her fingers? Her hair? (Three) She should never have been sent out of the country to mingle with Poles, Slovaks, and so on. Anything might have happened to her. This was an error so grave that if the functionary who committed it were ever found and tried, the commissioner would testify against him. Yes, he would risk everything—his career, his pension, anonymous letters, just to say what he thinks: "A serious mistake was made." Meanwhile, she sits and smokes, thinking she doesn't need him, ready at any second to give him up.

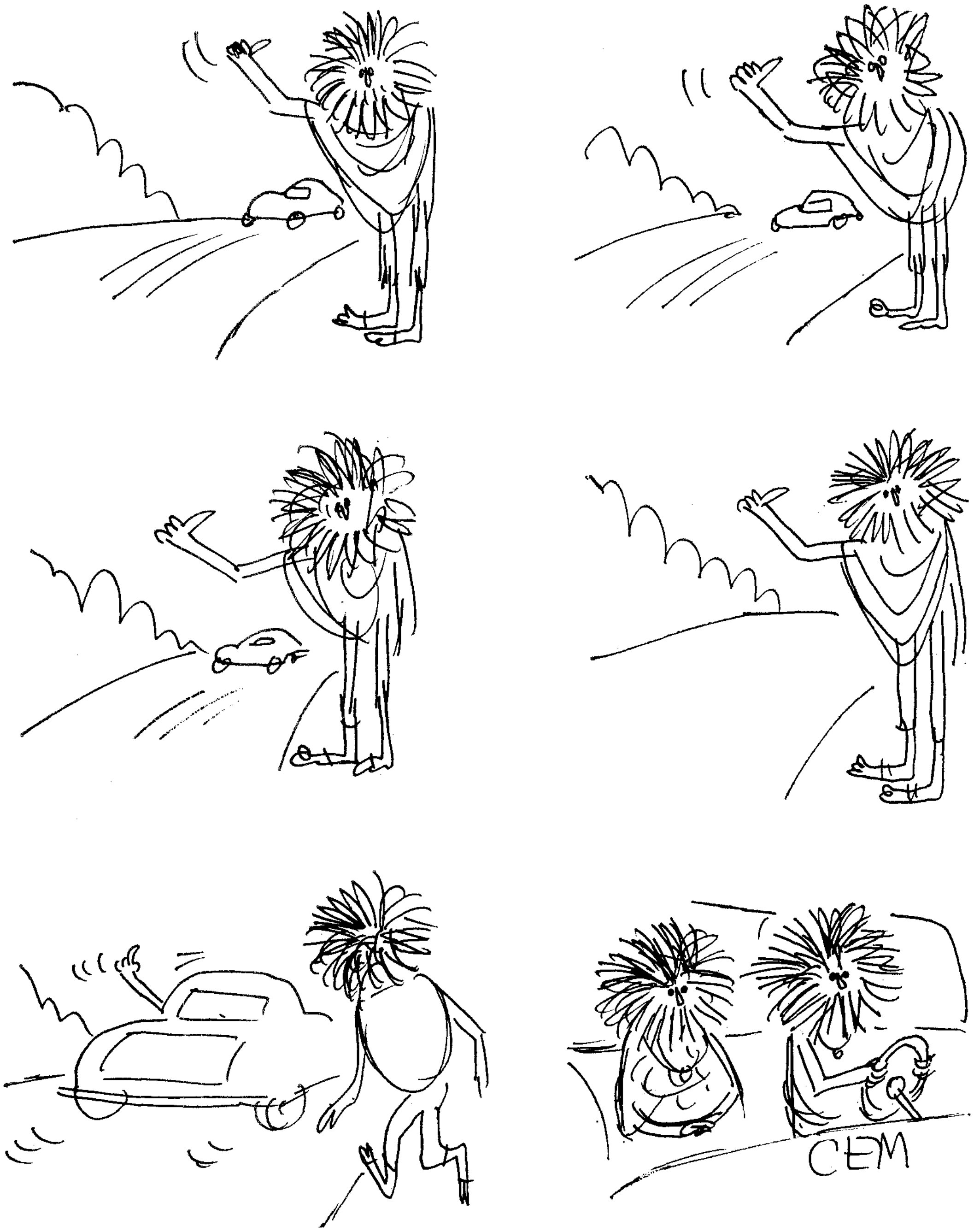
THE proportion of Jews in the population of West Germany is .04, and Helena, being something of a fraction herself (her fingers? her hair?), is popular, much loved, and greatly solicited. She is the pet, the kitten—*ours*. She wasted her lunchtime today on an interview for an English paper, for a special series on Jews in Germany. Through an interpreter (insisted upon by Helena; having everything said twice gives her time) she told a story that has long ago ceased to be personal, and then the gaunt female reporter turned her head and said, filtering her question through a microphone, "And was the child? . . . in these camps? . . . sexually? . . . molested?"

Rape is so important to these people, Helena has learned; it is the worst humiliation, the most hideous ordeal the Englishwoman can imagine. She is thinking of maniacs in parks, little children attacked on their way to the swimming pool. "Destruction" is meaningless, and in any case Helena is here, alive, with her hair brushed, and blue on her eyelids—not destroyed. But if the child was sexually molested, then we all know where we are. We will know that a camp was a terrible place to be, and that there are things Helena can never bring herself to tell.

Helena said, "It was forbidden."

The interviewer looked at her. Do you call that a bad experience, she seemed to be thinking. She turned off the tape recorder.

"Rape would have meant one was a person," Helena might have gone on



to say. Or, "There wasn't that sort of contact." She has been wondering for years now exactly what it is they all want to hear. They want to know that it could not have been worse, but somehow it never seems bad enough. Only her friend, the commissioner, accepts at once that it was beyond his imagination, and that the knowledge can produce nothing more than a pain like the suffering of laughter—like pleurisy, like indigestion. He would like it to have been, somehow, not German. When she says that she was moved through transit camps on the edge of the old Germany, then he can say, "So, most of it was on foreign soil!" He wants to hear how hated the guards were when they were Slovak, or Ukrainian. The vast complex of camps in Silesia is on land that has become Polish now, so it is as if those camps had never been German at all. Each time she says a foreign place-name, he is forgiven, absolved. What does it matter to her? Reality was confounded long ago. She even invents her dreams. When she says she dreams of a camp exactly reproduced, no one ever says, "Are you sure?" Her true dream is of purification, of the river never profaned, from which she wakes astonished—for the real error was not that she was sent away but that she is here, in a garden, alive.

HIS failing, as a friend, is his memory. He thinks she has three birthdays a year, and that he has known her forever. They met on a train, in Austria, between Vienna and Salzburg. He thinks she was always famous, but he has forgotten that she was just beginning, barely known, so anxiously dressed that sometimes people thought she was a prostitute. They were alone in a compartment. He sat with his hands on his knees, and she remembers his large cuff-links and his large square ring. He was like the economic miracle not yet at its climax of fat. Or he had been obese a long time ago—she saw, around him, the ghost of a padded man. He talked very seriously about the economic life of every town they passed, as if he knew about it, but the one thing she could recognize, whatever its disguise, was a policeman.

It makes her laugh now to think of the assurance with which he asked his first questions: Are you married? What do you do? Why were you in Vienna? She had been recording a play for a broadcast. She was just beginning, and would travel anywhere, overnight, never first class. She thought he had recognized her—that he had seen her, somewhere, once. The card she gave him, with her name engraved, was new. He studied the card for minutes, and ran his thumb over it absently.

"And in Salzburg you will be . . . ?"

"A tourist." To make the conversation move faster, and to tease, to invent, to build a situation and bring it crashing down, she said, "No one is expecting me."

"Are you expected anywhere?"

"Not until Monday. I live in Frankfurt."

He looked out the window for some time. He put the card in his pocket and sat with the tips of his fingers pressed together. "If no one is waiting for you," he said finally, "you could skip Salzburg and come on to Munich with me. I have some business there, so I would be busy part of the day. But I am free in the evening, and it is a very lively place. We could go to a night club. There is one like a stable; you drink in the horses' stalls. In the daytime, you could go to a museum. There is a very good museum where you can see ancient boats made out of hide, and you can see the oars. There are guided tours. . . . The guide is excellent! And the station hotel is very good. If you don't want to, you needn't leave the station at all. Then we could both be in Frankfurt on Monday. I live there too. No one is meeting me. It wouldn't even matter if we were seen getting off the train together."

"What would happen if I went to Munich?" she said. "Would you give me money?"

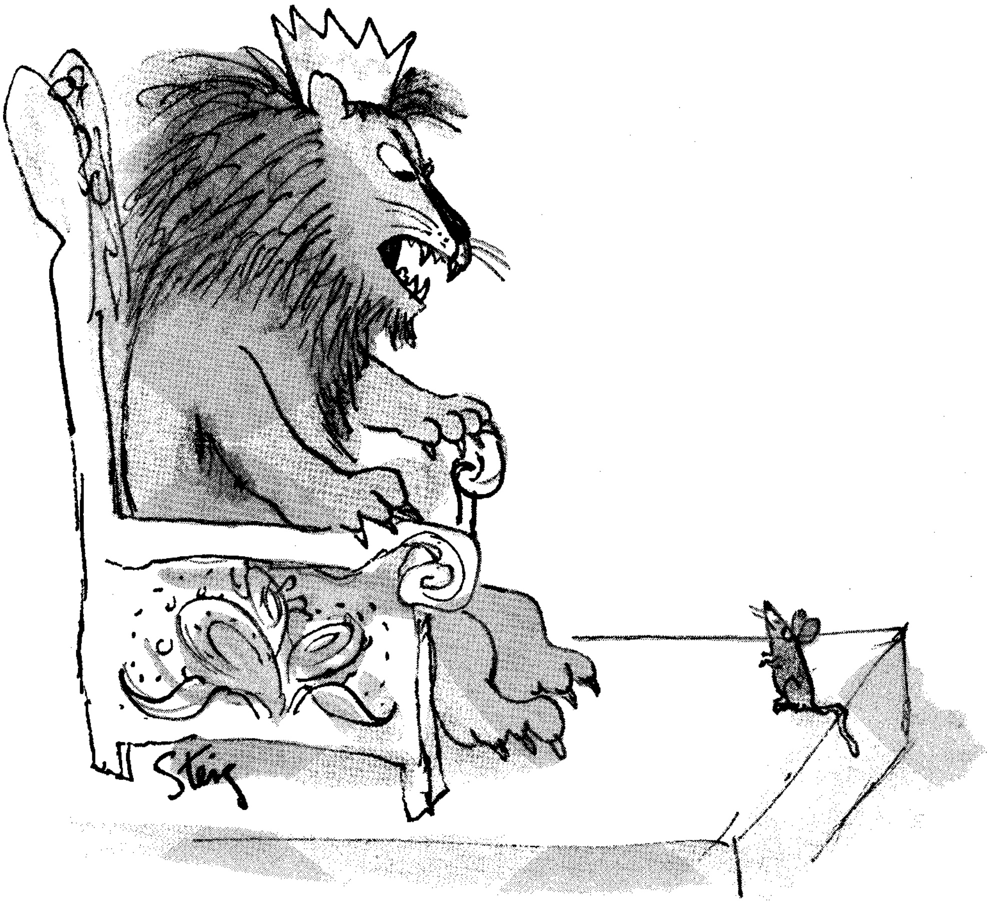
"I? No."

"Well, no money, no Munich."

What went over his face was, Let me straighten this out. I thought you were one sort of person, but it seems you are another. What can this mean?

"Before I get down at Salzburg, I just have time to tell you a funny story," she said. "It is about paying for things. I heard it when I was a child, in a concentration camp." How tense they become, she thought. Just say two words and they stiffen, as if they had been touched with the point of a pin. "This is my story. A poor old Jew who was eating his lunch out of a piece of newspaper happened to be sitting opposite a Prussian officer in a train. The train was going to . . . to Breslau. After a time the officer said, 'Excuse me, but I want to ask you a question. What makes you Jews so clever, so that you always have the advantage over us?' 'Why, it is because we eat carp heads,' said the old man. 'And as I happen to have one here, I can sell it to you for thirty marks.' The officer paid for the fish head, and ate it with some disgust. After a time he said, 'But I have paid you thirty marks for something a fishmonger would have given me for nothing!' 'There, you see?' said the old man. 'It's working!' "

Her innocent eyes never left his face. He looked at her, so bewildered, so perplexed. What went wrong in our conversation, he seemed to be saying. Where was my mistake? Why are you telling me this old story? What have I done? He was red when he began to speak. His throat unlocked, and he said, "I never thought I should offer you money, Miss Helena. Excuse me. If I should have, then I apologize. You seem . . . a woman like you . . . so educated, so delicate . . . so refined, like a . . . *Holbein*." All this in his Hessian accent, which she was already recording, in her mind, for her own use.



"Speak up!"

If she were to remind him now about that man on the train, the commissioner would say, "What a fool! He could have been arrested." She imagines the commissioner arrested, still on the train, both hands against the pane and his face looking out between them—the anguish, the shock, as the train slid off and he wondered what he had done. "Now do you see?" she would say to him. "Now do you see what they are about—all those misunderstandings? You are that man too." But he would only know that another injustice had been committed; another terrible mistake.

IN their conversations there is only one context. No remark is ever out of the blue. And so, when she leans forward, putting her cigarette out, at the table spread with a pink cloth, and says, "I was never raped," he does not look surprised. He says, "When you were in those places?"

"Yes. Rape did not occur. It was, in fact, utterly forbidden."

Putting out the cigarette she seems to lean on it. He knows only one thing, that the crisis is over. He has come through, without being wounded. Whatever the quarrel was, he is forgiven. They are here, with the child, in the garden restaurant, with the flowers like colored wool. He is still the old bachelor in part of her life. Now he begins to understand what she has just said—the meaning of it. He would like to stand up and announce it, tap his fork on the wineglass and when he had everyone's attention say loudly, so that he could be heard all over the gardens and swimming pools, "Nothing like that happened—nothing at all. It was strictly, utterly forbidden!" He finds he can swallow—nothing, at first; just a contraction of the throat. Then he swallows a sip of his drink. He picks up his fork, bites a piece of raspberry cake, swallows. Tears stand in his eyes. She is the best friend he could ever have imagined. She has, again, brought him out of anxiety and confusion; he is not an orphan. When she lets the wasp escape from the glass he says nothing. He knows that a little later she will tell him why.

—MAVIS GALLANT

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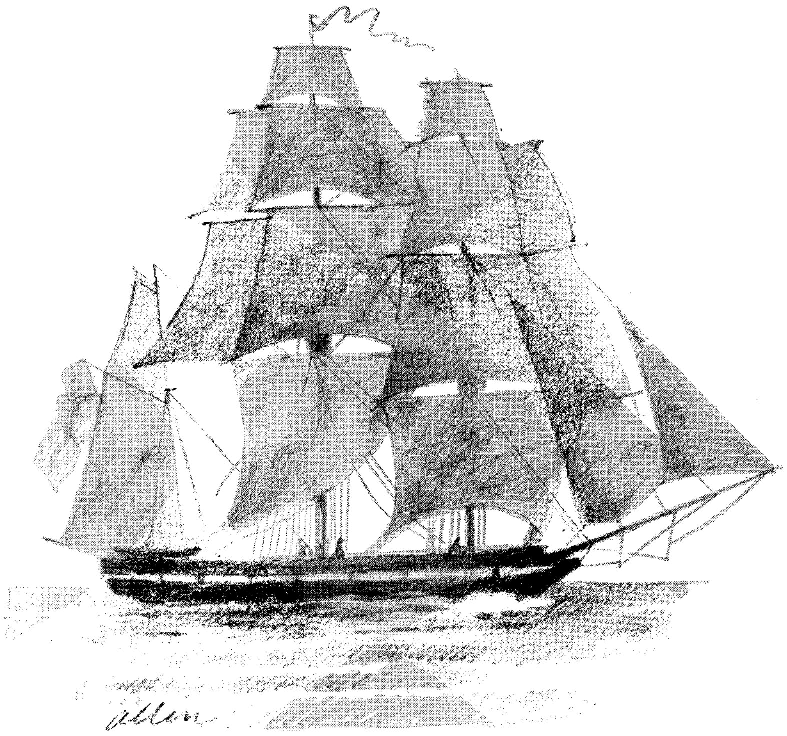
Jason R. Nathan, the Housing and Development Administrator, has endorsed and submitted to the City Planning Commission a proposal for new brownstones without elevators to be built on narrow vacant lots, many of which are vacant. —*The Times.*

And some of which are narrow.

ANNALS OF DISCOVERY

THE BEAGLE—I



ONE of the fascinating things about Charles Darwin is that he really does seem to have been one of those men whose careers quite unexpectedly and fortuitously are decided for them by a single stroke of fortune. For twenty-two years, nothing much happens; no exceptional abilities are revealed. Then, suddenly, a chance is offered; things can go either this way or that, but luck steps in—or, rather, a chain of lucky events—and away he soars into the blue, never to return. It all looks so inevitable, so predestined, yet the fact is that in 1831 no one in England—certainly not Darwin himself—had the slightest inkling of the extraordinary future that lay ahead of him, and it is next to impossible to recognize in the brooding, ailing figure of the later years this blithe young extrovert on the brink of his greatest adventure, the voyage of the Beagle.

Events moved so quickly that he could hardly take in what was happening. On September 5, 1831, he was summoned to London to meet Robert FitzRoy, captain of H.M.S. Beagle, which the Admiralty was sending off on a voyage around the world, and the suggestion was that Darwin should take the post of naturalist on the voyage. It was an astonishing idea. He was only twenty-two years old, he had never before met Captain FitzRoy, and a week earlier he had never even heard of the Beagle. His youth, his inexperience, even his background all seemed against him, yet despite these odds he and FitzRoy got on famously, and the offer was made. The Beagle, FitzRoy explained, was a small ship but a good one. He knew her well; on a previous voyage to South America he had taken over command and had brought her back to England. Now she was being entirely refitted at Plymouth, and she had a splendid crew, many of whom had sailed in her before and had volunteered for this new voyage. The expedition had two missions: first, it was to continue charting the South American coast, and, second, it was to get a more accurate fixing of longitude by establishing a chain of chronological reckonings around the world. The ship would set off in a matter of weeks and would be away more than two years—perhaps even three or four—but Darwin would be free to leave the ship and return home whenever he chose. He would have ample opportunities for getting ashore, and in the course of the voyage they would all be doing many exciting things—exploring unknown rivers and mountains, calling at coral islands in the tropics, and sailing far down toward the frozen south. Oh, it was all wonderful. "There is indeed a tide in the affairs of man," Darwin wrote to his sister Susan, "and I have experienced it."

He was, in fact, remarkably fortunate. In the first place, it was most unlikely that he and FitzRoy would get on as well as they did; indeed, it would be hard to imagine two characters in England who by nature and training were more opposed. At almost every point they were in conflict. Whereas the Darwins were upper-class Whigs and Liberals, the FitzRoys were most decidedly aristocrats and Tories. Charles Darwin was the son of a country doctor—a very successful one, it must be said—and the grandson of another, Dr. Erasmus Darwin, who had achieved a great name in the world both as a medical practitioner (at which he made a small fortune) and as a writer of verse with scientific themes. The FitzRoys were descended from the illicit liaison between Charles II and Barbara Villiers, the Duchess of Cleveland, and Robert FitzRoy himself, the son of Lord Charles FitzRoy, was a grandson of the Duke of Grafton and a nephew of Castlereagh. He looked it. The head was proud and authoritarian, the expression disdainful, and although his figure was slight, his whole bearing was that of a man accustomed to privilege. Unlike Darwin, he had had the very opposite of an easy, cosseted life; since the age of fourteen, when he entered the Navy from the Royal Naval College, he had been recognized as an officer of exceptional ability. Even in an era when promotion was given very early to outstanding men, especially if they had high connections, it was remarkable that at the age of twenty-three he should have taken over command of the Beagle on her previous voyage. FitzRoy enjoyed authority. His values were fixed. He knew precisely what was right and what was wrong, and, without being by any means stupid or uneducated, he was intolerant of all speculation and half shades of meaning. Already he was a deeply religious man. He believed every word in the Bible absolutely, and these spiritual certainties were transferred to his practical life; upon his quarterdeck he was a martinet. The other expected qualities followed: he was brave, he was resourceful, he was efficient, and he was just. But there was another side to his character. Within this tight outer sheath there was a suppressed restlessness, a yearning for something that was missing—perhaps warmth and affection—and it broke through occasionally in acts of great generosity and contrition. There was no room for compromise in this nature—no slack to be taken up and let go again, no real patience—and so he vacillated between moods of depression and elation.

FitzRoy was a little cool when he and Darwin first met. He was an arrogant young man. He had heard that Darwin was a Whig, and when Darwin walked into the room he took a dislike to him, particularly his nose; it was not the nose of a man who could endure the rigors of a voyage around the world. But Darwin's natural, easy enthusiasm swept away all stiffness; before the interview was over, FitzRoy was begging him not to be too hasty in giving a yes or no, and reassuring him about the terrors of the sea. FitzRoy seems to have realized that he was dealing with an exceptional young man—perhaps a little too naïve, a little too well cared for, but definitely intelligent. Was he tough enough? That was the question. Would he crack up when they got to sea?

Darwin, on his side, was charmed beyond all reason. Never had he met such a man before—such perfect manners, such quiet power and authority, such understanding, the very beau ideal of what a captain ought to be. One also gathers that Darwin sensed very clearly the doubts that were in FitzRoy's mind—the suggestion that the job would prove too much for him. A challenge was being offered. Well and good, he decided, he would accept it; he would show this splendid man just what he could do. He would not let him down.

Let us look back for a moment at Darwin's life as it had been up to the moment of this meeting—the meeting that led to the voyage that became, as it were, the origin of "The Origin of Species" and the basis of those ideas that have since changed all our lives. Let us forget that sad, shawl-covered old man who is the image of the Charles Darwin we know so well, and turn to him as he was in 1831, when he had just received his degree of Bachelor of Arts at Cambridge. An observer standing in the lovely quadrangle of Christ's College might well have seen him riding in from hunting—a slim, tall figure in a pink coat. Not really a handsome young man but one with very pleasant good looks: a well-set head with a broad brow, direct and friendly blue eyes, no beard as yet (though there were sideburns), and the fresh complexion of a twenty-two-year-old who spends a good deal of his time out-of-doors. A groom would have taken his horse in the quadrangle, and he would have gone running up a short stone staircase to the second floor, where he lived in a large, square, panelled room that was heated in winter by an open fireplace. Christ's in those days had a reputation for "horsiness," a thing that suited young Darwin very well, for he loved to hunt and to shoot, and in his room he used to practice marksmanship by throwing his gun to his shoulder in front of a mirror or, if he was giving a party, by getting one of his companions to wave a candelabra of lighted candles about while he snuffed out the flames with blank cartridges. There was a certain amount of drinking at these parties—he was a member of the Glutton Club—and the evenings usually ended with a little music and a game of *vingt-et-un.*

The room, then, was not that of a very diligent student—"I'm through, through, through!" he exclaimed with relief and surprise when he scraped by his examinations with a pass—and it was not thought remarkable that without being especially religious he was destined now to enter the Church as a country parson; lots of well-to-do young men did that. Upon just one count was the young Darwin unusual, and that was in his quite spontaneous and exceptional interest in natural history. Everything in the fields delighted him. Flowers, rocks, butterflies, birds, spiders—from boyhood he had collected them all with the sort of absorption that belongs only to the besotted amateur or the true professional. Just now his passion was beetles, and he had cases of his specimens laid out in his room. One day, he saw two rare beetles on a piece of bark and seized them both, one in each hand; then he saw a third and new kind, which he could not bear to lose, so in order to release his right hand he popped a beetle into his mouth. This passion for collecting, however, like hunting and shooting, he regarded as something on the side—as a hobby and entertainment. The true business of life was concerned with the classics, which he loathed; with mathematics, which he could not understand ("I suppose you are two fathoms deep in Mathematics," he writes to a friend who has not answered his letters, "and

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GETTING READY TO REALLY LEAVE

Then, gathering in the dusk,
comes the strange long possibility of loneliness.
Some simple rolling tune invades the dark,
routing all that nostalgic poise
of half shadows.
He pauses,
alone in an open room,
listening.

A moth beats at the rusted back-door screen;
a stray car hums in another street.
Old songs, old songs:
someone is going; someone is going away. . . .
And then that tune, like a sentimental favorite
waltzing mindlessly around the years of young nights
and floating over the glamorous local stages
of county fairs,
trembles once more, follows
an echo further down the street,
falters, fades in again, and is gone.

We swing for an utter moment upon that hinge—
hello, Somebody—
hover, ever so briefly upon that porch,
impersonal as the summer air,
and move on out
into the perfect silence of the town.

—Joseph Langland

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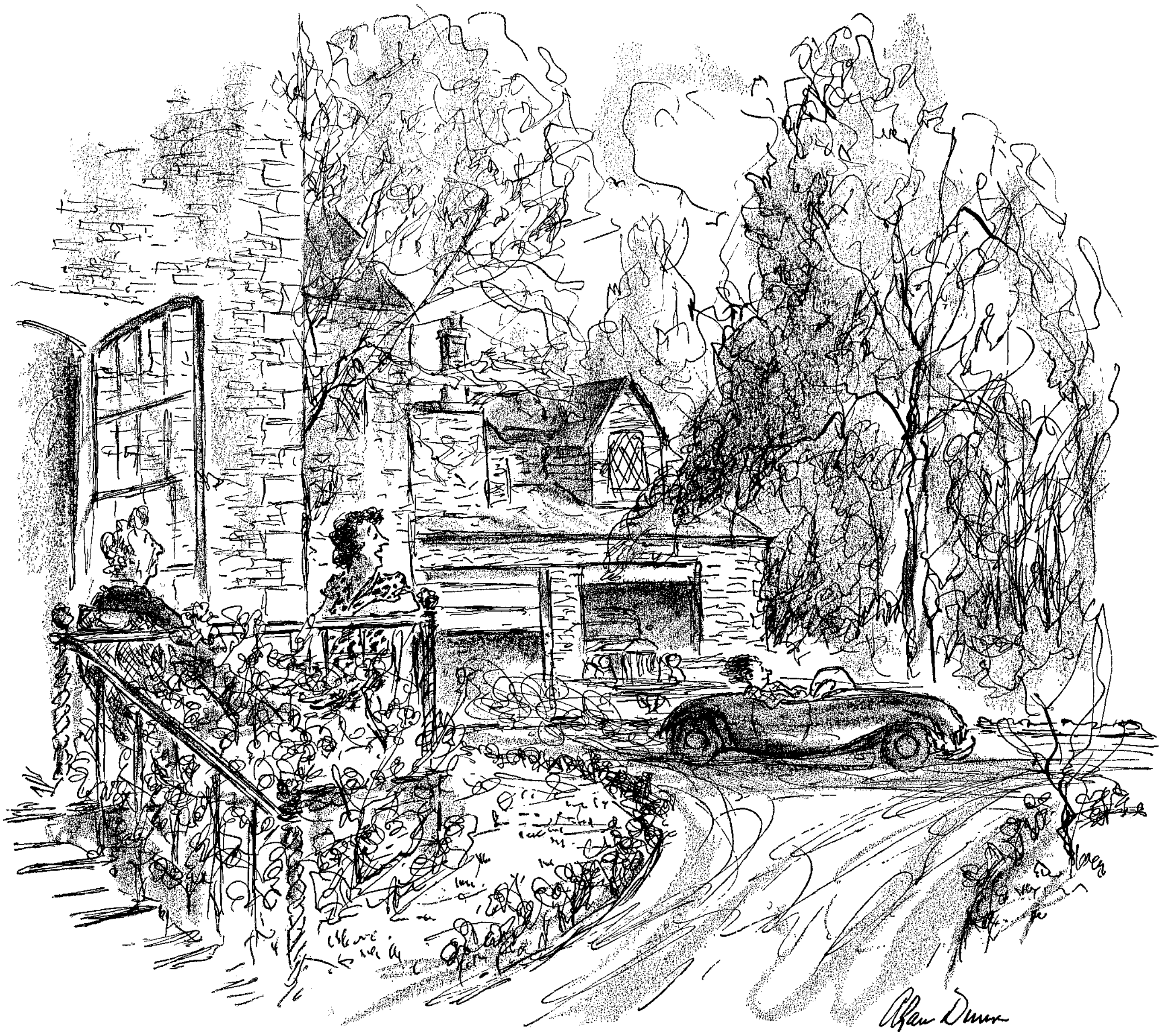


"It's all right, Mother. When the boy says society is rotten, he doesn't mean Southampton."

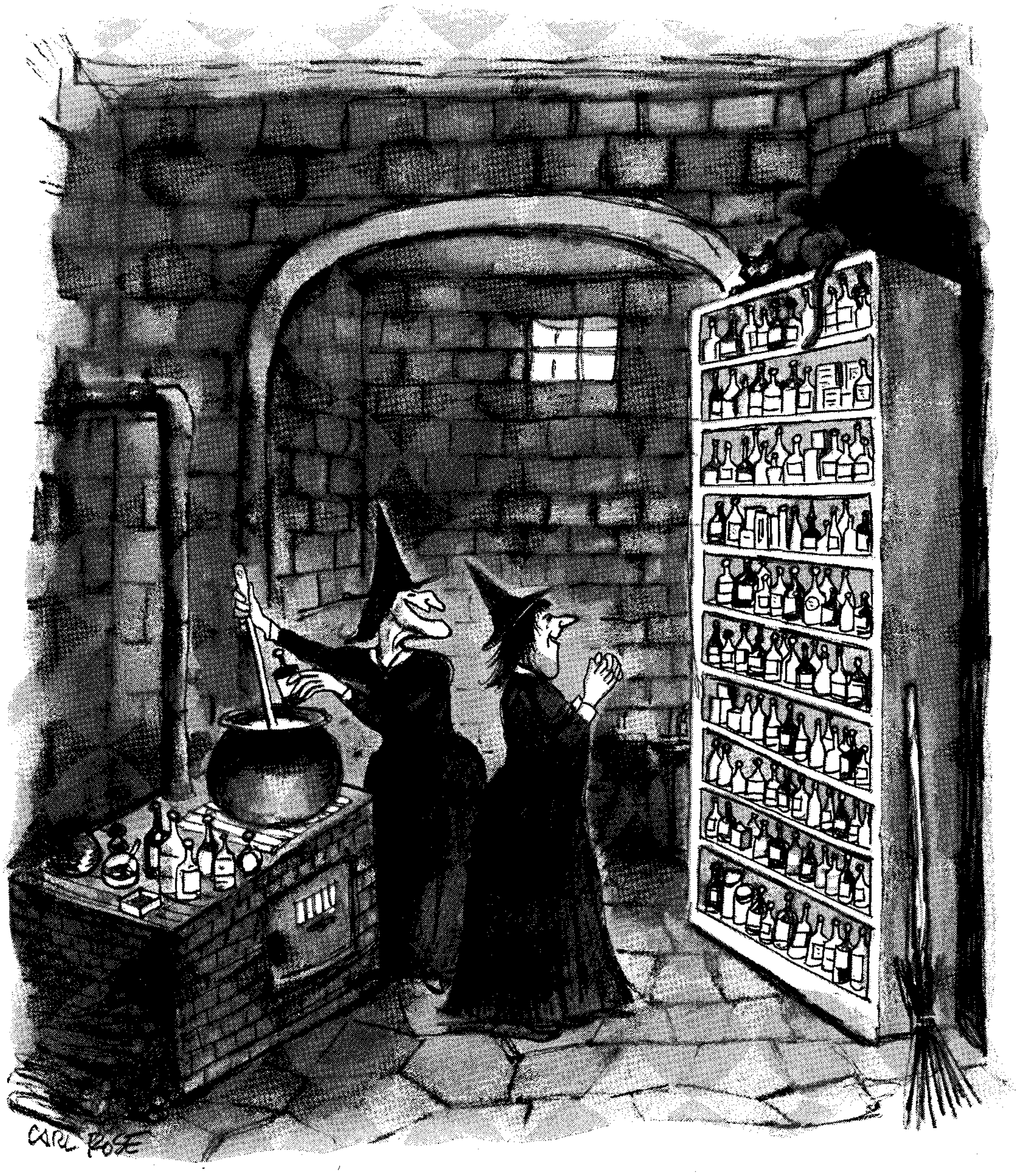
• •

if you are, God help you, for so am I, only with this difference, I stick fast in the mud at the bottom and there I shall remain"); and with the Church, though he privately doubted if he had a true vocation for it. Yet Professor John Stevens Henslow, who lectured him in botany at Cambridge, was a clergyman, and had greatly encouraged Darwin in his interest in natural history; he had invited him to his celebrated Friday evenings for discussion, he had taken him on botanizing walks and boating excursions along the river Cam, and he had even persuaded him to study geology, a subject that Darwin had shied away from at first. During his last year at Cambridge, Darwin was distinguished as "the man who walks with Henslow." There was no reason he should not continue with his collecting and his sports when he settled into his vicarage in the country.

Even in his family background Darwin was fortunate. His grandfather Dr. Erasmus Darwin had been a much respected, if slightly controversial, figure; he had worked on the idea of evolution, though he never brought it to a conclusion, and Coleridge had coined the word "darwinizing" to describe his rather wild theorizing. Charles' father, Robert, had also gone in for medicine, and had done very well in practice at Shrewsbury, where he had built a fine house, the Mount, above the river Severn. Charles was a little frightened of his father. Robert was a huge man—six feet two, three hundred and thirty-six pounds—and rather autocratic in his ways; his family used to say that when he returned home in the evenings it was like the tide coming in. Yet his son also loved him. Many years later, when Charles was an old man, he told his daughter that he thought his father had been a little unjust to him when he was young but had made up for it by his kindness later. The suggestions made recently that Darwin's feelings of inferiority vis-à-vis his father may have affected his development, and that the ill health of his later life was due to his anxiety and feelings of inadequacy as a child, do not seem very convincing. It is true that Charles' mother died when he was eight, but his three older sisters brought him up devotedly. Then, there were his cousins, the Wedgwoods—the famous family of potters—who lived in a grand house, Maer Hall, only twenty miles away. Charles was forever riding over there, and he was a great favorite of his Uncle Jos and Aunt Bessie and of their four daughters—especially Emma, who was almost his age. It was a world of well-staffed country houses, of coaches and grooms, of partridge shooting in the autumn and hunting in the winter, of dinner parties and elegant clothes. School, certainly, was not much of a success; he was always below average, and Julian Huxley is probably right when he says that by today's standards Darwin would never have got into a modern university. At the local school in Shrewsbury, the masters had tried without success to drum classics into him, and then he had gone on to study medicine in Edinburgh, which was a failure; among other things, he could not stand the sight of blood. (Later, he came to regret bitterly that for this reason he had never studied dissection seriously.) He did, however, attend Jameson's lectures on geology and zoology, and though he found them dull, it was through Jameson that he became acquainted with the curator of the Museum of the Edinburgh University, who was a great enthusiast for natural history. Darwin read a paper on microscopic marine animals before the Plinian Society, and learned to stuff birds and animals from a Negro who had travelled to South America with the naturalist Charles Waterton.

But all that was behind Darwin now; his father had let him abandon medicine and go on to Cambridge, and if he had frittered away his time and had learned very little there, at least he had enjoyed it; at least he had his degree in his pocket and the pleasant prospect of the summer vacation before him. "During midsummer geologized a little in Shropshire," he wrote in his diary. Then he went on a trip through Wales with another of his newfound scientific friends—Adam Sedgwick, professor of geology at Cambridge. They seem to have spent some pleasant weeks studying rock formations and working on a geological map of the country, and it was not until August 29th that Darwin returned to his home in Shrewsbury. He learned from his father and sisters that a letter (which they appear to have read) had arrived from Professor Henslow. Enclosed with it was a letter from George Peacock, a Cambridge mathematician and astronomer who was responsible for nominating candidates for the post of naturalist on naval ships making surveys; in it, Peacock made the completely unexpected offer of the post aboard H.M.S. Beagle. Here was a bolt from the blue. Darwin had never thought of himself as a serious naturalist, or, indeed, as eligible for any scientific job; he was to be a clergyman. Then, again, this bizarre proposition cut so drastically across his plans; after the partridge-shooting season, he had hoped to make a journey down to the Canary Islands before taking holy orders. And yet—why not? He was inclined to accept Henslow, who had recommended him to Peacock, was most pressing that he should. Henslow himself had nearly taken the job, Darwin told his sister Susan, but "Mrs. Henslow looked so miserable that Henslow at once settled the point."

Dr. Darwin had other views. He thought it was a wild scheme: Charles had already switched from medicine, and now he was running away from the Church. He was not used to the sea. He would be away for two years or more. He would be uncomfortable. He would never settle down after he got back. He would harm his reputation as a serious clergyman. In short, a useless undertaking. Dr. Darwin did not absolutely forbid Charles to accept the appointment, but he made himself emphatic. "If you can find any man of common sense who advises you to go, I will give my consent," he said. Charles was in no position to argue. His allowance (which he had overspent at Cambridge) was his only source of income, and although subconsciously he may have wanted to get away from his father, he would never have dreamed of defying his authority. Reluctantly, he



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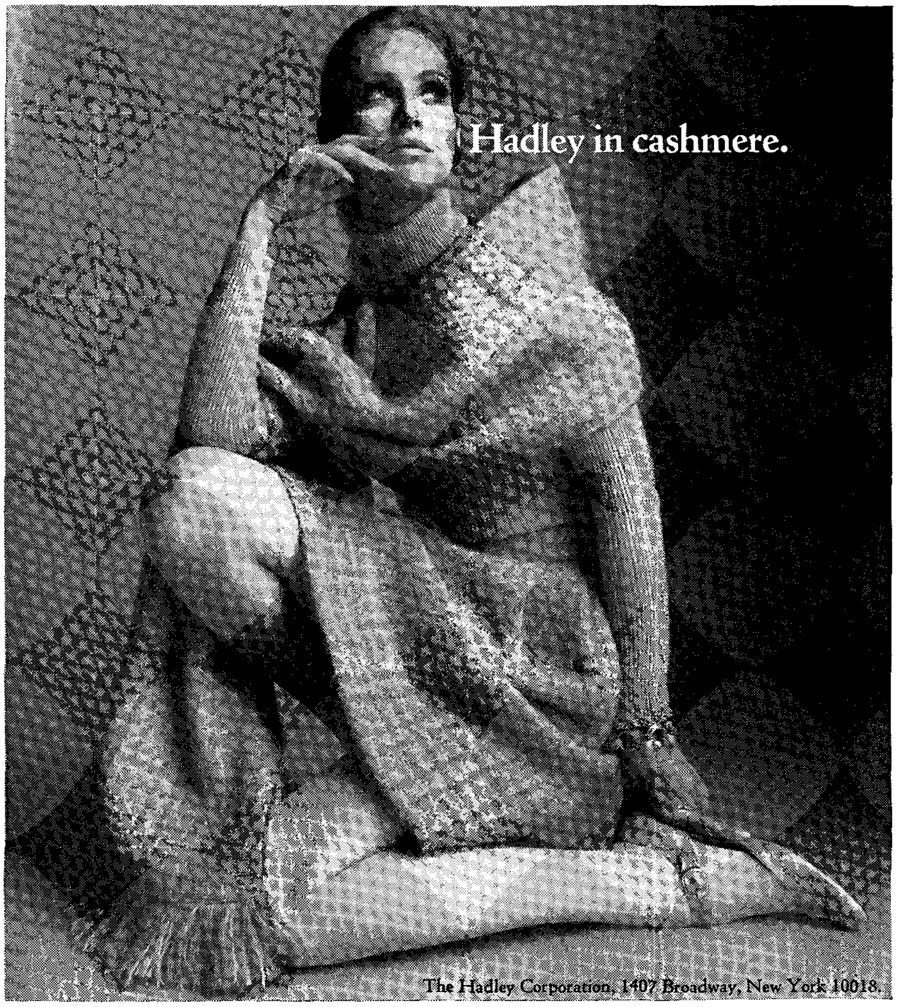
wrote to Henslow saying that he could not go.

At least, it was something that the partridge season was about to open, and on the following day he rode over to the Wedgwoods' house to be ready for the opening shoot. Unlike his brother-in-law Dr. Darwin, Josiah Wedgwood was a supple and humorous man. Maer Hall was a lighthearted place, overflowing with guests, and something amusing was always happening there—very unlike the Mount, where Dr. Darwin's overwhelming presence forced a certain gravity on his family. Uncle Jos was young Darwin's means of escape from his father. Charles had made journeys with him to Scotland, to Ireland, and to France; he had confided in him; and now he told him about the offer of the Beagle post and of his refusal.

Wedgwood did not at all agree with Dr. Darwin. He thought that it was a splendid opportunity, and that it ought not to be turned down. He got Darwin to write out a list of Dr. Darwin's objections, and he had an answer to every one of them. Kindled by this, Darwin decided to tackle his father again. He wrote him a hesitant letter: "My dear Father—I am afraid I am going to make you again very uncomfortable. . . . The danger appears to me and all the Wedgwoods not great. The expense cannot be serious, and the time, I do not think, anyhow, would be more thrown away than if I stayed at home. But pray do not consider that I am so bent on going that I would for one *single moment* hesitate, if you thought that after a short period you should continue uncomfortable. . . ." This done and the letter sent off, he turned to the pleasant prospects of the morrow. He was out with his gun and his dog soon after breakfast and family prayers on the following morning, and it was barely ten o'clock when a servant came to him with a message from his uncle saying that the Beagle offer was too important to be left in abeyance: they must drive over to the Mount together and get his father to change his mind.

From this point onward—the turning point of Darwin's life—events accelerated. On arriving at the Mount, Uncle Jos took the Doctor's objections one by one and demolished them. Charles, feeling guilty about his extravagance at Cambridge, dropped in a word about money. "I should be deuced clever to spend more than my allowance whilst on board the Beagle," he said, to which his father replied, "They tell me you *are* very clev-



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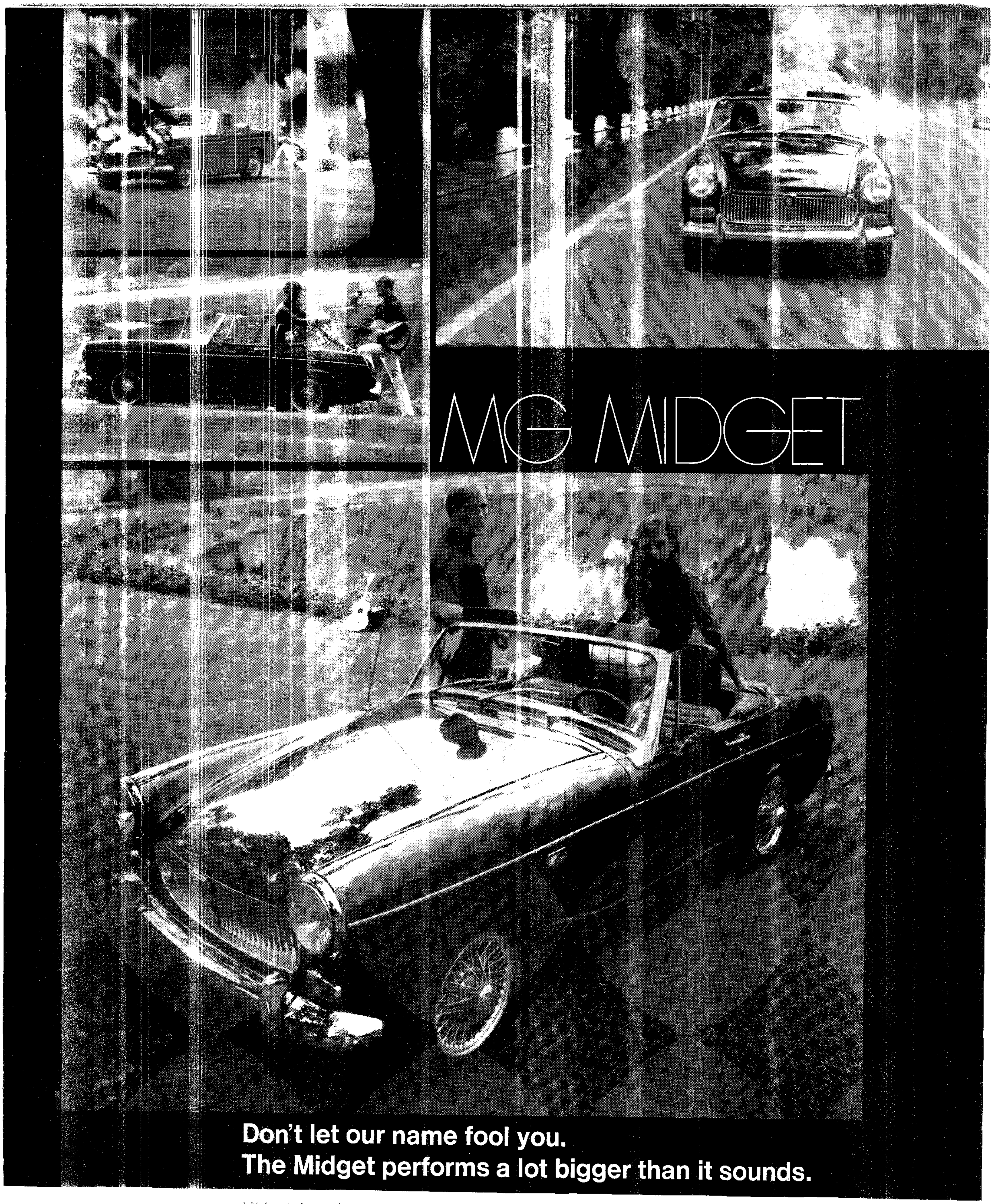

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er.” In the end, the Doctor was won round, and Charles, in a great state of excitement, dashed off a letter cancelling his earlier refusal; he would be “very happy to have the honour of accepting.” He was now in a fever of anxiety that he was too late, that the job had already been offered to someone else, and at three o’clock on the following morning, September 2nd, we find him aboard the express coach, the Wonder, en route to Cambridge. He arrived, very tired, at the Red Lion Hotel late that night, and sent a note round to Henslow asking if he could meet him first thing in the morning.

Henslow had bad news for him: a Mr. Chester, a naturalist of some standing, was also being considered for the post. All would depend on what sort of impression Darwin made upon FitzRoy, the captain of the Beagle, because FitzRoy had made it clear that he would take only a man whom he personally liked—a not unreasonable condition, since he was going to share his cabin with his naturalist throughout the voyage. On September 5th, Darwin set off for London. He managed to get an appointment with FitzRoy that same day, and, as we have seen, the interview went splendidly.

THE two men met again next day, and things went just as well. FitzRoy, Darwin wrote to his family, had been quite exceptionally frank and kind. He had said, “Now, your friends will tell you a sea captain is the greatest brute on the face of creation; I do not know how to help you in this case, except by hoping you will give me a trial.” Their quarters on board would be cramped, and the Captain had been very honest about it: “He asked me at once, ‘Shall you bear being told that I want the cabin to myself, when I want *to be alone*? If we treat each other this way, I hope we shall suit; if not, probably we should wish each other at the Devil.’ ” The expenses would not be great; his mess bills would amount to only thirty pounds a year, and a round sum of five hundred pounds ought to see him through the whole voyage. Would his sister Susan get the servants at the Mount busy over his kit? “Tell Nancy to make me soon 12 instead of 8 shirts. Tell Edward to send me up in my carpet-bag (he can slip the key in the bag tied to some string) my slippers, a pair of lightish walking-shoes—my Spanish books, my new microscope (about six inches long and 3 or 4 deep) which must have cotton stuffed inside; my geological compass, my Father knows [where to find] that; a little book, if I have got it in my bedroom—Taxidermy.” Then, there were firearms he must have—FitzRoy had said that at many places it would not be safe to go ashore without a brace of pistols—but these he could get in London. Soon he was off in a gig around the town with FitzRoy, his shopping list in his hand. FitzRoy, it turned out, was a mighty spender; he thought nothing of giving four hundred pounds for his personal firearms, and Darwin was sufficiently carried away by this extravagance to part with fifty pounds of his own for “a case of good strong pistols and an excellent rifle.” There was so little time; they would sail in October. “I feel my blood run cold at the quantity I have to do.” And he went on again about FitzRoy: “He is everything that is delightful. If I was to praise him half so much as I feel inclined, you would say it was absurd.”

On September 11th, the two of them sailed from London to see the Beagle in the dockyards at Plymouth. It took them three days to reach Plymouth—three days of talking and exploring each other’s personality. Darwin’s admiration for FitzRoy steadily increased. “Perhaps you thought I admired my beau ideal of a captain in my former letters,” he wrote to Susan. “All that is quite a joke to what I now feel. . . . Everybody praises him (whether or no they know my connection with him), and indeed, judging from the little I have seen of him, he well deserves it. . . . Not that I suppose it is likely that such violent admiration as I feel for him can possibly last. No man is a hero to his valet, as the old saying goes—and I certainly shall be in much the same predicament as one.”

FitzRoy, on his side, was equally, if less exuberantly, impressed. In letters he wrote later, he goes out of his way to praise young Darwin; he was just the man he wanted. It was nothing unusual to take along a naturalist on a voyage such as this, but FitzRoy had also a special object in view—a religious object—and it is more than likely that he took the opportunity of the trip to Plymouth to explain the matter. The voyage of the Beagle, he believed, would provide a grand opportunity to substantiate the Bible, especially the Book of Genesis. As a naturalist, Darwin might easily find many evidences

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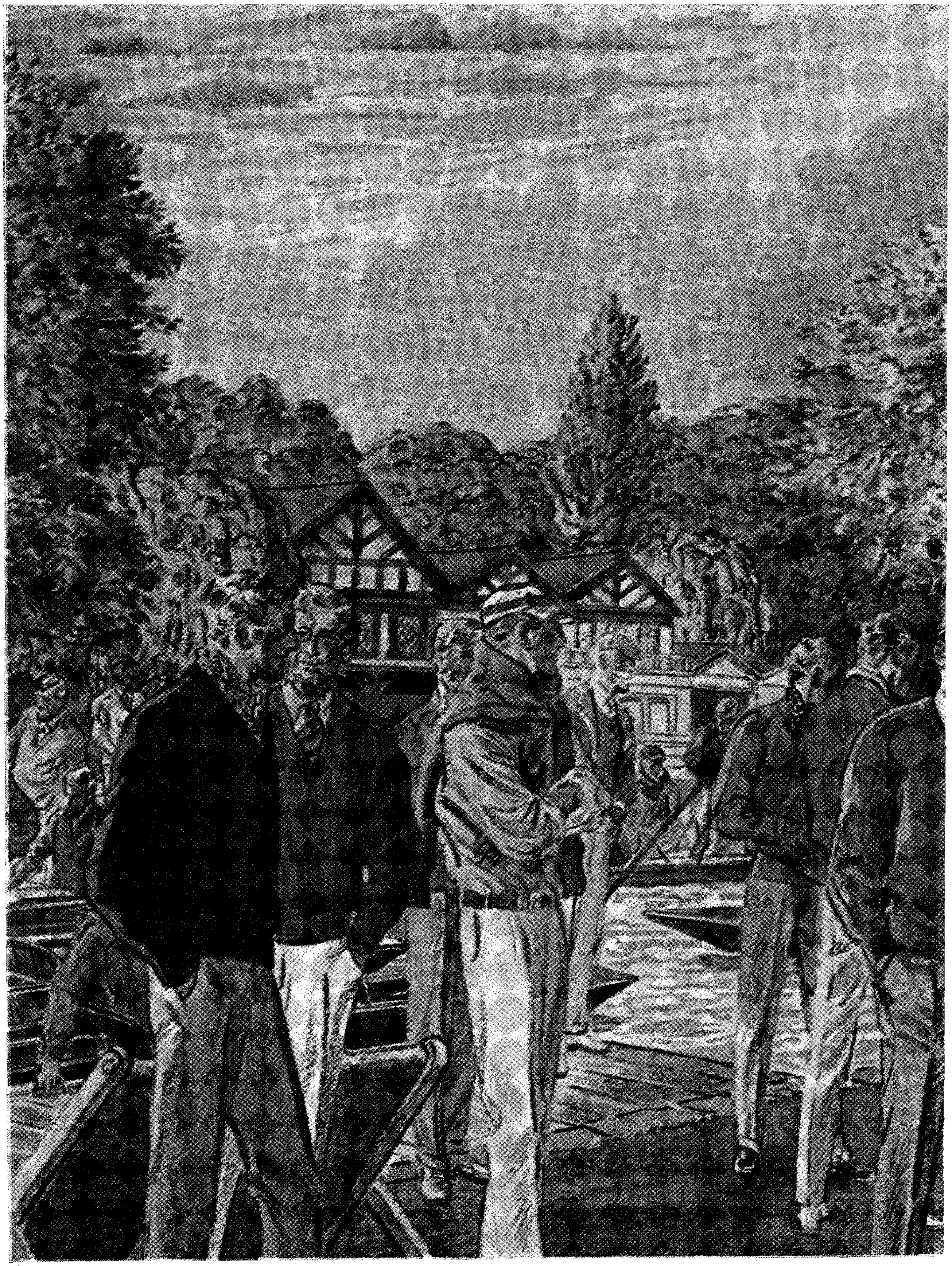

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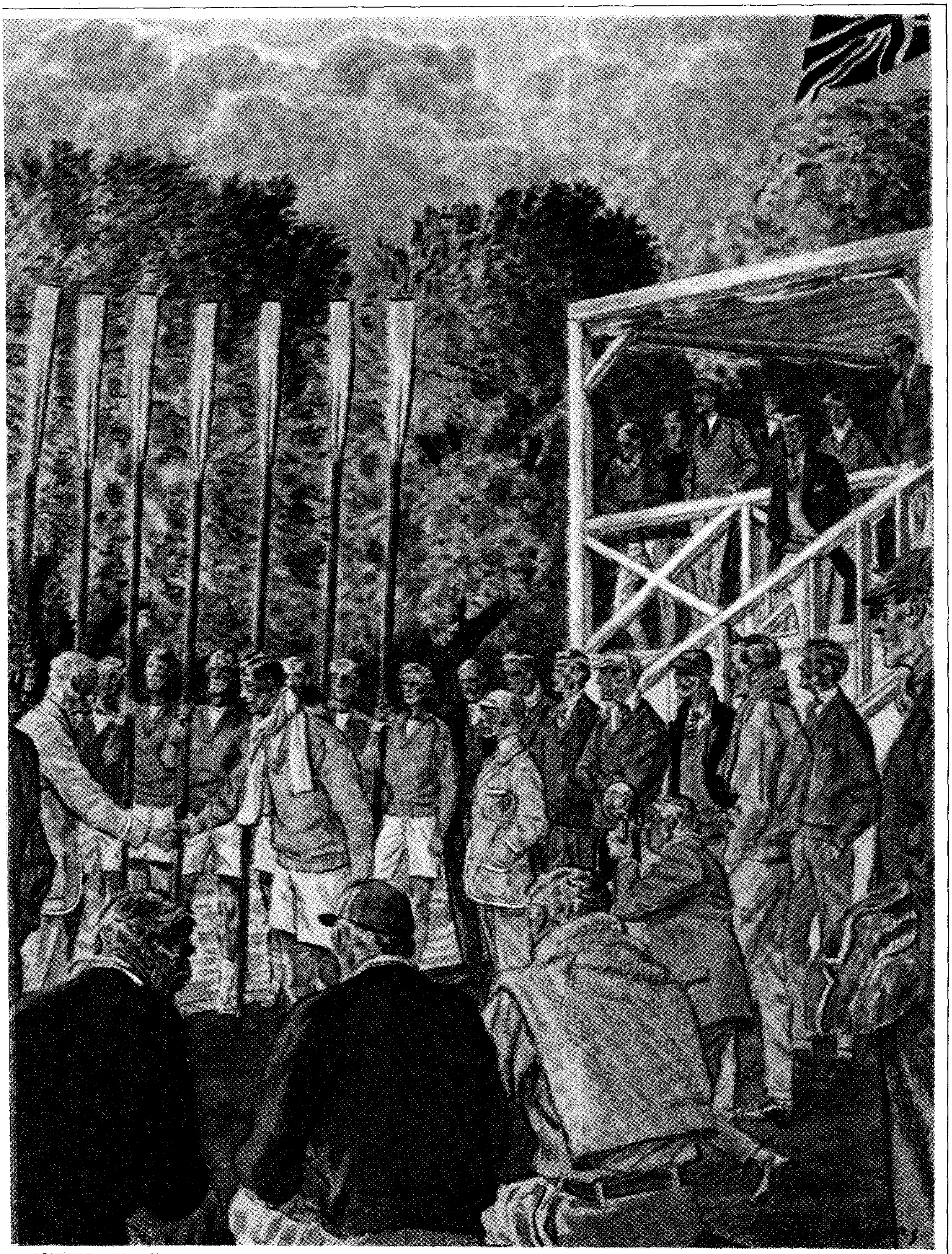

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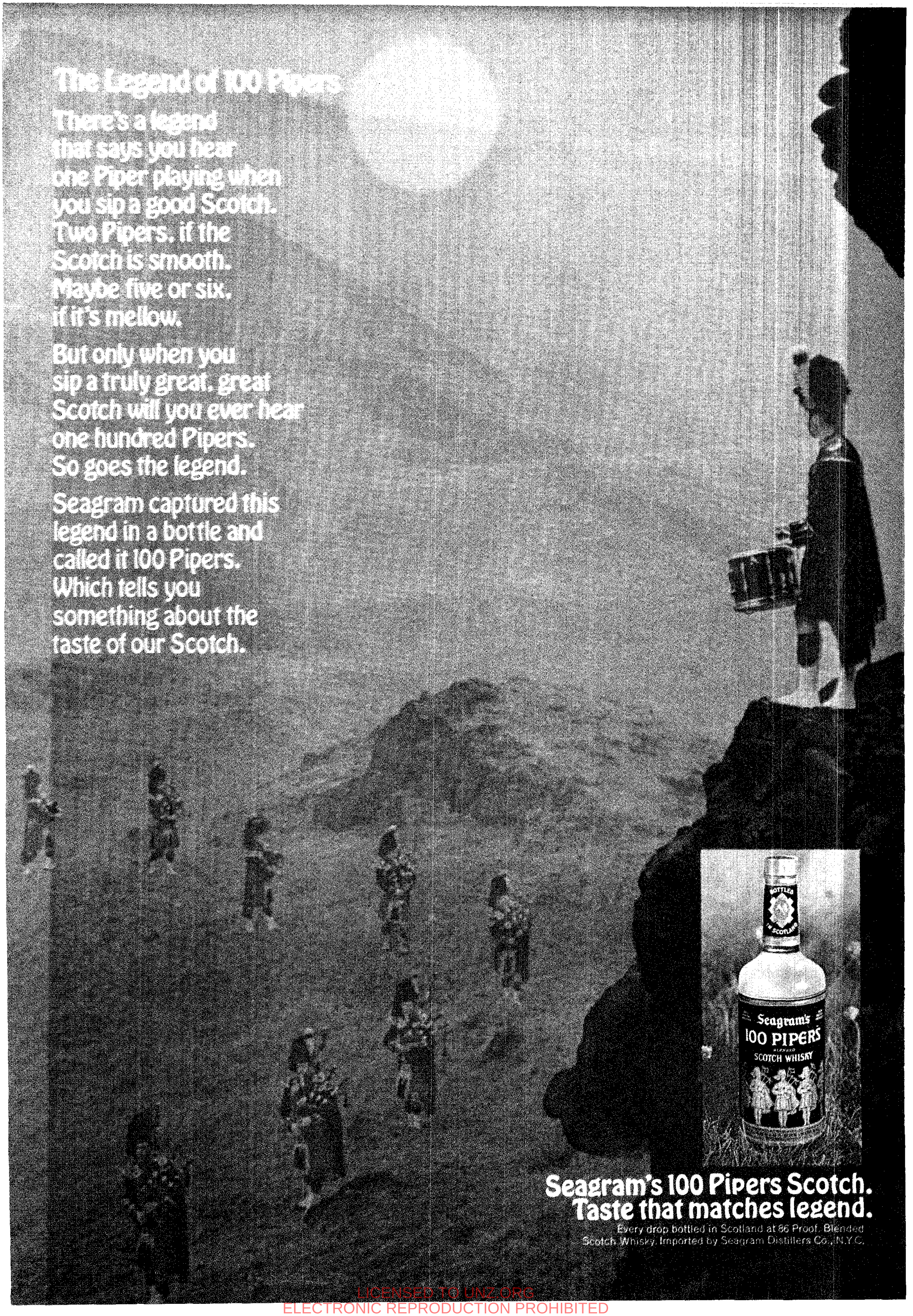
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of the Flood and of the first appearance of all created things upon the earth. He could perform a valuable service by interpreting his scientific discoveries in the light of the Bible. Darwin, the young clergyman-to-be, was very ready to agree. He, too, did not in the least doubt the literal truth of every word in the Bible—it was part of the world he accepted and liked so well—and if he could be of use in this way, well, then, that made the prospect of the voyage all the more exciting. Of course, other influences had already been at work upon him. At Cambridge, he had read Fleming's "Philosophy of Zoology," Burchell's travels, Scrope on volcanoes, and Caldcleugh's "Travels in South America," and he probably knew something of Lamarck's and Buffon's early theories of evolutionary change. We know that he had read von Humboldt, the German naturalist, and that Humboldt's "Personal Narrative" was one of the few books he took with him. It seems quite certain, however, that at this point Darwin had not yet even begun to dream of the work he was to accomplish. He was barely more than a schoolboy, full of adolescent enthusiasm. Writing to FitzRoy about the sailing date, he said, "My second life will then commence, and it shall be as a birthday for the rest of my life."

Everything pleased Darwin in these days. The Beagle, lying dismasted in drydock, was indeed very small—a ten-gun brig of two hundred and forty-two tons and only ninety feet in length, into which seventy-four people would have to stow themselves. But "no vessel," he wrote, "has been fitted out so expensively and with so much care. Everything that can be so is made of mahogany." (Actually, she had been found to be so rotten after her last voyage that she was practically being rebuilt.) The officers, compared with the captain, were rather small fry, but they were evidently a "very intelligent, active, determined set of young fellows," though rather rough. There were John Wickham, the first lieutenant; James Sulivan, the second; John Lort Stokes, who would assist FitzRoy with the surveying; Robert MacCormick, the surgeon, and his assistant, Benjamin Bynoe; George Rowlett, the purser; Midshipman Philip King; a volunteer, Charles Musters; and an artist, Augustus Earle—all of them at this stage merely anonymous faces to Darwin, but soon, in that small ship, to become very definite individuals. The rest of the crew included the master and his two mates, the boatswain, the carpenter, a clerk, eight marines, thirty-four seamen, and six boys. Finally, there were three passengers: a twenty-eight-year-old man named York Minster, a sixteen-year-old boy called Jemmy Button, and a young girl of eleven, Fuegia Basket. These were three natives from Tierra del Fuego, the icy territory about Cape Horn. FitzRoy had picked them up on the previous voyage, had bestowed their whimsical names upon them (Jemmy had been bought for a button), and for a year had had them educated, at his own expense, in England. He had shown them off to King William and Queen Adelaide; the Queen put one of her bonnets on Fuegia's head and a ring on her finger, and gave her a purse of money to buy clothes. Now, with a smattering of English, their European clothes, and a stock of European goods, they were to be returned to their homes on the other side of the world to spread Christianity and civilization among their countrymen. A young missionary, Richard Matthews, had volunteered to go with them.

It was now time for final arrangements, and Charles coached up to London and Cambridge and back to Shrewsbury to make them. Books—he must have Humboldt, Milton, and the Bible, and Lyell's first volume of "Principles of Geology" (a parting gift from Henslow), just off the press. And he must see to the last additions to his equipment—binoculars, a geological magnifying glass, and jars of spirit for preserving specimens. On October 24, 1831, he arrived back at Plymouth—only to find that the Beagle was not ready; the repairs were taking much longer than had been expected.

The next two months for Darwin were perfectly miserable. He had nothing definite to do. "My chief employment is to go on board the Beagle and try to look as much like a sailor as ever I can," he wrote to his family. "I have no evidence of having taken in man, woman, or child." He rented rooms ashore and spent part of his days stowing and restowing his kit in his tiny cabin—and, indeed, there was very little room; FitzRoy, with his passion for exactness, had set up no fewer than twenty-two chronometers, packed in sawdust, on shelves around the walls, and Darwin's sleeping space was so confined that he had to remove a drawer

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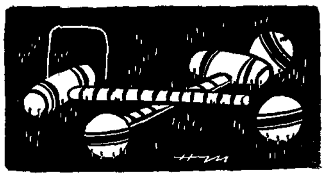
from a locker in order to accommodate his feet. FitzRoy himself continued to be very kind. There was just one odd little incident. The two of them went into a shop in Plymouth one day to exchange a piece of crockery that had been bought for the ship. When the dealer refused to make the exchange, FitzRoy flew into a rage. To punish the man, he inquired the price of a very expensive set of china and then said, "I should have purchased this if you had *not been so disobliging.*" With that, he stalked out of the shop. Darwin well knew that FitzRoy had never had any intention of making such a purchase—they had all the crockery they wanted—but he said nothing, and they walked along in silence. Then, suddenly, the Captain's anger evaporated. "You didn't believe what I said?" he asked. "No," Darwin replied, "I did not." FitzRoy said nothing for a few minutes and then burst out, "You are right! I acted wrongly in my anger at the blackguard."

BY December, the Beagle was ready, but her first attempts to get to sea were an ominous warning of what lay ahead. On December 10th, and again on December 21st, the vessel set out, only to be driven back into Plymouth, and on each occasion Darwin was violently seasick. On Christmas Day, the crew got drunk in port, and Midshipman King, the duty officer, was forced to put one sailor in chains for insolence. It must have been an uproarious spree, since the men were not sufficiently recovered to hoist the sails on the following day. December 27th broke cloudy and calm, but during the morning the wind freshened from the right quarter, the east; one could see the smoke streaming away from Plymouth's chimney pots. FitzRoy and Darwin lunched ashore on mutton chops and champagne, and came on board at 2 P.M. Then, at last, they were away, the men keeping time to the coxswain's pipe as they pulled at the cables. By dusk that night, Darwin was forlornly watching the Eddystone Light drop below the horizon—his last view of England. They headed south through heavy seas and out into the gray Atlantic. FitzRoy had the worst of the Christmas rioters brought out on deck and flogged.

Those early weeks were clouded over and made a blank in Darwin's mind by his illness. "The misery I endured from sea-sickness is far beyond what I ever guessed at," he wrote sadly home. "The real misery only begins when you are so exhausted that a little exertion makes a feeling of faintness come on. I found nothing but lying in my hammock did me any good." He could eat only raisins. Occasionally he dragged himself out on deck for a breath of fresh air, but the racing waves and the heaving deck were too much for him; most of the time he simply lay in his hammock or perched himself on FitzRoy's sofa, trying to read. He was too ill even to get up and see the coast of the island of Madeira as they sailed by. There was an additional agony for Darwin in all this: the thought that FitzRoy was finding him too soft for the voyage. At the moment, there was nothing to be done about it; he could only complain as little as possible, set his teeth, and hold on, hoping for better days. Whatever happened, he was not going to throw in his hand and go home as soon as they made a landfall; upon this point he was absolutely set. And in the end he was rewarded. At the Cape Verde Islands, off the west coast of Africa, there was a twenty-three-day respite in port while FitzRoy fixed the exact position of the islands, and here, at last, Darwin got an inkling of what the voyage might mean to him. This was the first time he had seen a volcanic island; he had been deeply absorbed by Lyell's book, and the thought now passed through his mind that *he* might one day write a book on geology. Fifty years later, he could remember the exact spot where the idea came to him: "That was a memorable hour to me, and how distinctly I can call to mind the low cliff of lava beneath which I rested, with the sun glaring hot, a few strange desert plants growing near, and with living corals in the tidal pools at my feet."



Already Darwin was noting, collecting, recording, observing. Not a single item was allowed to get past his scrutiny—the birds, the landscape, the natives, the dust, the plants. He observed in detail a sea slug, dissected it, and found in its stomach several small pebbles. In his notes there is a drawing of a baobab tree, but this was probably done by FitzRoy; Darwin could not draw. He wrote to Henslow that only one thing worried him—whether he was noting the right facts, the important facts.

On they went, across the equator, meeting blessedly calmer water as they approached Brazil. Dolphins sported

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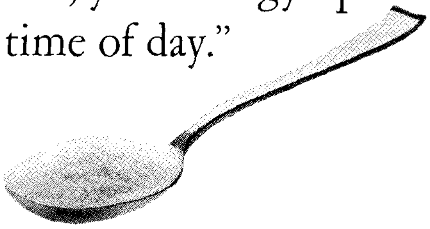

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around the ship, and seabirds followed steadily on behind. Darwin began to come to life again. He was a conspicuous figure on board; while the crew was in naval uniform, he continued in the civilian clothes of a gentleman of the early nineteenth century—the topcoat with its tails, the double-breasted waistcoat with its lapels and many buttons, the long trousers, the high-collared shirt with its cravat. Moreover, his activities seemed to the crew very strange; he made himself a four-foot net of bunting, and by trailing it out astern was able to haul up myriad tiny colored sea creatures, which oozed and glistened on the deck. The day's routine was simple and Spartan. Breakfast was at eight, and FitzRoy and Darwin ate it alone in the Captain's cabin. Directly the meal was over (and neither of them waited until the other was finished), they went off to their work: FitzRoy to make his morning round of the decks, and Darwin, if the weather was calm, to deal with his marine animals—dissecting, classifying, and making notes. If it was rough, he went back to bed and tried to read. Dinner, at 1 P.M., was a vegetarian meal—rice, peas, and bread and water. No wine or liquor was ever served. At 5 P.M., they had supper, which might include meat and such antiscorbutics as pickles, dried apples, and lemon juice. In the evening, there was much slow talk, with the officers hanging over the rails under the tropical sky. "I find a ship a very comfortable house," he wrote to his father, "with everything you want, and if it was not for sea-sickness the whole world would be sailors."

As the days went by, Darwin found himself drifting into a strange ambivalence in his relations with FitzRoy. When he first came on board, he had been much touched by FitzRoy himself showing him how to sling his hammock and stow his things, and the Captain had continued to display every kindness. (It was during this period that FitzRoy wrote back to England, "Darwin is a very sensible hard-working man, and a very pleasant messmate. I never saw a 'shore-going fellow' come into the ways of a ship so soon and so thoroughly as Darwin.") But FitzRoy was such a contradictory sort of man—so nervous, so touchy. Darwin was not becoming disillusioned about him—he was still a great man—but there was a side to his nature that was something less than the beau ideal. There had been the incident in the crockery shop back at Plymouth, and then the flogging of the Christmas Day roisterers; Darwin had not thought it fair that the men should be allowed to drink if they were to be punished for it afterward. But he had not dared to protest. It had not taken him long to realize that the captain of a naval vessel was a law unto himself; he could not be spoken to or argued with as an ordinary man. Yet at the same time FitzRoy drove himself unnecessarily hard. "If he does not kill himself, he will during this voyage do a wonderful quantity of work," Darwin wrote home. "I never before have come across a man whom I could fancy being a Napoleon or a Nelson. *I should not call him clever;* yet I feel convinced nothing is too great or too high for him. *His ascendancy over everybody is quite curious. . . . Altogether he is the strongest marked character I ever fell in with.*" FitzRoy's precarious temper was worst in the morning, when he made his round of the ship, and if the slightest thing was amiss he would come down on the offender with evangelical wrath, almost as though he had suffered a personal insult. His appearance on deck was electrifying; a group of sailors hauling on a rope would fling themselves into the work as though their lives depended on it. But it was FitzRoy's "severe silences" that Darwin found hardest to bear; morose, gloomy, and threatening, he would sometimes abandon himself to his black moods for hours at a stretch. All this did not make FitzRoy hated; everyone admired his wonderful seamanship, he had his sunny days, and generally his manners were courteous and charming. Still, one watched one's step aboard the *Beagle*, and Darwin had to learn the art of turning away wrath.

With the rest of his shipmates Darwin got on very well. He was shy, and he was eager to learn. To the crew he was known affectionately as "our fly-catcher." The second lieutenant, Sulivan, who afterward became Admiral Sir James Sulivan, wrote later, "I can confidently express my belief that during the five years in the *Beagle* he [Darwin] was never known to be out of temper, or to say one unkind or hasty word of or to anyone. . . . This, combined with the admiration of his energy and ability, led to our giving him the name of 'the dear old Philosopher.' " Wickham, the first lieutenant, railed against the mess made by Darwin's specimens on the decks, but he was gay and friendly—"by far the most conversable being on board"—

and Bynoe, the assistant surgeon, had become a special friend. Young Philip King, the midshipman, was a spirited boy: "I have read all Byron," he declared, "and I don't care a damn for anyone." Augustus Earle, the artist, was an exceptional man. He was the son of an American painter who had settled briefly in England, and he had himself studied at the Royal Academy, in London, where he had proved to be adept at almost any kind of painting—portraiture, landscape, or historical. His other passion was wandering around the earth in places where no other artist had ever been. When he joined the Beagle, at the age of thirty-seven (which made him almost the oldest man in the ship), he had already been travelling for sixteen years, and had lived in both South America and Australia—two of the principal places for which the Beagle was bound. Like Darwin, he was an enthusiast of Humboldt, and especially of his descriptions of the tropical forest. He and Darwin got on so well together that they decided they would share a house ashore when they got to Brazil.

Then, there were the Fuegians. York Minster was a taciturn and moody character, but it was obvious that he was growing very fond of Fuegia Basket, and she of him. Jemmy Button was everyone's favorite. Darwin seems to have liked them all, and as the only university man on board he probably took a hand at little Fuegia Basket's education. But he was particularly attached to Jemmy. The boy was rather a dandy, in his white kid gloves and highly polished boots. Accustomed all his life to the sea, he simply could not understand Darwin's illness. He would gaze down on him in his misery, murmuring, "Poor, poor fellow." The Fuegians had remarkably acute eyesight—much sharper than the sailors'—and when Jemmy quarrelled with the officer on watch he would say, "Me see ship, me no tell."

THE ship made good time, averaging around a hundred and sixty miles every twenty-four hours. Sixty-three days out from England, they reached Brazil, and landed at the beautiful, ancient town of Bahia, set in a wild luxuriant greenness of banana, orange, and coconut trees. Darwin's first experience of a tropical forest was ecstatic. "Delight . . . is a weak term to express the feelings of a naturalist who for the first time has wandered by himself in a Brazilian forest," he wrote in his journal. He was, he felt, like a blind man who has just been

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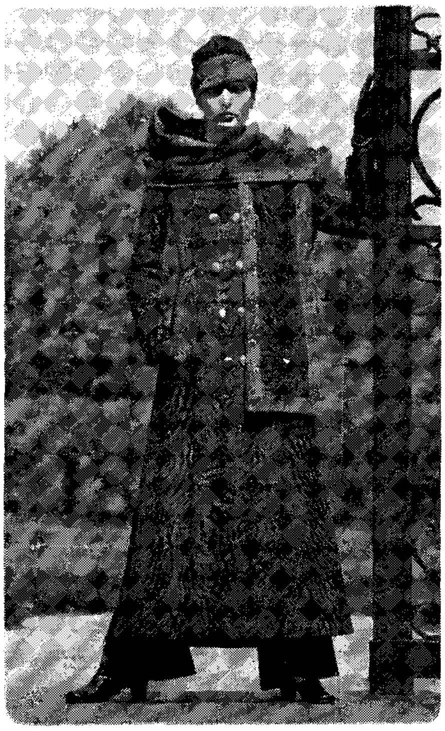

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given eyes, looking at a scene "like a view in the Arabian Nights." On the morning of April 4th, the Beagle sailed into the lovely harbor of Rio de Janeiro in bright sunshine. Elated at the prospect of getting off the ship and beginning his botanizing and collecting, Darwin hurried ashore and took up quarters in the town. Now, at last, he could start to prove his usefulness as a scientist—perhaps even, with luck, do something to please FitzRoy by relating his discoveries to the great religious truths of the Bible.

Within three days, Darwin had arranged to join an Irishman named Patrick Lennon, who was about to visit his coffee plantation a hundred miles away to the north. The party numbered seven, all mounted on horseback. In hot, sultry weather, they followed the coast for the first few days, and then turned inland into the tropical rain forest. To say that Darwin was happy is not enough; he was enthralled, enraptured. All around them vast ceiba trees and cabbage palms, as slender and tall as ships' masts, rose up, and with their foliage blotted out the sun. From the topmost branches, Spanish moss and long ropelike lianas trailed down through the green light, and in the silence and stillness of the midday heat the great blue Morpho butterfly came sailing by. The air was filled with the scent of aromatic plants—camphor and pepper, cinnamon and clove. Then, there were the monstrous anthills, twelve feet high, the parasitic orchids sprouting from the tree trunks, and the incredibly brilliant birds—the toucans and the green parrots, the tiny hummingbird, with its invisibly fluttering wings poised above a flower. Darwin made quick, ecstatic jottings in his notebooks as he rode along: "Twiners entwining twiners—tresses like hair—beautiful Lepidoptera—silence—hosannah." Once, they came upon one of the most devastating sights in the forest—a march of the army ants. As the shining, black, many-headed horde came on—it was a hundred yards long—every living thing in its path was thrown into panic. It was marvellous to see how the lizards, the cockroaches, and the spiders, driven mad by fear, were cut off by a fast encircling movement; then, in an instant, the ravening mass fell upon its prey. The description that Darwin made of these ants, and his deductions, provided a basis for all future scientific research on the subject. "In this case," he wrote later, "selection has been applied to the family and not to the individual, for the sake of gaining a serviceable end." This end is the good of the colony, within which there are really no individuals. Each ant, deaf and almost sightless, functions as one cell in a giant organism, powered by blind instinct.

So amid all this beauty there was a never-ending menace. Nothing was safe. To prey and to be preyed upon—that was the condition of existence, and the weak in order to survive had to camouflage themselves. Into Darwin's collecting jar went the walking stick, the insect that resembled a twig of dry wood; the harmless moth that disguised itself to look like a scorpion; the beetle that put on the colors of poisonous fruit to save itself from the birds. He noted that the horns of certain species of insect were mere ornament, worn for sexual attraction, but that most features were intended to deceive: some moths, for instance, had windowed wings, to imitate dead leaves with holes; others, like the cosmid moth, looked like fallen flowers; still others had glaring, luminous false eyes. Some insects protected themselves by impersonation: the butterfly called the distasteful heliconian was unpalatable to predators, so other species, themselves edible, wore the heliconian's warning colors. Here, again, the ideas generated in Darwin's mind by these Brazilian insects put forth fruit twenty years later and gave him fresh evidence for his theory of natural selection: "Assuming that an insect originally happened to resemble in some degree a dead twig or a decayed leaf, and that it varied slightly in many ways, then all the variations which rendered the insects more like any such object would be preserved, whilst other variations would be ultimately lost; or if they rendered the insect less like the imitated object, they would be eliminated."

How Henslow would have enjoyed all this! "I never experienced such intense delight," Darwin wrote to him ecstatically. "I formerly admired Humboldt, I now almost adore him; he alone gives any notion of the feelings which are raised in the mind on first entering the Tropics. . . . I am at present red-hot with Spiders . . . and if I am not mistaken I have already taken some new genera. I shall have a large box to send very soon to Cambridge."

And now, abruptly, Darwin was made aware that the brutality in nature, the persecution of the weak by the strong, applied to human beings as well. They had entered a part of the

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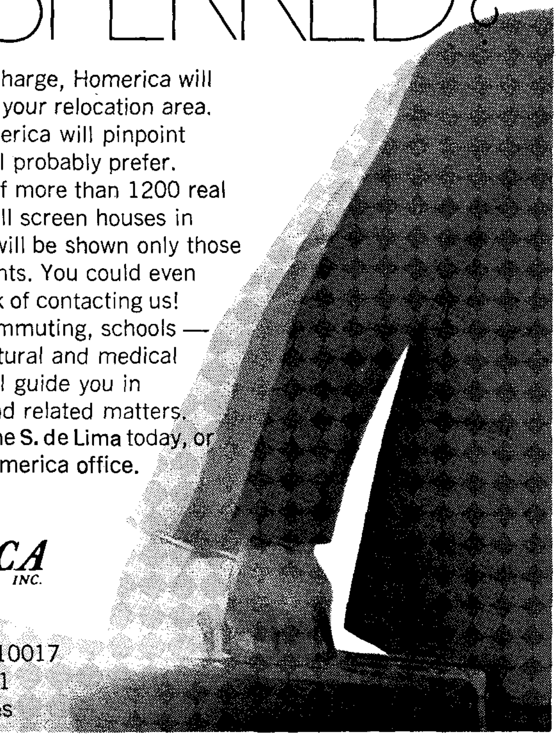

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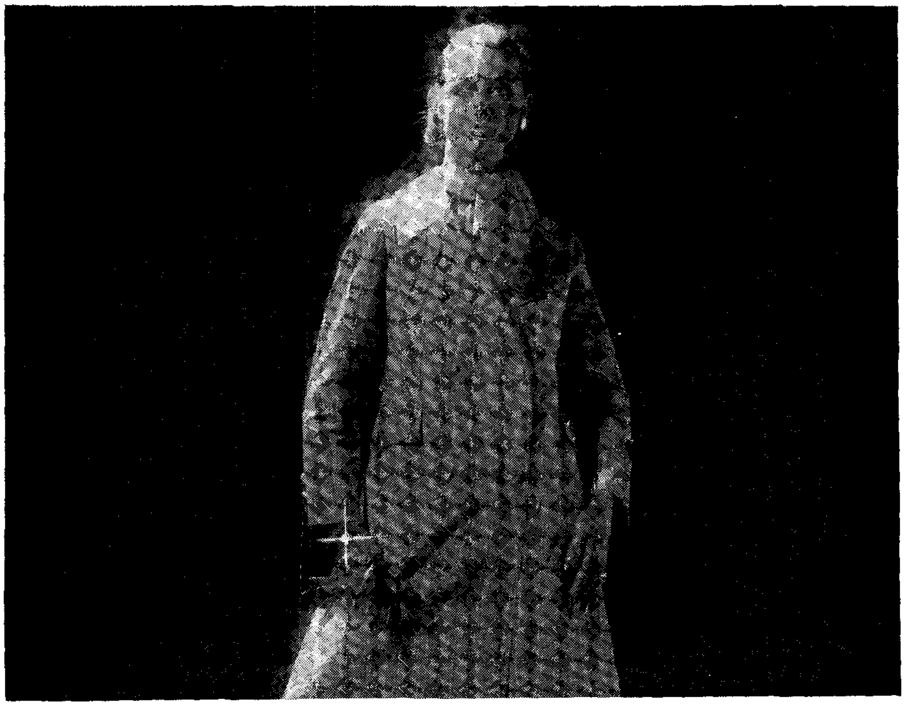

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forest where the track had become overgrown, and a Negro slave with a sword had been sent ahead to cut a way through. Darwin was trying to speak to this man in broken Spanish, and was gesticulating to emphasize his meaning when he observed with a sense of shock that the man thought he was about to be struck. He cringed, dropped his hands, and held up his face, waiting submissively for the blow to fall. Darwin was horrified. Were all the slaves as terrified as this, so broken in spirit? Lennon, who was a considerable slaveowner, no doubt reassured him. But could one be reassured? Presently, they rode up to a bare, steep-sided granite hill, where for a time a group of runaway slaves had managed to hide themselves and to scratch a living from the soil. They had even built themselves a little group of grass huts that were replicas of the homes they had known before they were captured in Africa. The huts were now deserted. A party of Brazilian soldiers had ambushed the place and had captured all the runaways with the exception of just one woman, who had preferred death to the prospect of being enslaved again; she had thrown herself from the summit of the hill and had been dashed to pieces on the rocks below. "I was told before leaving England," wrote Darwin to his sister Caroline, "that after living in slave countries all my opinions would be altered; the only alteration I am aware of is forming a much higher estimate of the Negro character."

As they approached Lennon's hacienda, a cannon was fired and a bell began tolling to announce their arrival—a strong eruption of sound in the deep silence of the forest—and the plantation slaves came out to meet them. It was a delightful place—a quadrangle of thatched huts, with the master's quarters on one side, and, on the other sides, the stables, the plantation storehouses, and the sleeping quarters of the slaves. In the master's quarters, the gilded chairs and sofas, which could have come from any Victorian drawing room, looked oddly out of place with the whitewashed walls, the thatched roof, and the windows with no glass. Stacks of coffee beans were piled up in the center of the yard, and there was a great come and go of chickens and dogs, of horses and farm animals, of women gathered around their cooking fires, and naked children playing in the sun. A gargantuan meal was prepared for the guests—Darwin had hardly finished the turkey when he was confronted with roast pig—

and all the while the pulsating life of the plantation kept moving around them. Children, chickens, and dogs—"sundry old hounds"—strayed in through the open sides of the hut and had to be chased away by a slave who was kept for that purpose.

Lennon, the absolute ruler of this little feudalistic world, was something of an enigma in all this. During the ride up from Rio de Janeiro, he had seemed to Darwin to be a reasonable and fair-minded man, but now, suddenly and for no apparent reason, he flew into a violent rage at the manager of the place, a man named Cowper. Perhaps it was the heat, perhaps it was the persistence of the intruding children, perhaps it was a long-standing grievance between them, but at all events Lennon was beside himself with fury. He announced that he was going to sell all his female slaves and their children; they were to be separated from their husbands and fathers and marched off to Rio to be put up at public auction. In particular, he proposed to get rid of a mulatto child of whom the manager was very fond. It was at this stage that both men drew their pistols, and they might have opened fire had not Darwin and others intervened.

The quarrel was forgotten by the morning. But the fact that the sale could have taken place—that Lennon could have broken up these families who had been living together for many years, and that few people would have thought there was anything cruel or inhuman about it—was to Darwin a shocking and a monstrous thing. Nor was he reassured when, in the morning, the whole community gathered in the quadrangle for prayers and the singing of hymns. The Negroes' voices rose with great sweetness in the morning air, and Lennon blessed them all before they set out for work.

Darwin had been brought up with a detestation of slavery—in England, the Wedgwoods were among the earliest campaigners against it—and he was still brooding on what he had seen, and on the cruelty and the hypocrisy with which it was overlaid, when he got back to Rio de Janeiro. It made one's "blood boil but heart tremble" to think that Englishmen and Americans were involved in the slave traffic. He talked about it to FitzRoy when they were on board the Beagle one day. FitzRoy's views on slavery were what one might have expected; without actually condoning it, he thought there was a good deal to be said in its favor. The system was a very old one—as old, indeed, as the Bible—and it should

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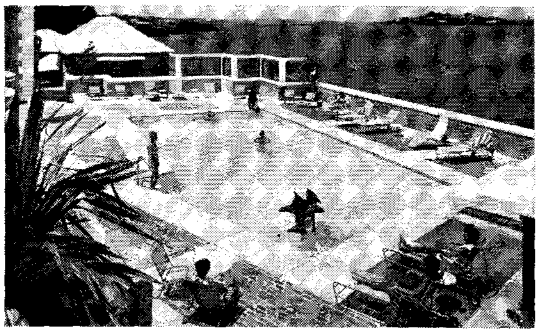

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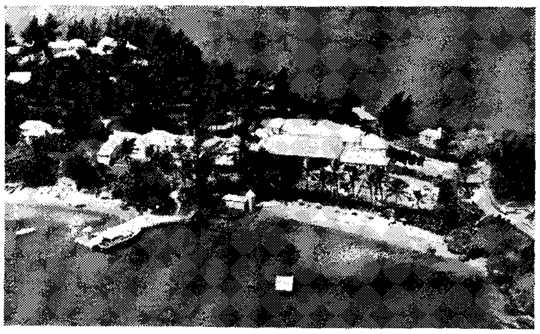

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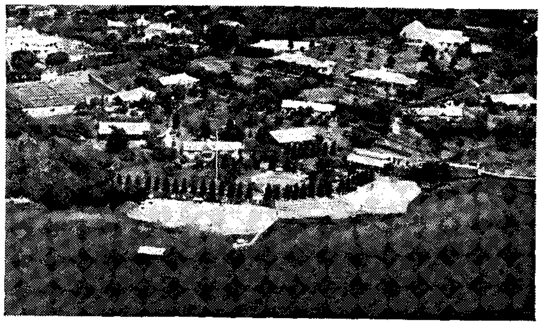

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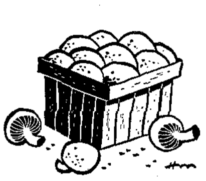
not be tampered with too readily, especially by liberal-minded idealists who had never had to take the responsibility of running an estate. Now, when Darwin began to recount his adventures, FitzRoy listened calmly enough at first. He said that he, too, had made a visit to one of the plantations while Darwin was away, and that he found the slaves living in conditions every bit as good as those of the agricultural laborers in England. The owner of the plantation had called a great many of his men together, and FitzRoy personally had asked them if they were unhappy and wished to be free. All had answered no.

Darwin was too angry to be prudent. What other possible answer, he demanded, could they have given in their master's presence? His tone of voice and his contemptuous smile infuriated FitzRoy. If Darwin doubted his word, he burst out, then he had better get out of the cabin; it was impossible for them to live together any longer. Darwin thought that he would do better than that—he would get off the ship as well. And with that he walked out.



No one was disposed to side with FitzRoy in this affair. Directly they heard of the quarrel, the other officers came to Darwin and said that he would be very welcome to move his belongings in with them. Meanwhile, FitzRoy had sent for Wickham and was working off his rage by pouring forth a tirade against Darwin and everything he stood for. But, little by little, he calmed down, and, as always happened with that tense, wrought-up nature, remorse set in. He had gone too far. He had been wrong. He had hurt Darwin's feelings. He must get him back. Presently, Wickham emerged on deck; the Captain wished to present his apologies to Mr. Darwin and requested him to come back to his cabin. Darwin was very ready to accept. After all, it was the great adventure of the voyage that mattered; by now it had gathered a rhythm of its own, and it was more important than any private quarrel. Perhaps it was fortunate, in any case, that they were to be parted for the next few months: while FitzRoy went north to Bahia with the Beagle to continue his survey of the coast, Darwin would live ashore in Rio with Augustus Earle and Midshipman King.

Darwin enjoyed himself immensely during this stay. "There never was a greater piece of good luck than the Beagle returning to Bahia," he wrote, this time to his sister Catherine. The three men shared a very pleasant cottage (his board and lodging cost only twenty-two shillings a week, he was relieved to find), and he was soon engrossed in collecting specimens—spiders, butterflies, birds, and seashells—and packing them up to send to Henslow. One can get some idea of the meticulous labor involved in this packing from a letter that Henslow wrote to Darwin when he received the box in Cambridge, some six months later. "I think you have done wonders," he wrote, but he urged him to use more paper and not so much tow. One superior crab had lost all its legs, a bird had had its tail feathers crumpled, two mice were rather moldy. The tiny insects were most excellent, but perhaps it was dangerous to their antennae and legs to pack them in cotton. It must have been very tantalizing for Darwin to have to wait so long for news of his precious boxes. In one instance, the letter of acknowledgment itself took seven months to reach him, making it a year or more since the package had been sent off.

When the Beagle got back, it brought the sad news that Charles Musters, the son of a friend of FitzRoy's and a great favorite on board, had died of fever. Everybody's spirits were low, and all were now eager to get away on the next stage of the voyage, though Darwin was not so keen on the long days at sea. Nevertheless, they were soon off on a cruise down to the far south of the continent—the virtually unknown lands of Patagonia and Tierra del Fuego. "I long to set foot where no man has trod before," Darwin wrote.

DARWIN was seasick again as soon as they reached the open ocean. There is a rather sad little entry in his notebook for July 16, 1832: "Much sea-sick. Flying fish—porpoises." He was not one of those who grow used to the sea, and at the end of the voyage he was just as bad a sailor as he had been when he left Plymouth. As late as March, 1835, he was writing home, "I continue to suffer so much from sea-sickness that nothing, not even Geology itself, can make up for the misery and vexation of spirit." But unless it was physically impossible, he was never idle while at sea. He was up and out with his telescope whenever there was anything to see; he spent long days watching and thinking about the vast numbers of birds that he saw, and came to the conclusion that the

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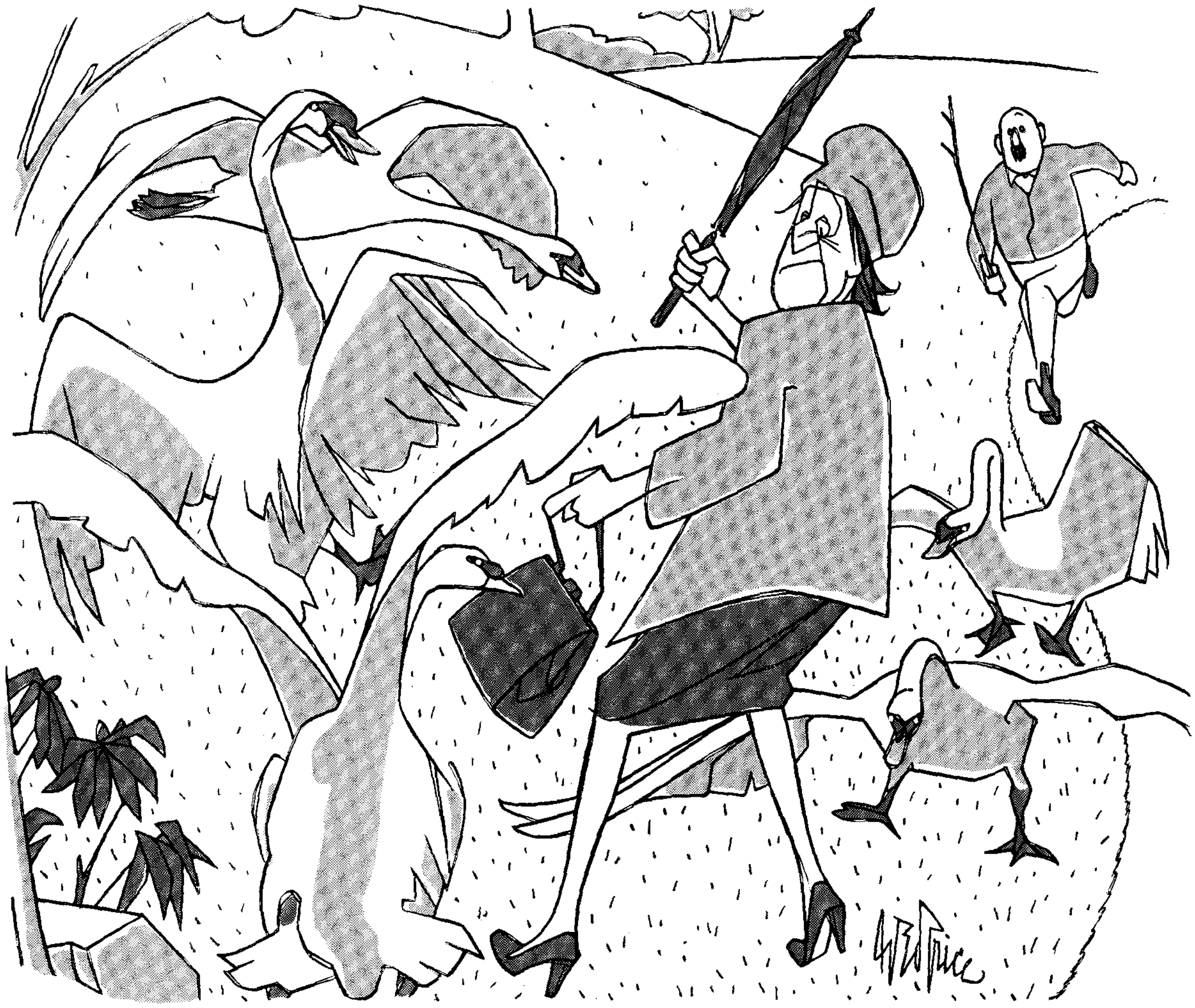

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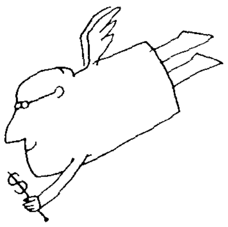

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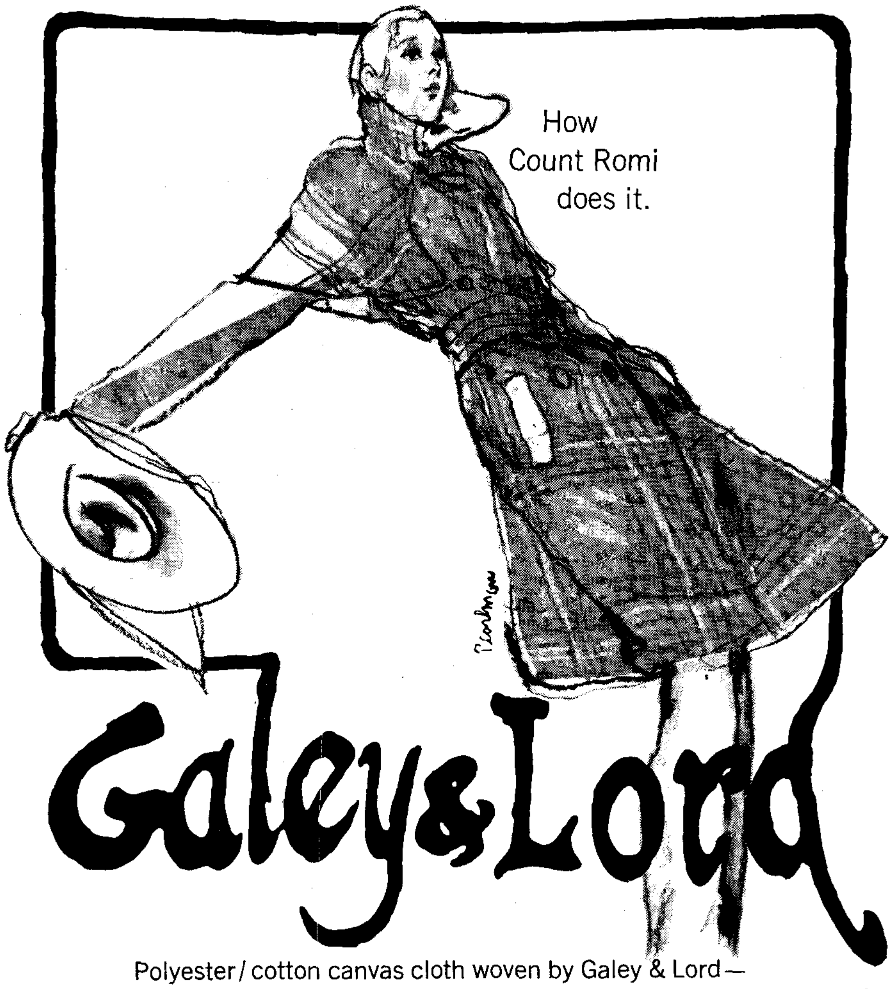
instinct for migration takes precedence over all others: "Everyone knows how strong the maternal instinct is; nevertheless, the migratory instinct is so powerful that late in autumn some birds desert their tender young, leaving them to perish miserably in their nests." He remarked on a goose he had been told of, which, when its wings were clipped, migrated on foot.

In Rio de Janeiro, Robert MacCormick, the surgeon, had left the ship. He seems to have been generally disliked, and even Darwin remarked, "He is no loss." The man who took his place, however, young Benjamin Bynoe, was a very agreeable fellow, and by now had become a good friend of Darwin's. He shared Darwin's enthusiasm for natural history, he made excursions ashore with him whenever possible, and he did what he could for Darwin's seasickness. Bynoe had been on the previous voyage, and was able to supply many useful tips; he was also a man with whom Darwin could let off steam after his brushes with FitzRoy. One of the nice things about Bynoe was that he took great care of the Fuegians, and Jemmy Button was devoted to him.

The Beagle was travelling now out of the tropics into the cool Temperate Zone, and in fresher, bluer seas the men put on heavier clothes. Darwin, along with the officers, began to grow a beard and looked, he says, "like a half-washed chimney-sweeper." On Sunday mornings, FitzRoy conducted divine service, and it must have been a fine sight to see him standing there on the afterdeck with the men gathered before him and the sails billowing overhead. Little Fuegia Basket and her two companions would be got up in their Sunday best, and all around were the things that had grown so familiar to the ship's company that they hardly saw them anymore: the muskets, the pistols, and the cutlasses clamped to the wall behind the wheel; the wheel itself, with "England Expects Every Man to Do His Duty" engraved on the rim and, on the hub, a drawing by Augustus Earle of Neptune and his trident; and the never-ending sea beyond. FitzRoy, with his passionate fundamentalism, can hardly have failed sometimes to read the lesson from the Book of Genesis: "And God said, 'Let us make man in Our image, after Our likeness: and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth. . . .' " One almost hears that clear, authoritarian voice explaining, "But this man whom



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God had created became corrupt and filled the earth with violence. And so God flooded the earth for a hundred and fifty days and destroyed him. Yet, in His great mercy, God allowed Noah to build an Ark and take on board it his family and two each, a male and a female, of every living creature, and all these were saved. Thus, the world as God created it in the beginning has been preserved to this present day. Let all of us, then, in this ship remember this divine providence and humbly ask for His blessing on our voyage into the uncharted seas that lie ahead. . . ." The scene is evoked by Earle's painting "Divine Service As It Is Usually Performed On Board a British Frigate at Sea," which he later exhibited at the Royal Academy in London.

FitzRoy was always at his best at sea. Here, in the narrow space of his ship, the complications and untidinesses of life ashore were put away, and things could be properly controlled and organized—a high polish on the brass cannon, and the right set of the sails. The struggle against the sea was a clean and decent issue, nothing to be afraid of. Whatever else was thought of the Captain of the Beagle, no one ever doubted his courage. "I would sooner go with the Captain with 10 men than with anybody else with 20," Darwin wrote home to his sister Susan. "He is so very prudent and watchful as long as possible, and so resolutely brave when pushed to it." And so they were all exhilarated when they ran into trouble in the Río de la Plata. A twenty-eight-day cruise down from Rio had brought them to the roadstead of Buenos Aires, but as they were about to sail into port the Argentine guard ship on duty there opened fire upon them. The first shot was a blank; the second was live, and went whistling over the Beagle's rigging. FitzRoy sailed on to his anchorage and at once dispatched two boats to shore with a demand for an explanation. Before the men could land, a customs officer came out and ordered them back on board, saying that they must submit to a quarantine inspection. By now, FitzRoy was in no mood to submit to anything. He ordered the Beagle to put about, ran out his guns, and then sailed down close to the guard ship. He hailed her, and said that if she dared to fire another shot he would send his whole broadside into her rotten hulk. With that, he sailed down the muddy tide of the Plata to Montevideo, where the British frigate Druid was at anchor. It was soon arranged that the Druid, with her guns ready, would

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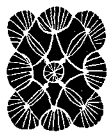
sail at once for Buenos Aires to demand an apology from the Governor. As with everybody else, Darwin's blood was up. "Oh, I hope the guard-ship will fire a gun at the Frigate," he wrote in his diary. "If she does, it will be her last day above water."

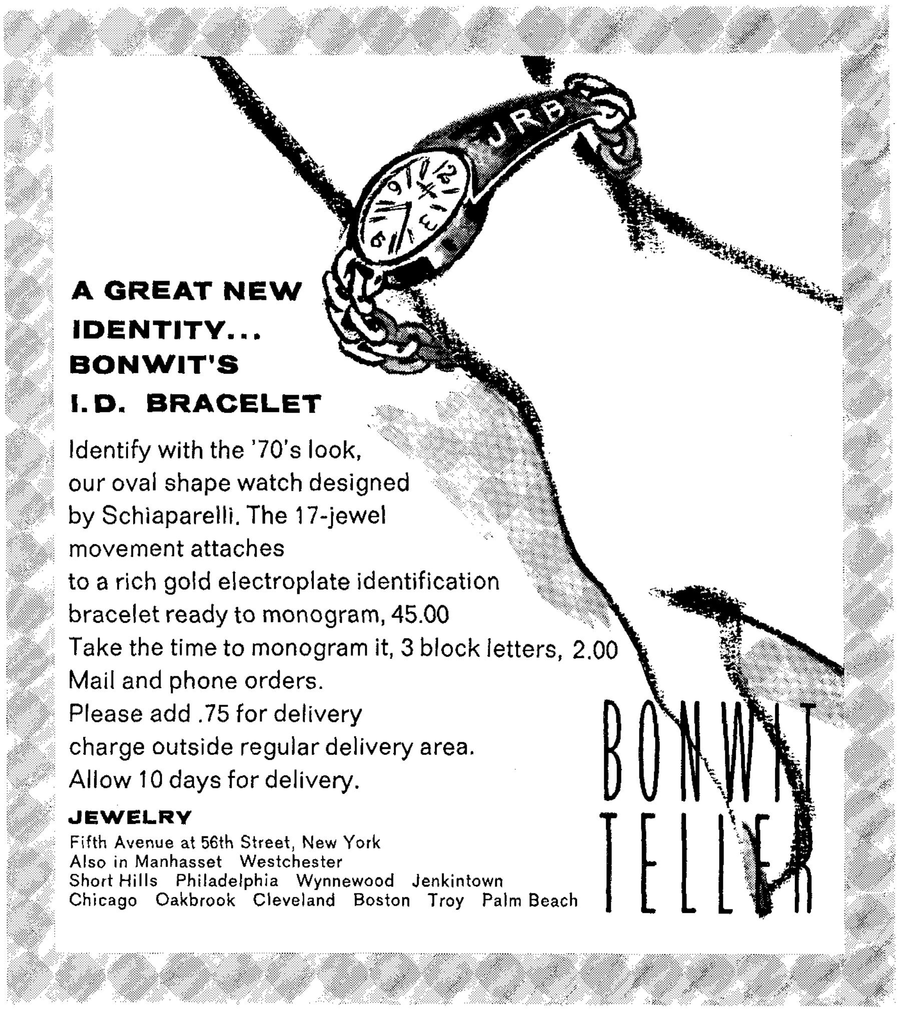
Meanwhile, it looked for a moment as if he would get all the action he wanted nearer at hand. A government minister in a great state came out to the Beagle with the news that the black troops in Montevideo had risen in rebellion; would FitzRoy send a force ashore, if only to protect the property of the British merchants there? Yes, FitzRoy replied, he certainly would. He himself went ahead to reconnoitre, and directly he reached the mole he sent a signal for the Beagle's men to come ashore. Fifty-two of them, armed with muskets and cutlasses, got into the boats, and presently they were all marching up the main street—Darwin with his two pistols in his belt and a sword in hand—to take possession of the central fort. But, alas, nothing happened. The rebels melted away, and after a night spent cooking beefsteaks in the fort the Beagle's assault force tamely returned to the ship. A bit later, the Druid got back from Buenos Aires with a handsome apology and the news that the captain of the guard ship had been arrested. It had hardly been a famous victory; still, they had shown the Argentines what was what, and it had all bound the Beagle's company much closer to her captain. They were all in good spirits as they sailed on down the barren coast to the south.



ON September 7th, the ship arrived at the little garrison township of Bahía Blanca, some four hundred miles south of Buenos Aires, and here FitzRoy began his survey of the unmapped coastline of Patagonia. It was a desolate place. The wide, shallow bay was choked with mudbanks, and these were covered with dreary reeds and swarming with armies of crabs. Inland, no trees grew—it hardly ever rained—and a bleak wind swept across the flat plains of the pampas. The Argentine garrison consisted of a little group of ragged gauchos got up as soldiers, and they perched themselves in a fort that was surrounded by a ditch and a wall. Wild Indians (as distinct from those who had been "tamed") were roaming about in the interior, and it was not safe for anyone to stray far from the settlement. The soldiers were suspicious of the Beagle at first—she might be smuggling arms to the tribes, or perhaps spying for a foreign power—and in particular they did not like the looks of El Naturalista, Don Carlos Darwin. What was he doing coming ashore with his two pistols stuck in his belt and his geological hammer in his hand? They followed him along the beach and watched with distrust when he began to hack away at some old bones embedded in a cliff.

At Punta Alta, on the outskirts of Bahía Blanca, and the site of some of his greatest discoveries, Darwin had come upon a shingle-and-gravel bank on the shore, some twenty feet in height, with strata of muddy reddish clay running through it. Fossilized bones were found in the mud and gravel at the foot of this bank, scattered over an area about two hundred yards square. At first, Darwin could not make out what it was he was unearthing—a tusk, a pair of huge claws, a hippopotamus-like skull, a great, scaly carapace turned to stone. One thing that these relics had in common, apart from their strangeness, was that they were all immense—all much bigger than the bones of any similar animal alive today. Up to this time—1832—very little research had been done on the paleontology of South America. Half a century before, the skeleton of a megatherium, or giant sloth, had been found in the Argentine and sent to Madrid, and Humboldt and a few other travellers had unearthed some mastodon teeth, but little else was known, so it is easy to understand Darwin's excitement as these huge prehistoric forms began to take shape. "The great size of the bones of the Megatheroid animals is truly wonderful," he wrote in his journal. By this time, Darwin had acquired an assistant named Sims Covington, who had formerly been listed on the Beagle's books as "Fiddler and Boy to the Poop Cabin." Darwin had taught him to skin and stuff birds and animals, and to help in the general work of collecting. (Covington does not sound a very sympathetic character. "My servant is an odd sort of person," wrote Darwin. "I do not very much like him; but he is perhaps from his very oddity very well adapted to all my purposes." The two seem to have got on well enough, however, since Covington remained in Darwin's service for several years after the Beagle returned to England.) Now Darwin and Covington set to work with pickaxes. Time was short, and Darwin became engrossed in his search: "Staid at night at Punta Alta in order for 24 hours of bone searching. Very successful with the bones, passed the night pleasantly." More and more fossilized skeletons came to light and were stacked upon the beach, and Darwin began to realize that he was dealing here with creatures that were virtually unknown to modern zoology and that had vanished from the earth many millennia ago. There were parts of the giant sloth—the monster that had once reached up its claws to feed on the treetops—and two other beasts, equally large and closely related: the megalonyx and the scelidotherium. (He got a nearly perfect skeleton of this last one.) Then, there were the toxodon ("one of the strangest animals ever discovered"); the giant armadillo; the tusk of a mylodon, an extinct elephant; a macrauchenia ("remarkable quadruped"); and a wild llama as big as a camel. All these bones were embedded in a thick matrix of seashells—"a perfect catacomb for monsters of extinct races."

For Darwin, the important thing about these creatures was that they closely resembled their much smaller counterparts alive in the world today: the tiny sloths that live in the trees, the little burrowing armadillo, the delicate guanaco. "This wonderful relationship in the same continent between the dead and the living will, I do not doubt, hereafter throw more light on the appearance of organic beings on our earth and their disappearance from it," he wrote. Where had these great beasts been at the time of the Flood? Perhaps most mysterious of all was the discovery of the bones of a kind of horse. When the Spanish conquistadors arrived in South America in the sixteenth century, the horse was unknown there. Yet here was definite proof that the animals had existed there in the remote past. Did all this mean that the various species were constantly changing and developing, and that those which failed to adjust themselves to their environment died out? If this was so, then the present inhabitants of the world were very different from those that God had originally created. Indeed, there could even be some doubt whether the Creation could have taken place within a single week; creation was a continuous process, and it had been going on for a long time. What had exterminated so many species? "Certainly no fact in the long history of the world is so startling as the widespread and repeated extermination of its inhabitants," Darwin wrote. He ruled out the possibility that changes in climate might have caused this extermination, and, after considering many theories, came to the conclu-



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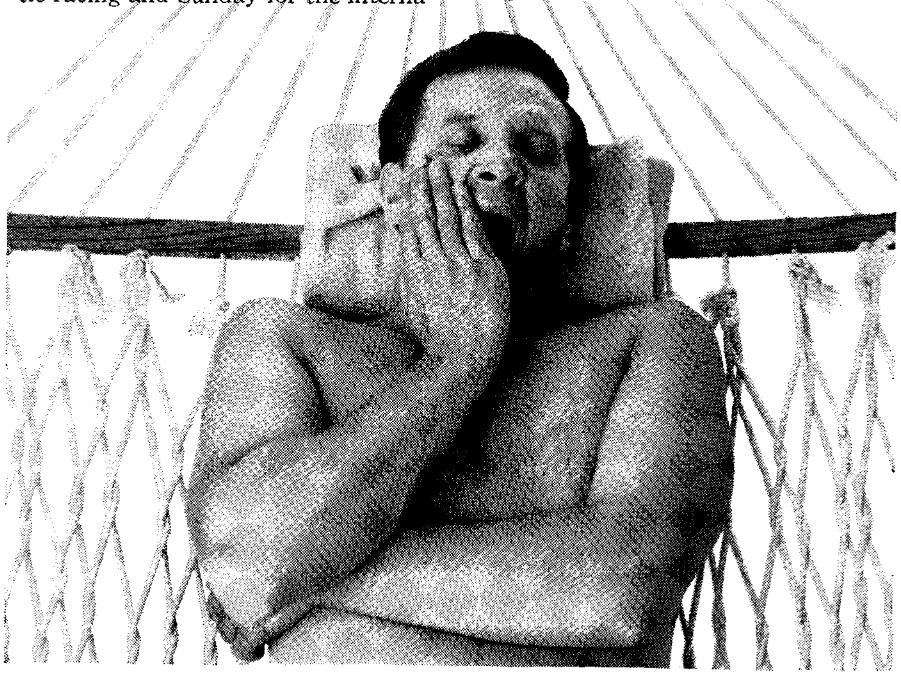

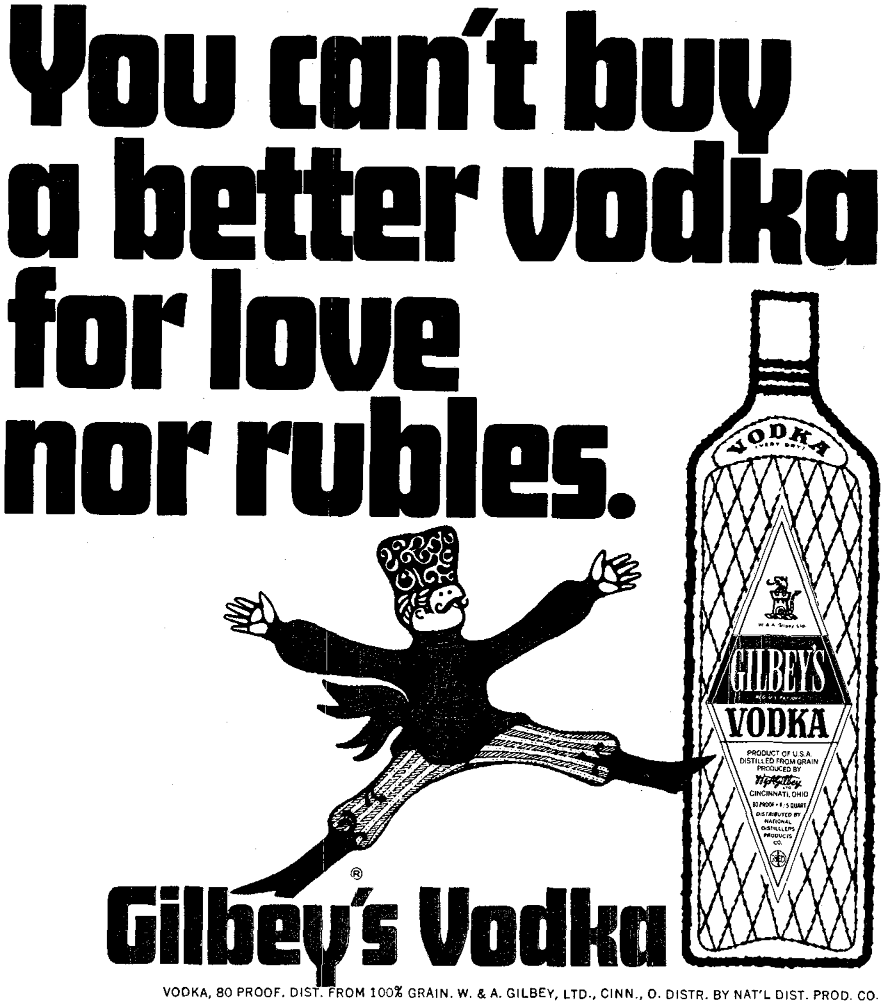

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sion that the Isthmus of Panama might once have been submerged. He was right. For seventy million years, there was no Isthmus of Panama, South America was an island, and these great animals evolved in isolation. When the isthmus rose and North America was joined to South America, allowing the entry of new predators and competitors, the fate of most of these curious and largely helpless beasts was sealed.

When Darwin took his specimens back on board the Beagle, Wickham was disgusted at the "bedevilment" of his clean decks and railed against "the damned stuff." FitzRoy later recalled "our smiles at the apparent rubbish he frequently brought on board." But to Darwin this was no light matter, and it must have been about this time that he first began to argue with FitzRoy about the authenticity of the story of the Flood. How had such enormous creatures got aboard the Ark? FitzRoy had an answer. Not *all* the animals had managed to get aboard the Ark, he explained; for some divine reason, these had been left outside and had drowned. But, Darwin protested, *were* they drowned? There was much evidence—the seashells, for example—to prove that the coast here had risen above the sea, and that these animals had roamed across the pampas in much the same way that the guanacos did at the present time. The land had *not* risen, FitzRoy contended; it was the sea that had risen, and the bones of these drowned animals were an additional proof of the Flood.

At this early stage of the voyage, Darwin was not prepared to put his arguments too forcibly; he was puzzled, he needed more evidence, more time for thought. He was even willing to be persuaded that these new and disturbing ideas stirring in his mind were wrong. Certainly he had no wish to deny the truth of the Bible; it was just a matter of interpreting its words in the light of modern science. Here FitzRoy was very ready to help. One can see the two of them in the tiny cabin, the lamp swinging above their heads, the twenty-two chronometers ticking away, and the books spread out before them: FitzRoy's well-thumbed Bible, and Lyell's second volume on geology, which had just reached Darwin. Somehow, between them, they felt, they would get at the truth. Then, at the end of November, 1832, they turned south to carry out the experiment on which FitzRoy himself had set his heart: the landing of Jemmy Button and his friends at their homes on the western shores of Tierra del

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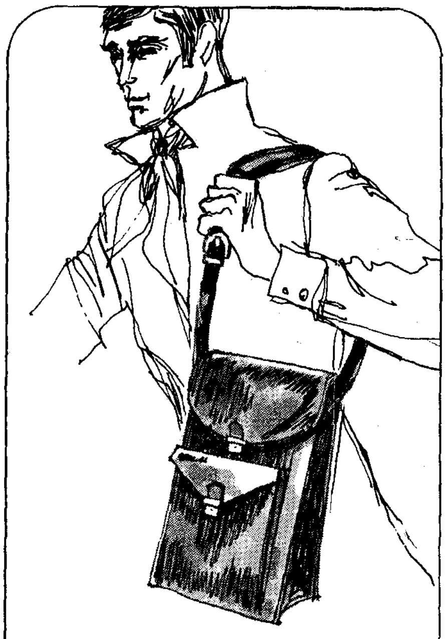

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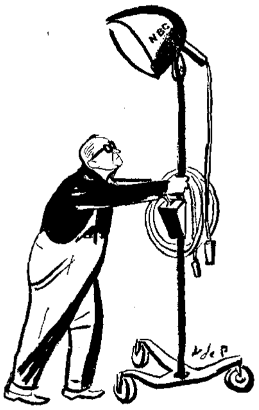
Fuego, and the setting up of a new outpost of Christianity on that remote and lonely coast.

THE Fuegians, on the whole, had done very well on their year's voyage out from England. They had learned to speak English fairly fluently, they had absorbed—or appeared to have absorbed—FitzRoy's religious teachings, and they seemed to know what was expected of them. York Minster had announced that on getting ashore in his native territory he intended to marry Fuegia Basket. Latterly, he had grown very jealous about her—as, indeed, he perhaps had need to be, since she was the only woman in the ship. Fuegia, if we are to trust FitzRoy's drawing of her (he was quite an efficient sketcher), had a pretty little face, and among the native Fuegians, who were hardly conspicuous for their good looks, she might even have passed as a beauty. In Rio, she had lived ashore for several months in the charge of an Englishman who had continued her instruction in the niceties of civilized living. Jemmy Button was as cheerful as ever and was eagerly looking forward to returning home. Even Matthews, the missionary, seemed to be facing up calmly and resolutely to his lonely and devoted exile.

All this was very good. Yet what a bizarre undertaking it was—how typical, when one comes to think of it, of FitzRoy. He alone, on his own initiative, had picked up these waifs three years before and had tamed them in England, much in the same way that a man might catch a wild animal and domesticate it. And now, with no other guide than an inexperienced young missionary who had never been abroad before, he was about to turn them loose, not in some settled community but in an unexplored region of howling gales and impossible cold where a few nomadic tribes scratched out a living that was as primitive as anything in the Neolithic age. There was a rather touching arrogance about all this. Such was FitzRoy's faith that he really did believe that poor little Fuegia Basket and her companions would be able to impart the divine light to the wild denizens of Tierra del Fuego. He had a theory that there were no such things as separate races of men in the world; we were all descended from Adam and Eve, who, of course, had sprung into existence fully grown and fully civilized—how else would they have kept themselves alive? But Adam's and Eve's descendants had deteriorated; the farther they had drifted away from the Holy Land to the more primitive parts of the world, the more they had lost touch with civilization. Hence these poor Fuegians. But they could be saved. All you had to do was to restore to them the civilization and the knowledge of God that their first ancestors had had in the Garden of Eden. It was one more touch of complete unreality in these proceedings that the Fuegians had been supplied by the London Missionary Society with a stock of goods that might have been useful in an English village but were hardly likely to be of much help in this icy wilderness. Among more sensible items, they had been furnished with chamberpots, tea trays, crockery, wineglasses, soup tureens, beaver hats, and white linen, and heaven knows what else in the way of dainty objects that were to reveal to the tribesmen how the great march of civilization had gone on the other side of the world.



Tierra del Fuego has an appalling climate—one of the worst in the world. Even though the Beagle arrived there in midsummer, she had to battle for a month against mountainous seas as she tried to round the Horn. Once, a great wave engulfed her, carrying away one of the boats, and the little ship would have foundered had the crew not opened the ports and let the sea gush out in the nick of time. FitzRoy, being a great sailor, held on, and at last got her into a safe anchorage in Goree Roads, at the western entrance to a channel that had been named after the Beagle during her previous voyage. Glaciers reached down to the sea, and, inland, vast mountains covered with beech forests and perpetual snow vanished in the swirling mists of a storm.

Darwin's first thought on catching sight of the native Fuegians was that they were much closer to wild animals than to civilized human beings (and this was a matter that was to strike him forcibly later on, when he came to think and write about the descent of man). They were huge creatures with long, matted hair and dark, cadaverous faces, which they painted in stripes of red and black, with white circles around their eyes. They shaved their eyebrows and beards with sharp shells. The color of their skin was copper, and they coated themselves with grease. Except for a short mantle of guanaco skin thrown over their shoulders, they went naked. It was marvellous the way they could stand the cold. One woman who was suckling a baby came out to the Beagle in a canoe, and she sat there calmly in the tossing waves while the sleet fell and thawed on her naked breast. On shore, these people slept on the wet ground while the rain poured through the roofs of their crude skin huts. They cultivated nothing; their diet was a mixed and movable feast of fish, shellfish, birds, seals, dolphins, penguins, fungi, and the occasional otter. Their language seemed to be made up of a series of guttural coughs. Yet they were not unfriendly and were not afraid. When Darwin went ashore with the sailors, they clustered around him, patting his face and his body with great curiosity, and they were extraordinarily good mimics; every gesture he made and every word he uttered was perfectly imitated. When he made faces at them, they grinned and made faces back at him.

Jemmy Button, from his slightly superior perch on the ladder of civilization, was embarrassed by these antics, and Fuegia Basket ran away. These particular tribesmen, Jemmy explained, were not his own; they were a bad lot—very primitive. FitzRoy was keeping a close eye on Matthews to see what his reactions were. He was a little gloomy, but said that the savages were "no worse than he had expected." To reach Jemmy's own country, the Beagle's four boats, loaded with the London Missionary Society's goods, set off up the quiet waters of the Beagle Channel to Ponsonby Sound. Miraculously, the weather cleared, and a bright sun shone on this pristine world of sparkling snowfields and forests. As they approached the sound, they were loudly hailed from the shore, and a fleet of canoes came out to meet them. Presently, they arrived at a snug cove where a delightful meadow, dotted with flowers, ran back into the forest, and here they decided to establish the new settlement. It must have been a strange and pleasant scene: the wild Fuegians, numbering a hundred or so, standing apart and watching intently as tents were put up to house the cargo, and the sailors falling to work erecting three wigwams—one for the missionary (who seems to have taken part in the proceedings in a bemused and non-

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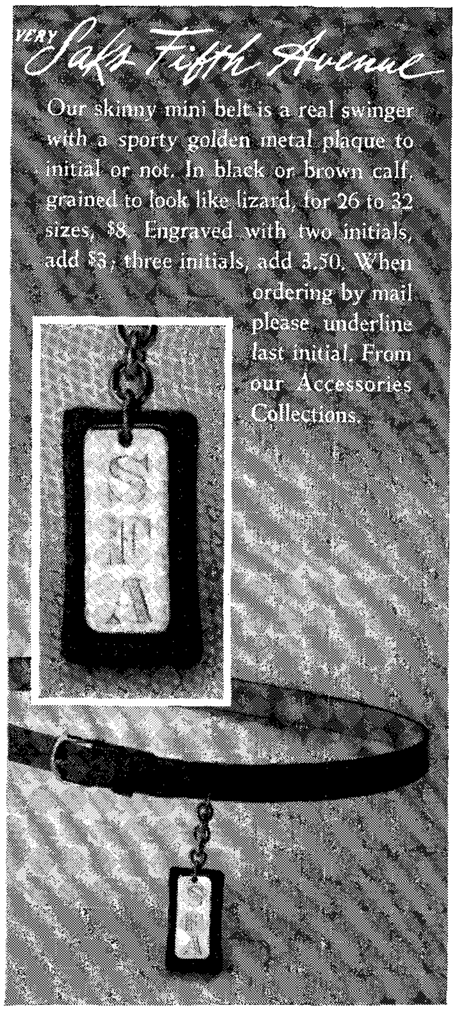

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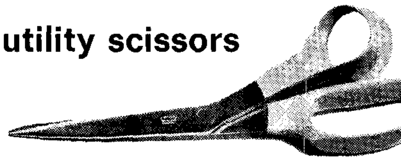
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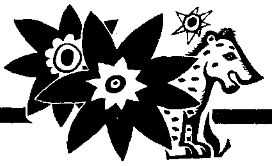
committal way; no doubt he was bottling up his apprehensions), another for Jemmy, and a third for York Minster and Fuegia Basket, who had rejoined the group. The women of the tribe were particularly kind to Fuegia. Next came the digging and planting of a vegetable garden, and in the evening, when the sailors stripped to the waist to wash, the natives stood around them hardly knowing what to marvel at most—the act of washing or the whiteness of their skins. At night, they all sat together around the campfires, the sailors shivering in the bitter cold, the Fuegians sweating in the heat of the fire. There was a constrained moment when Jemmy's mother, two sisters, and four brothers arrived; the women ran off and hid themselves when they caught sight of Jemmy standing there grandly in his button boots and English suit. He had entirely forgotten his own language; "it was laughable, but almost pitiable, to hear *him* speak to his wild brother in English, and then ask him in Spanish whether he did not understand him," Darwin writes. His brothers said nothing; they circled around him like dogs meeting one another for the first time. Next day, however, he clothed them all, and things were more friendly.

After five days, FitzRoy decided to leave Matthews and his charges to their own devices for a bit, while he took the four boats off exploring along the Beagle Channel. Darwin had never thought that FitzRoy's experiment with the wild Fuegians had the ghost of a chance of success. He neither liked nor trusted them. After the first contact, they had become more and more demanding, and Bynoe had witnessed an act of cruelty that appalled him: a Fuegian child had dropped a basket of seagull eggs, and the wretched child's father, in a fit of rage, had dashed him against the stones again and again until, battered and bleeding, he was abandoned to die. Jemmy Button had told Darwin that the Fuegians were cannibals—sometimes during a hard winter they would kill and eat their women—and Darwin repeats a conversation that the captain of a sealing ship once had with a Fuegian boy. Why, the captain wanted to know, did the Fuegians not eat dogs? "Dog catch otter," the boy had replied. "Women good for nothing; men very hungry." Real, live cannibals, in short. "I feel," Darwin wrote to his sister Caroline, "quite a disgust at the very sound of the voices of these miserable savages."

Thus, it was not altogether a surprise when the party got back to the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new settlement and found that during the past ten days the natives had overrun the place. Matthews came out to meet them in a state of great agitation. He had a terrible story to tell. Directly the Beagle party had gone off, the natives had started to pilfer his belongings, and when he had tried to protect them he had been grabbed, knocked down, and threatened with death. The vegetable garden had been trampled—the Fuegians had simply laughed when he and Jemmy had tried to stop them—and every day the situation had grown more menacing. Jemmy had been molested as well, but the taciturn York Minster had sided with the natives and had been left alone. As for Fuegia Basket, she now refused even to come out of her hut and greet her friends from the Beagle; she wanted nothing to do with white men anymore.

FitzRoy was hurt, shocked, and bewildered. He had meant these people no wrong—he had only wished to help. Why should they do this to him? But he would not give up hope just yet. Matthews, certainly, he would take back on board, but the others must remain and try to make their savage countrymen see the light. He distributed axes to the sullen groups of Fuegians who were standing about, commended Jemmy and York Minster to God, and sailed away, promising to return.

In fact, it was a year before he did so, but the end of the Fuegian story can be conveniently related here. On the Beagle's next visit, the camp was found to be derelict. York Minster and Fuegia had long since departed with Jemmy's goods, and had joined the wild Fuegians. Jemmy himself remained, but he had cast civilization away as though he had never known it existed; his European clothes had been replaced with a loincloth, he was terribly thin, and his once sleek hair fell in a coarse mat about his painted face. "We could hardly recognise poor Jemmy," wrote Darwin. "Instead of the clean, well-dressed stout lad we left him, we found him a naked thin squalid savage." Yet he was friendly; he came out to the Beagle in a canoe with a gift of otter skins for FitzRoy and Bynoe, and two spearheads for Darwin, and he had a meal on board; "he ate his dinner as tidily as formerly," Darwin noted. But, no, he declared, he would not rejoin them. He had found a wife (she kept calling for him from the canoe but would not come on board), these were his people, this was his home, he was finished

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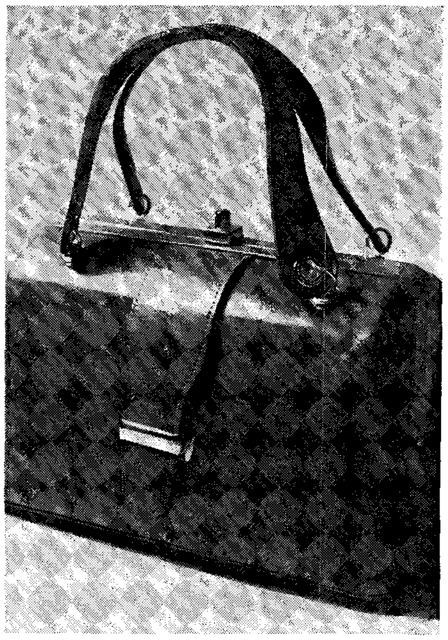

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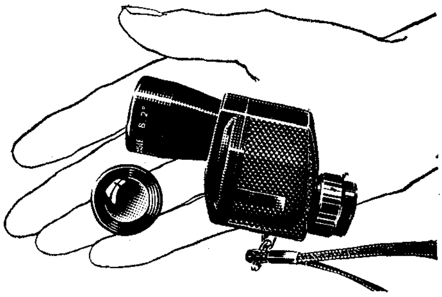

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with civilization forever. With all his plans in ruins, FitzRoy did what he could to save at least this one soul. He pleaded with Jemmy, and passed down gifts of shawls and a gold-laced cap to his queer little wife in the canoe, but Jemmy was adamant. He paddled back to the shore, and the last they saw of him was a dark figure standing there in the light of a campfire, waving, as Darwin puts it, "a long farewell."

Whatever FitzRoy read into all this, to Darwin, at least, the facts were clear. Harm rather than good had been done by taking the Fuegians to England; their brief peep at civilization had merely made it more difficult for them to live in their own country. One could not interrupt the course of nature in this way and hope to succeed. The whole point about primitive races was that they could survive only if they were left alone and were free to adjust themselves to their own environment. If you interfered with them, they died. The Indians in America were dying, and so were the aborigines in Australia; the turn of the Fuegians would come soon enough. And, indeed, by the end of the nineteenth century the three Fuegian tribes were almost extinct. The Alacalufs, canoe people of the Western channels, numbered in the thousands at the time of Darwin's visit; by 1960 there were hardly a hundred.

ONE begins to notice a hardening, an increasing tension, in FitzRoy's nature from this point onward. The more his plans miscarry and the greater the difficulties that mount up before him, the more determined he becomes. He does not lose touch with the feelings of his crew—this man could never be a Captain Bligh—but the generous, kindly side of his nature tends to become overshadowed in his persistent hunt for perfection. He was a superb cartographer, but it was a fearfully difficult business trying to chart the South American coast in storms that hardly ever ceased—too much for one ship to accomplish. Well, then, he decides, he will acquire additional vessels to help him carry out the work. No time to consult the Admiralty over this important step; he will take the money out of his own pocket, and it can be refunded later on. And so he begins by chartering and manning two small boats, and ends up by buying outright, for thirteen hundred pounds, an American sealing vessel of a hundred and seventy tons—almost as big as the Beagle herself—which he renames the Adventure. He has to recondition this ship, he has to run the Beagle back and forth between the Patagonian coast and Montevideo in order to victual his little fleet, but nothing matters as long as the work progresses. Thus, the next eighteen months were for FitzRoy a time of very great strain, and as he grows thin and nervous from overwork he retreats, as it were, upon himself.

With Darwin, it is altogether different. By now (the spring of 1833), he knows the ropes, the last remnants of his hesitancy and inexperience drop away, and he becomes a very useful member of the expedition. The idea of his entering the Church grows fainter and fainter, and natural history possesses him entirely. "There is nothing like geology," he writes to Catherine. "The pleasure of the first day's partridge shooting or the first day's hunting cannot be compared to finding a fine group of fossil bones, which tell their story of former times with almost a living tongue. . . . I collect every living creature which I have time to catch and preserve." In his journals, which he kept up faithfully day by day, one can see his confidence steadily increasing; his ideas form patterns, and speculations begin to harden into theories.

In May, when the Beagle was to go off on survey, Darwin was landed at Maldonado, a quiet, forlorn little town some sixty miles east of Montevideo, and here he stayed for ten weeks, making a collection of animals, birds, and reptiles, and parcelling up bones, rocks, plants, and skins of birds and animals to be sent home. In one of his notebooks he catalogued fifteen hundred and twenty-nine specimens, from fishes to fungi, that were sent home in spirits of wine. "My collection of the birds and quadrupeds of this place is becoming very perfect," he wrote. "A few *Reales* has enlisted all the boys in the town in my service, and few days pass in which they do not bring me some curious creature." It was not always easy for Henslow, at the other end, to know what he was getting. "For goodness' sake, what is No. 233?" he wrote once. "It looks like the remains of an electric explosion, a mere mass of soot—something very curious, I daresay."

At the end of July, the Beagle picked up Darwin and sailed for El Carmen, in Patagonia. He was now ready to set off on the first of his great inland journeys. El Carmen, about eighteen miles upstream from the mouth of the Río Negro, was the most southerly outpost inhabited by civilized people on the American continent. Buenos Aires lay some six hundred miles to the north, and all the intervening plain—the pampas—was unexplored territory, over which tribes of Indians roamed and hunted. They were fierce and aggressive people when aroused, and great horsemen. Just now, they were fighting for their lives against the Argentines, who wanted their lands in order to graze their own expanding herds of cattle; in fact, it was the story of the American Middle West all over again, except that here the struggle was even more primitive and ruthless. The Indians were, of course, fighting a losing battle against extermination; once there had been villages of two to three thousand inhabitants, but by the time of Darwin's visit the tribes mostly wandered homeless across the pampas.

General Rosas, the commander of the Argentine forces, had established himself about eighty miles north of El Carmen on the Río Colorado, where he was close to Bahía Blanca, the only other civilized settlement in the area. From the Río Colorado, Rosas had a tenuous line of supply—a string of lightly manned outposts—leading all the way back to Buenos Aires. Apart from these outposts, or "*postas*"—merely tiny dots on the vast plain—the whole region was a no man's land where the Indians made spasmodic raids on travellers whenever and wherever they could.

Darwin's plan was to ride overland from El Carmen to the Río Colorado, make contact with Rosas, and then push on from *posta* to *posta* all the way to Buenos Aires. He wanted to do this partly, one suspects, for the adventure of the thing, but ostensibly because this was the only way he could really investigate the geology and the flora and fauna of the pampas. FitzRoy, himself an adventurer and explorer, approved of the plan; indeed, it must have given him some pleasure to see how the eager and inexperienced young man he had recruited in London two years before had turned himself into this self-reliant campaigner who was apparently willing to go anywhere and do anything in the interests of science and religion—yes, certainly religion, for who knew what revelations of Biblical truth might not be discovered in that vast, unknown hinterland? So it was arranged that the Beagle should rendezvous with him at Bahía Blanca, sixty miles north of the Río Colo-

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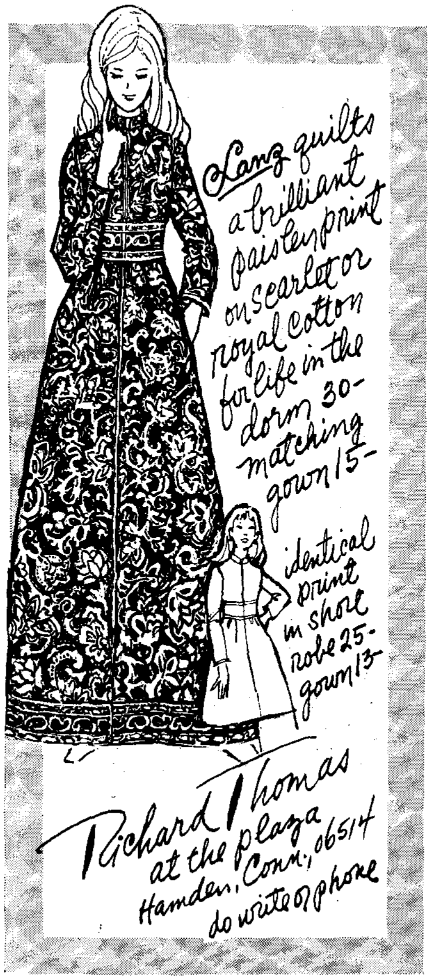

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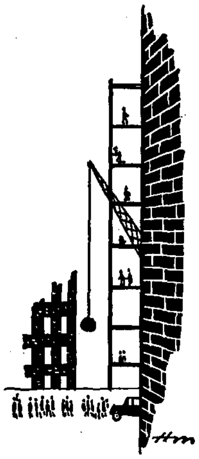
rado. Then, if all was well, Darwin could ride on to Buenos Aires, four hundred miles away.

An Englishman named Harris was living at El Carmen, and he volunteered to act as a guide as far as the Colorado. An escort of six gauchos was hired, and on August 11th Darwin said goodbye to his companions on the Beagle and set off. His way at first lay across a desert, and it was astonishing that the waterless plain could support so many different birds and animals. He took intensely detailed notes on the habits, the flight, the eggs, and the songs of the birds: "Infinitely sweet. . . . Bird runs like animal at bottom of hedge, does not easily fly, not loud. . . . Long-legged plover cry like little dog's hunting bark." He was already getting that devotion to work, that habit of ceaseless industry, which made him write later, "I trust . . . that I shall act as I now think—as a man who dares to waste one hour of time has not discovered the value of life. . . . There is nothing as intolerable as idleness." An entry in his notebook for August 17, 1833, when the party was held up by rain, reads, "A day spent in killing time . . . no books . . . I envied the very kittens playing on the mud floor." He could not stand inaction of any sort. September 4th: "Cruel ennui. . . . Found books exquisite delight." October: "Ennui—yellow-breasted bird . . . sings well."

Generally, the men would camp for the night around a fire on the open plain, their saddles for pillows and their saddlecloths for blankets, and the scene for Darwin had a kind of magic: the horses tethered on the edge of the firelight, the remains of their dinner—an ostrich or a deer—strewn about on the ground, the tuco-tuco uttering its subterranean grunt, the men smoking cigars and playing cards, the dogs keeping watch, and all pausing if an unfamiliar noise came out of the darkness. They would place their ears to the ground and listen intently; one never knew just how or when the Indians would attack. Darwin loved the gauchos. They were as tough and leathery as old boots. Even in that untrammelled age, they were wildly picturesque men, with great mustachios, and long black hair falling down over their shoulders. They wore scarlet ponchos and wide riding drawers and white boots with huge spurs, and carried knives stuck into their waistbands. They were extremely polite, and looked, Darwin said, "as if they would cut your throat and make a bow at the same time."

On the evening of the third day, the party arrived at General Rosas' camp. The place looked more like the hideout of a band of brigands than like the headquarters of an army. Guns, wagons, and crude straw huts had been formed into a sort of compound, four hundred yards square, and within it the General's rough-and-ready cavalrymen were encamped. Many of them were of mixed Indian, Negro, and Spanish blood; others were Indian tribesmen who had come over to the Argentine side; and, in addition, there were camp followers galore—rather splendid-looking Indian women in gaudy dresses and with black plaits hanging down their backs, who rode their horses with their knees hunched up high. Theirs was the job of carrying the soldiers' kit on the baggage animals, of making camp, and of cooking the food. Dogs and cattle roamed about in the dust.

The General himself was as horsey and flamboyant as his men, and he was reputed to be most dangerous when he laughed; those were the moments when he was likely to order a man to be shot, or perhaps to be tortured by being suspended by his arms and legs from four posts driven into the ground. Rosas was also, however, a man of authority; later on he was for many years the dictator of Argentina. He welcomed Darwin very gravely and courteously to his camp, and Darwin was evidently charmed. He wrote that the General would use his influence for the advancement and prosperity of the country—a prophecy that, as he himself was forced to admit ten years later, turned out "entirely and miserably wrong." Rosas became a great tyrant.



The Beagle turned up in Bahia Blanca on August 24th, and Darwin went on board and spent the entire day relating his adventures to FitzRoy. FitzRoy seems to have been a good listener, and Darwin was eloquent; he had no difficulty in persuading FitzRoy to allow him to continue on the second, and longer, leg of his journey—four hundred miles through uninhabited country—even though from now on he would be without Harris and alone with the gauchos.

There was a wonderful exuberance about this trip—a sense of freedom that was heightened by the element of risk. "There is high enjoyment in the independence of the gaucho life—to be able at any moment to pull up your horse and say, 'Here we will pass the night,' " Darwin wrote. As he rode on toward Buenos Aires, even the gauchos were astonished at his energy. If he saw a mountain, he had to climb it—and he was probably the first European to ascend the forty-two-hundred-foot Sierra de la Ventana. When one of the gauchos' horses went lame, Darwin gave the man his own horse and walked; gauchos, he explained later, could not walk. He smoked his cigar, drank his maté, and thrived on a diet of nothing but meat, broken only once by a lucky find of an ostrich's nest with twenty-seven eggs in it. Once, he went twenty hours without water. By the campfire at night, he read a little from the copy of Milton's "Paradise Lost" that he always carried with him, and wrote up his notes on the day's adventures. They were not dull: "Night at Sierra very cold, first wet with dew, then frozen stiff. . . . Saw beautiful oriole. . . . Foxes in immense numbers. Found one little toad, most singular from its colour (black and vermillion). Thinking to give it a great treat carried it to a pool of water; not only was the little animal unable to swim, but I think without help it would have drowned. . . . Many snakes with black patches in deep swamp, 2 yellow lines and red tail. . . . Lake enlivened by many black-necked swans and beautiful ducks and cranes. . . . Last night, remarkable hailstorm . . . hailstones as big as apples. . . . Slept at house of half madman. . . . Indians going to salinas for salt eat salt like sugar. . . . Women taken prisoners at twenty years never content. . . . Wife of old cacique not more than 11. . . . Ostriches lay eggs in middle of day. . . . Cranes carry bundles of rushes. . . ."

So it goes on, day after day, and Darwin never seems to tire, never loses his curiosity or his sense of wonder. Finally, after forty days in the wilderness, we find him riding into Buenos Aires through orchards of quinces and peaches, and, what with his beard, his wide hat, his worn clothes, and his sunburned face, he must have looked like some cowboy, or perhaps a gold prospector, coming into town after a hard spell on the trail. He was as leathery as the gauchos themselves.

In Buenos Aires, where he was to stay while the Beagle continued her surveys, Darwin lived at the home

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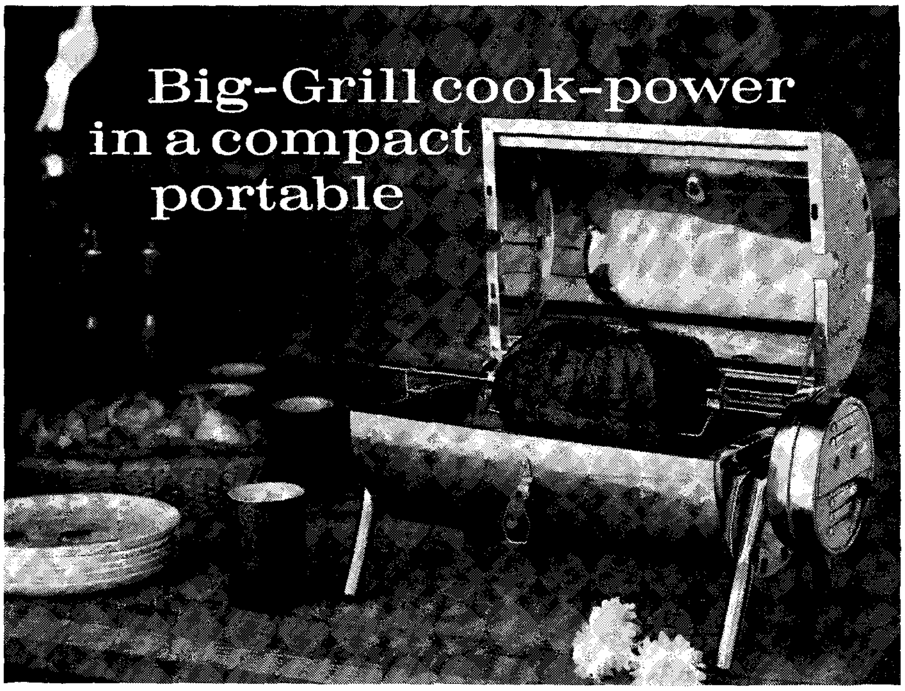

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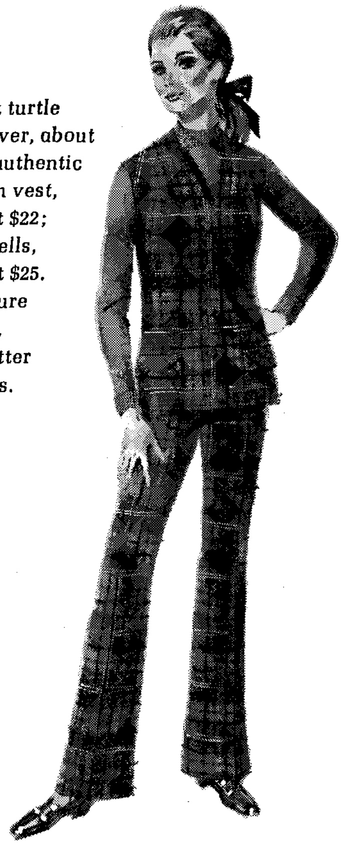

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of a Mr. Lumb, a respectable English resident. (Mrs. Lumb reminded Darwin of England when she poured the tea.) There were a number of English stores in the town, and he shopped with abandon: writing paper and pens, beeswax and rosin, mousetraps and glass jars for his specimens, powder and balls for his pistols, a pair of trousers for Covington (who rejoined him in Buenos Aires), and, for himself, stockings, gloves, handkerchiefs, a nightcap, cigars, and snuff. One shopping list read, "Paper . . . scizzors, dentist, watch mended . . . spurs . . . French dentist . . . cigars . . . dentist . . . animal without tail . . . bookseller." Clearly, he was suffering from toothache, but what was the animal without a tail? In addition to all these, he wrote home urgently for "4 pairs of very strong walking shoes from Howell's," new lenses for his microscope, and books—above all, scientific books. Then, there were his specimens to pack up and send to Henslow: fish, insects, mice, stones, two hundred skins of birds and animals, "a fine set of fossil bones," and many exotic seeds, which he hoped could be made to grow in England. The question of money was a nagging one; his shore excursions were proving expensive, and he had already overspent his allowance. Now, as he drew a bill for eighty pounds more, he winced at the thought of what Dr. Darwin was going to say. He trusted, he wrote to his sisters, that his father, "after his first great growl," would not grudge the money; surely it would be clear that this voyage was changing his life, that he would never be able to return here, that he must see everything there was to be seen, no matter what the cost. "I wish the same feeling did not act so strongly on the Captain," he wrote. "He is eating an enormous hole into his capital for the sake of advancing all the objects of the voyage. . . . [He] asked me if I could pay a year in advance for my mess. I did so . . . for I could not refuse to a person who is so systematically munificent to everyone who approaches him." There was another reason for Darwin to feel guilty when he thought of his father: sooner or later he would have to tell him that he would never now go into the Church. But for the moment he dodged this issue; in his letters home he never mentions the matter of his future—it is only the present that counts. It is always a tremendous joy when letters arrive from his family and from Henslow—he hangs upon every word—but there is no sign as yet of homesickness. He wants to go on and on.

Darwin did not really like Buenos Aires. He thought the plazas and the wide streets very fine, and he enjoyed the theatres and the museums, but he went off on excursions as often as he could. He had arranged to join the Beagle before she sailed from Montevideo late in October, and he estimated that this would give him ample time to make a three-hundred-mile ride up the Paraná River and on to the pretty provincial town of Santa Fe, where he had heard that fossil bones were to be found. On September 27th, he and Covington rode out of Buenos Aires into the northern pampas, then breast-high with giant thistles. At first, all went well, and close to Santa Fe he found his fossil bones easily enough: a splendid deposit embedded in the riverbank. But then Darwin came down with fever (probably it was malaria, for he describes how his hands were black with mosquitoes whenever he exposed them), and he was forced to lie in bed while a kindly old woman looked after him. He was offered strange remedies—some harmless, such as a compress of split beans wound around his head, and others "too disgusting to mention." "Little hairless dogs," he wrote, "are in great request to sleep at the feet of invalids." When he felt better, he decided that it would be quicker to return by river, and so he abandoned his horses and got on board a decrepit trading boat that was sailing to Buenos Aires. It was the most exasperating of journeys. The Argentine captain was fearful of every breeze that blew and of every current that swirled around the islands, and they remained tied to the shore for days on end, creeping downstream for only a few hours at a time. At last ("*gracios à dios*" exclaims Darwin in his notebook), on October 12th, they reached the little village of Las Conchas, just outside the capital, and Darwin rushed ashore to find a horse—or a canoe, or anything else—to get him into the city. At once, he was surrounded by armed men, who refused to allow him to go on. Revolution had broken out, and the city was blockaded. General Rosas, it seemed, was not only interested in hunting down wild Indians; he was out to overturn the Argentine government as well. Frantic with anxiety that he would miss the Beagle, Darwin argued and protested, and in the end, after a long ride around the town, managed to reach the camp of another rebel general. He explained grandly that he was an intimate and important friend of Rosas. "Magic itself," Darwin says, "could not have altered circumstances quicker." Once inside the city, among his friends, he was safe enough, but his position was hardly improved; Covington was still outside, and so were all his clothes and the specimens he had collected on his trip. For a fortnight, Darwin fumed and fretted, and it was a situation that had some resemblance to the adventures of Phileas Fogg and Passepartout on their frantic eighty-day journey round the world. At last, Darwin succeeded in bribing a man to go out and bring Covington in. He does not say how it was done, but, at all events, Covington arrived, and together they managed to get aboard a ship that slipped through the blockade and down the river to Montevideo. Darwin's heart must have given a great bound of relief when he saw the Beagle's masts rising placidly at her anchorage in Montevideo Bay.

FitzRoy all this time had been doggedly continuing his surveying operations, eating alone in his cabin, obsessed by work, and never for a moment getting a respite from the responsibility of commanding two ships. Most of the surveying had to be done from small boats working close inshore, and usually in rough seas—a dangerous business and a never-ending anxiety for their commander. Just now, he was collating the many calculations they had made along the Patagonian coast in the past few months—a tedious and exacting job—and Darwin, fresh from his adventures onshore, must have seemed to burst upon him in his cabin with the exuberance of a schoolboy returning from his holidays. Here were all his wonderful specimens to spread out on the deck: his prehistoric bones, the skins of many brilliant birds and animals, a spider that spun a web like a sail and flew through the air, serpents bottled in alcohol, and parcels of seeds and flowers that were unknown in Europe. Then, too, there were all his exploits to recount: the revolution, his journey down the Paraná River, his gallops with the gauchos, and the undiscovered mountains that he, and he alone, had climbed. FitzRoy must have been something less than human if he did not feel a pang of envy. He was entertained, no doubt, but one sees that aristocratic eye resting on Darwin a little coldly. Certainly he was to be forgiven if he found that he had heard enough for the moment; if, with some curt phrase, he turned away and told Darwin to get his junk out of the cab-

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in; if he fell into one of his "severe silences;" or even if he inquired of Darwin just where all these exciting investigations were taking him—just how far had he succeeded in relating them to the fundamental truths of the Bible? That, surely, was important, and it was a calculation that had to be every bit as precise as the Beagle's charting of the coast. There was such a thing as not seeing the wood because of the trees.

But Darwin, if we are to trust his notebooks, was not thinking of God at all in these days; he was absorbed in the trees and everything inside the wood, and he was beginning to entertain the notion that truth was not something that was imposed from above but something that would be revealed, bit by bit, by man's own practical researches on this earth. And so he may have been a little crestfallen when the Beagle's discipline and austerity closed around him after his exuberant return. He was back in school again.

By the end of 1833, when Darwin rejoined the ship at Montevideo, the Patagonian survey was all but done. The Beagle's sailors had been more than a year among the storms and the cold of that arid coast, and they were all heartily sick of it. Darwin, for his part, could think of one thing only: the day when they would round the Horn and sail out into the calm, sunny waters of the Pacific. Not even the prospect of capturing a live megatherium, he said, could hold him back. By now, he had pretty well made up his mind about the geology of the eastern seaboard: it had been raised above the sea, he believed, in fairly recent times. But it was the Andes, with their great volcanoes, that held the real clue to the geology of the peninsula. To break through into the Pacific, to see the mighty mountains—that would be the climax of the whole voyage. Aboard the Beagle and her sister ship, the Adventure, there was great commotion. A year's provisions were taken on board at Montevideo. On December 7th, they all waved goodbye (and good riddance) to the Río de la Plata for the last time and headed south, out of the muddy estuary into the clear blue sea.

—ALAN MOOREHEAD

(*This is the first part of a two-part article.*)

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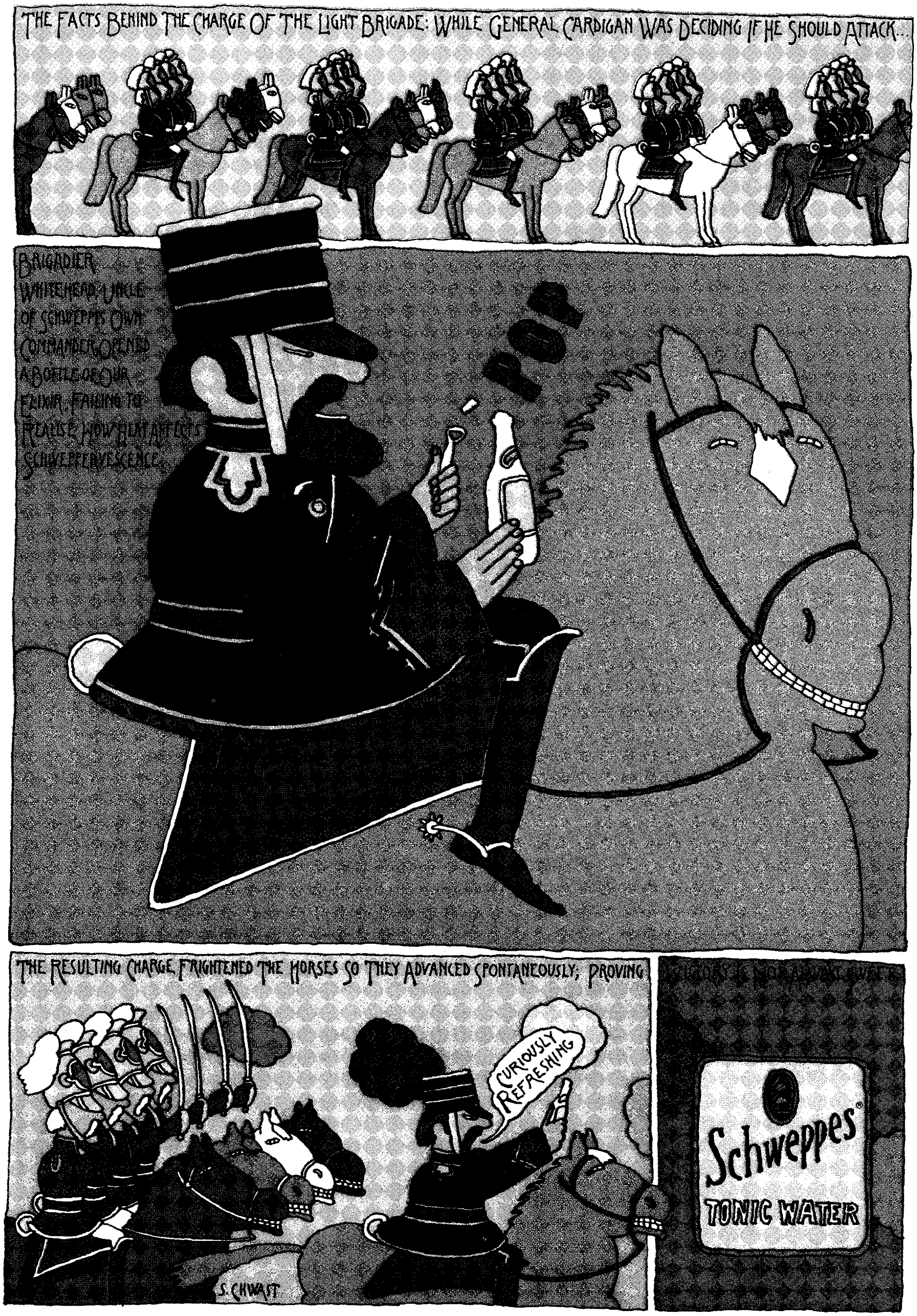
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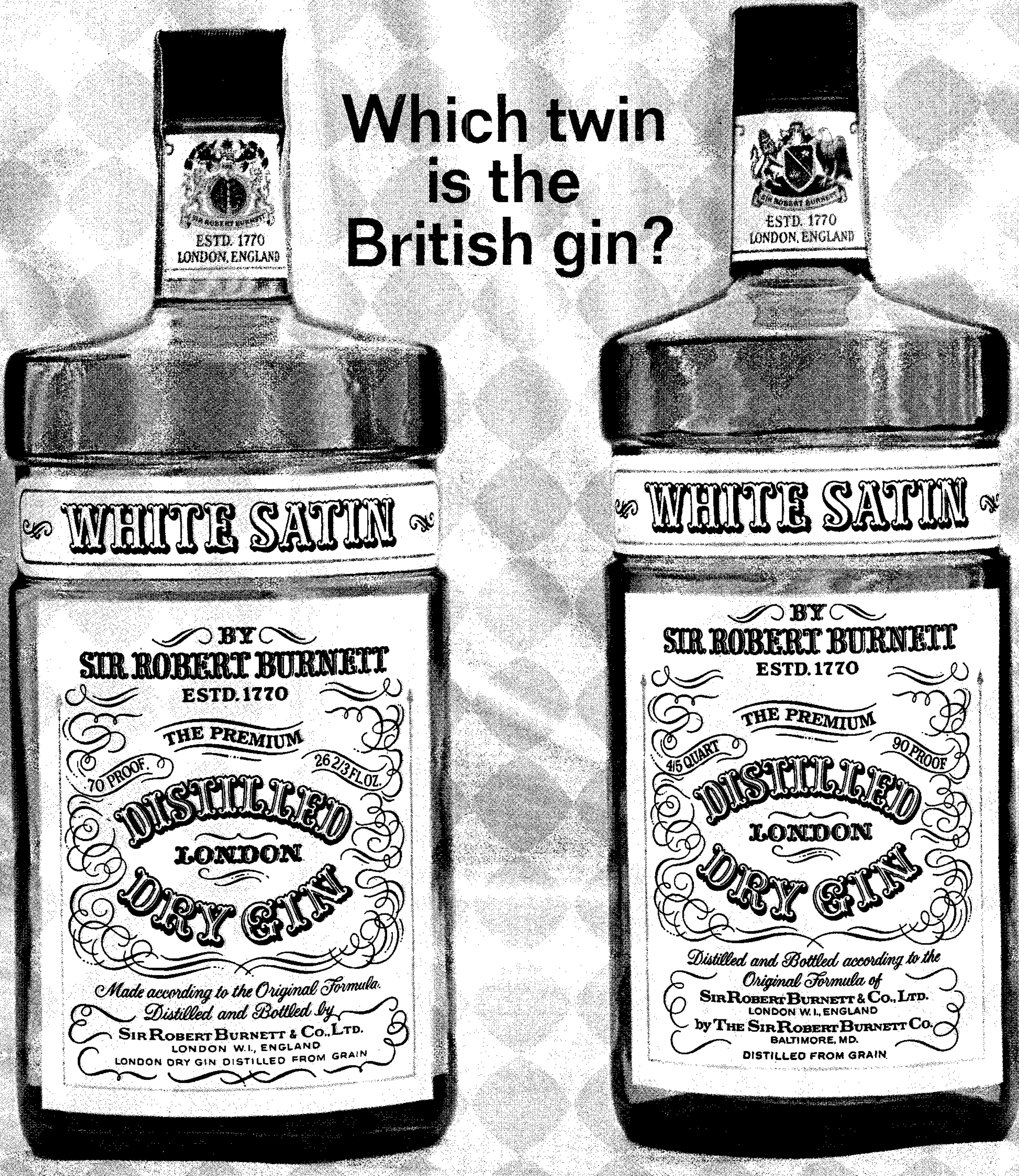

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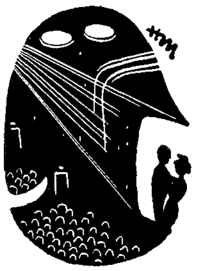

THREE parachutists in jump suits, one red, one white, one yellow. Falling at a hundred miles an hour. Dummy parachutes in bright colors suddenly ballooning like trick silk handkerchiefs exploded from a conjurer's pistol. The three men horizontal in the air, still falling, joining together by holding on to one loop of ribbon, and moving their legs as if they were display swimmers. Letting go, falling, and then a jerk upward, like the leap of a leg hit on the knee nerve, as more parachutes burst out of the packs on the men's backs. Below, getting closer and closer, the faces of an audience engrossed by the spectacle of narrow shaves. In the air, expressions passing between the men: expertise, intimacy, fear. The audience beneath is pitifully small, but the danger is real, every performance. For the men, it is a way of earning a living—not the best, maybe, but the one they know. John Frankenheimer's "The Gypsy Moths" is about three people who elect to put their lives at risk. Mike, played by Burt Lancaster, is to die in the end: a bull of a man with fine grades of alertness to things around him, including the truant state of mind of his hostess at this point in the tour—a decorous small-town wife gently played by Deborah Kerr. Browdy (Gene Hackman) "almost went to college . . . it just didn't work out." Malcolm (Scott Wilson), the nephew of the Deborah Kerr character and the orphaned son of a man she was in love with before she married her pipe-smoking husband, is the shy, scared one of the three. None of them do the jumps out of simple bravado, but they have moments of exhilaration. Malcolm, at home in his aunt's house, looks out of a window and says, remembering a time here long ago, "I think I had it at the back of my mind that I could fly." As an orphaned child. To get elsewhere, perhaps. Browdy, who seems tough, admits to terror about a particular jump called the cape jump—a leap with bats' wings before a parachute opens, when a stunt man can get the deadly illusion that the wings are enough to support him, though another part of his mind knows full well that his arms can easily be broken. He leaves it to Malcolm to dare the feat "as a memorial jump" to raise money for Mike's funeral. Mike always understood the job inside out. "Make it interesting," the audience asks. "The closer we come to the ground," Mike said once—meaning without a parachute—"the more interesting it is for the customers. . . . And for us, too, of course." The men go into the ring with no more naïveté than old boxers. They do it because they know the work, because they need the purse.

They are in a small town, big enough to have a college (where Deborah Kerr's husband works) and a missile base, preserve us. The Deborah Kerr character, called Elizabeth Brandon, apparently came from England long ago and still talks about wanting to open more windows. She has a brief affair with Mike, whose feeling that there is always an option both moves and taunts her. Malcolm sees things otherwise and puts them his own way, in terms of parachuting: "You can only stay up so long and then you have to come down, right?" This is her feeling, mostly, however much Mike elates her for the moment with his certainty that she could come away with him and start all over again. "Your freedom of choice isn't everyone's," she says. "You have to want it," he replies. There is a beautifully directed series of setups when, trying to escape the hope he is holding out, she walks away from him through the house into the garden, and then the two talk to each other across a child's climbing rack. Frankenheimer has always been fine at films about men in specialized, rather simple disciplines; "The Gypsy Moths," with a script by William Hanley from a novel by James Drought, is more complex and more subtly cast than anything else he has done. The feeling for small-town America is tender and precise. There are good, good scenes at the Brandons', with Mrs. Brandon offering soft drinks during a sticky talk in the living room, and then her husband serving wine for dinner in what look like sherry glasses, the stunt men all the time seeming to feel uncomfortably muscular and somehow overpowered in the sedate house, where little has happened before but a holding-out process. The arrival of Mike, the dangerously merciful stranger, is knitted in with the film's ideas about risk and about hunger for spectacle. At the finish, Brandon turns out to have been very well aware of what was happening to his wife. "The thought terrified me," he says to her at the end of the picture, about Mike's taking her away. "And me," she says. A risk declined. The memorial jump is over, and the two remaining parachutists have left the stretch of open ground, with its small grandstand and its puddles of rain. The picture leaves some real film things in the mind, as the best American movies about danger and loners always have done: the sail-smack sound of a parachute in the wind, the shivering faces of frightened, highly trained men falling like plumbstones, the drizzle and umbrellas around Mike's unseen body, the early shot discovering the smallness of the audience

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John C. Bruno

that the tumbling stunt men are chancing their lives to amuse.

STANLEY DONEN's "Staircase" is shot from a play by Charles Dyer, who also did the script. The story is about two homosexuals, derisive and clamorous, who run a barbershop in London and have lived together for thirty years. Harry is played by Richard Burton, Charlie by Rex Harrison. The play is practically a duologue for them. Written by someone else and directed by a man more fond, it could have been a love story, and it could have been wonderful. Instead of that, it comes out like some total-immersion course in Camp banter, conceived in a way that keeps signalling the heroes' freakishness. The lack of affection for them makes the film depressing. Charles Dyer did the same thing in a play of his called "Rattle of a Simple Man," which was about a bashful Northerner visiting London for the Football Cup and coping for the first time with a tart; there was the same condescension to someone sexually at a loss, the same sense that an audience was being shown slides of a comic oddity, and the same feeling that Mr. Dyer has technique without instinct. When you hear a real writer at work, dialogue sounds speculative, not illustrative, but Dyer's doesn't find out, it shows. "Staircase" has the voice of a man who isn't wondering about anything. It chiefly slams out hundreds of observations on queerness in general, some of them cheap. The two men are made to carry on endlessly about age and paunches, for instance, which could be all right, except that they are kept at it with such crassness that it is like hearing the predicament of the Marschallin interpreted by a makeup consultant who thinks that *Weltschmerz* comes from crow's-feet. Most things in the film are exaggerated. Not one but both of the men have strong-minded invalid mothers who won't accept their homosexuality and have the power to make them cry readily; the jaunty sparring otherwise never stops. When you withdraw, it isn't from the cracks but because of the writer's failing ear. The sound of cocky obscenity is often authentically caught, but then wrecked time and again because Mr. Dyer overextends lines and hammers points into the ground like tent pegs. He has set himself a mistaken task, maybe, by deciding to show the two men speaking always so heavily in character and always about the same small round of topics—aging, Mum, each other's cruelty, each other's looks. What about the missed chance of showing situations in which they choose to pass? Charlie is served a writ for appearing somewhere in drag—more interesting to see him with his lawyer, for instance, than with his mad mother. Contact with the straight world is left at the melodrama of a bobby's passing him a piece of paper through a door locked with a chain. The screenplay could have managed these limits if the men's behavior toward each other had held anything like the complexity of habitual love, but it seems as poverty-stricken as Donen's attitude toward them. Look, he nudges, showing us his dwarfs: look how brave they are, these stunted creatures—look how nearly like human beings. Rex Harrison's performance keeps at a safe distance from the man he plays. One is watching a brilliant high-comedy actor doing something that seems to scare him stiff, and the inevitable result is a turn. The performance is a talented piece of slumming, with the characteristics of some Night of a Hundred Stars Benefit when, say, Fonteyn comes on in the chorus line, or Callas sings with the Pink Floyd. Only Burton's acting runs deep and true and comic. Watching him is the most cheering thing about the picture. Like all great actors, he can make it clear what the character is thinking, and it is often different from the lines. If ever a man understood in his bones the meaning of a subtext, Burton does. His Harry, raising his hands like rabbits' paws when he is in a fussy mood, horribly wounded by Charlie's cruelty about his baldness, letting fly about his flamboyant friend's fear of being ordinary, escapes the untender condescension of the film and makes it seem to be a story about binding love, lightly undertaken long ago and now indispensable. Like Lear in the heartbreaking speech to Cordelia near the end of the play, Harry goes on being able to imagine love in a cage. "And we'll wear out, in a walled prison, packs and sects of great ones that ebb and flow by the moon." For Burton's Harry, as for Lear, the other world that balks and punishes him is hard to know. "I am mainly ignorant, what place this is."

"TAKE THE MONEY AND RUN," written by Woody Allen and Mickey Rose and directed by Allen, also stars our Woody as a lad named Virgil who has insane hopes of being a great criminal. He bungles it from the start. As the commentary of the film proudly trumpets, not listening to a word it is saying, "Virgil is an immediate failure at crime." The commentary sounds like one of those Log-Cabin-to-White-House specials on TV. It is intentionally quite deaf to the central fact that its hero is awful at everything. His cello teacher, interviewed for reminiscences, as people on this sort of earnest biographical program are, admits that even Virgil's cello playing was terrible. "He would just saw it back and forth," says the teacher, in a grieved Viennese accent. "He had no conception of the instrument. He was blowing into it." When Virgil falls in love, it is with an unendowed girl who has, he says nicely, a sort of genius about T-shirts; he never *saw* anyone who knew so much about T-shirts. His mother and father, wearing false noses, have a row on camera about their famous son, whose complete unfitness for fame hits them in the eye even in public. "If he weren't rotten, why would we be wearing these false disguises?" they say, ignoring the camera and fighting like hell. Virgil's father sticks up for himself in the end and says, "I *tried* to beat God into him." At this, Virgil's mother only sobs. "You're a very dominating person," she says. My favorite part of this sweetly dopey picture is a holdup sequence in which Virgil, after standing nicely in queue, presents a polite note to a bank teller, apparently saying, "I have a gub. Abt natural." The problem is one of handwriting. The snooty teller, sniffing an illiterate, says disbelievingly that he wants to see this gub. "That's a plain 'n'!" Virgil yells to the bank manager, who also reads "gub." It is like being back at exams, when the stupid professors can't even decipher the junk you're churning out for them. Later, on the run to Mexico, he grandly reassures his new wife that she's not to worry, because he knows how to use a gub. The "b" has now got into his speech. "Did I say 'gub' again?" he says, frowning at himself behind the misleadingly brainy-looking spectacles. When he fails to make the Ten Most Wanted list, despair sets in. He starts saying he is a gynecologist. It's true that the picture goes by fits and starts, and that some of the plot is parochially limited to sending up idiot remarks of the kind made by people on idiot TV programs, but the film has a lot of wild charm. —PENELOPE GILLIATT

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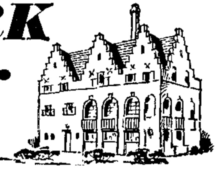

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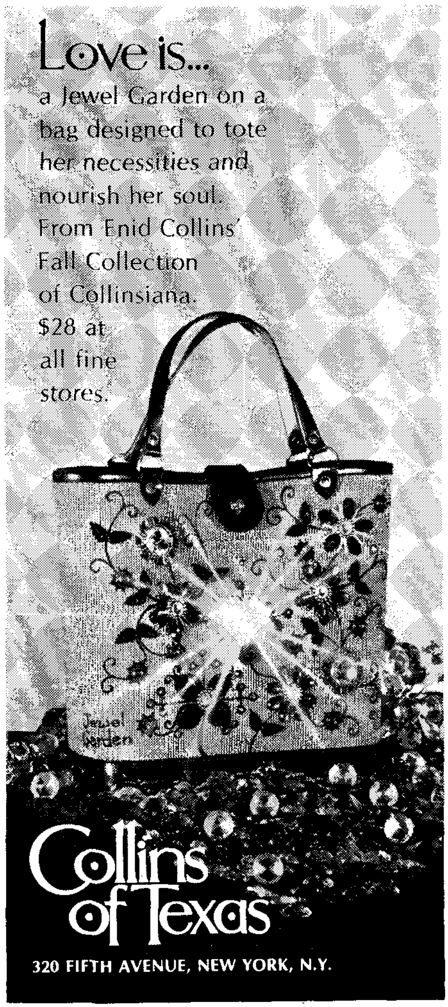

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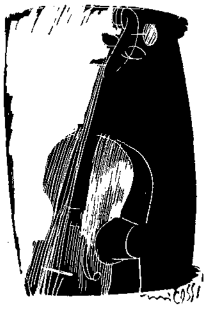
MUSICAL EVENTS

Rock, Etc.

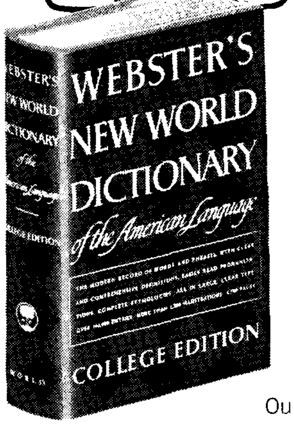
LAS VEGAS is more like Hollywood than Hollywood, because the money is changing hands right out front. Committed to veneer as an art form, over-thirty and relentlessly white in essence, if not always in packaging, Vegas is the antithesis of the cultural revolution. Its hopelessly reactionary nature is best exemplified not by the fountains in front of Caesars Palace, or even by the ethnic comedians, but by the existence of—yes—prominent citizens who want to Make Las Vegas Beautiful, which means toning down the neon on Fremont Street and creating vest-pocket parks. Andy Warhol, tolerant as he is, would have a hard time justifying that. Yet the metaphor of the crap game does have its application to rock: "Just give me money,/ That's what I want." The crass determination to get rich has been one of the great unsung forces behind the cultural revolution. Of course, it has also worked the other way. In the past fifteen years, Hollywood and its variants have bought off plenty of rock performers: the Paul Anka types, who used rock as a detour until the nightclubs were ready for them; black people—like the Supremes—who identified success with whiteness; and, most important of all, Elvis Presley. Elvis, the very definition of rock and roll for its vociferous defenders and detractors, became the first rock-and-roller to switch to ballads for the whole family, and a pioneer (here he had some competition from Annette Funicello and friends) of the unalienated youth movie. You couldn't blame Elvis. In those days, everyone kept speculating about what would happen to punks like him when the rock-and-roll fad was over. It took the Beatles to affirm the first principle of the cultural revolution: The kids have money, and kid music equals kid capitalism. Colonel Parker, meet Brian Epstein.



When I heard that Presley had accepted an engagement at the new International Hotel in Las Vegas and was to give his first concert in nine years, I knew the confrontation had to be interesting. Elvis was at once old money and young money, sellout and folk hero. How would he play it? In his television special last winter, he wore a leather jacket and wiggled his hips. But then he recorded "In the Ghetto," which was weak on beat and strong on slush. It was a No. 1 hit—except in the ghetto—and no doubt met with the approval of the Make Las Vegas Beautiful folks. Now Kirk Kerkorian, who owns the International and apparently wants to become Nevada's other famous tycoon, was energetically promoting Elvis's return to the stage. He invited all the New York rock writers to come out in his plane—the first privately owned DC-9, remodelled to seat twenty people and make the usual first-class accommodations look chintzy. The press releases for the hotel promised that all its features would be the largest, the newest, and the most expensive. Ordinarily, invitations to junkets—a traditional Hollywood institution—are no problem. Who wants to fly to Houston to see Tony Bennett? But in this case I was faced with a dilemma familiar to observers of revolutions and nuclear particles. To participate would compromise my objectivity; to hold aloof would falsify the experience. In a medium as sensitive to context as rock, the hype is an essential part of the message. The story was not just Elvis but Elvis and all of us in Kerkorian's womb. I flashed yes, and, along with other refugees from the cultural revolution, armed with long hair, giant sunglasses, and artificial euphoriants, I set out to dig Babylon: Garish is beautiful. There was something to be said for the Las Vegas thing. At the same time, I hoped Elvis would be crude and surly and stomp all over the veneer with his blue suède shoes.

The opening took place in the Showroom Internationale, a two-thousand-seat nightclub whose sublimely irrelevant décor included relief carvings of Greek temples and winged gods and goddesses, and whose menu that night consisted of such tasty items as Aloyau Roti à l'Anglaise Périgourdine and Pointes d'Asperges au Beurre. The audience was 99.44 per cent white and predominantly middle-aged and moneyed; the celebrities present ranged from Fats Domino and Phil Ochs to Pat Boone and Henry Mancini. I was surprised at how seriously people were taking the occasion. They seemed to feel that Elvis was theirs, not just a progenitor of the music their kids listened to. A woman of fifty who had come from Los Angeles whispered excitedly, "My husband thinks I'm real silly, but I always wanted to see Elvis in person." It was obviously the raunchy Elvis, not the Hollywood Elvis, that she wanted to see.

We had to sit through the Sweet Inspirations—a great black gospel-rock group that persists in wasting its talent singing "Alfie"—and one of those unmentionable comedians. Then Presley came on, and immediately shook up all my expectations and preconceived categories. There was a new man out there. A grown man in black bell-bottoms, tunic, and neckerchief, devoid of pout and baby fat, skinny, sexy, totally alert, nervous but smiling easily. For some reason, he had dyed his hair black. It was the same length as ever, but combed down instead of back into a ducktail. He started with "Blue Suede Shoes." He still moved around a lot, but in a much different spirit. What was once deadly-serious frenzy had been infused with humor and a certain detachment: This is where it began—isn't it a good thing? Though the show was more than anything else an affirmation of Presley's sustaining love for rhythm and blues—we knew it all the time, Elvis—it was not burdened by an oppressive reverence for the past. He knew better than to try to be nineteen again. He had quite enough to offer at thirty-three. He sang most of his old songs, including a few of the better ballads, and a couple of new ones. When he did "In the Ghetto," his emotion was so honest it transformed the song; for the first time, I saw it as representing a white Southern boy's feeling for black music, with all that that implied. "Suspicious Minds," an earthy country-rock song about jealousy, which is going to be Presley's new single, was the highlight of the show. Almost as exciting was his version of "What'd I Say." The only mistake he made was to sing the coda from "Hey Jude;" once a gimmick has been picked up by Eydie Gorme on a cerebral-palsy telethon, it loses something. But the gesture was understandable. Elvis was clearly unsure of himself, worried that he wouldn't get through to people after all those years, and relieved and happy when he realized we were with him. As the evening went on, he gained in confidence, and the next night he was loose enough to fool around with the audience, accepting handkerchiefs to mop his forehead and reaching out his hands to women in the front row. During both performances, there was a fair amount of sighing and screaming, but, like Elvis's sexual posturing, it



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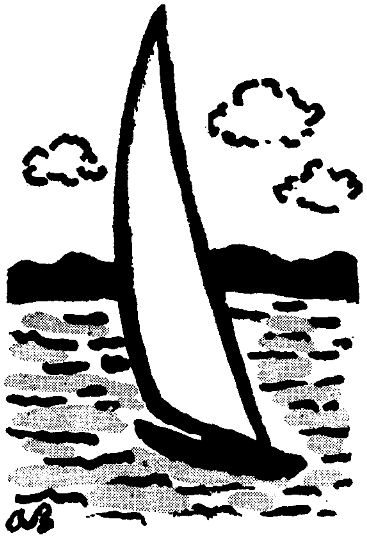

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was more in fun than in ecstasy. It was the ritual that counted: "Of *course* I screamed. I'm not dead *yet*." At the opening-night press conference, I asked Presley if he had had trouble relating to an audience of mostly older people. He shook his head and smiled. "The older people have learned, you know. They can do it, too." Yeah, yeah, yeah.

If Elvis continues to perform—he says he wants to—and "Suspicious Minds" is as big a hit as it should be, he could have a significant impact on pop music in the coming months. It remains to be seen whether he can transcend either his grand-old-man image or the Hal Wallis years, but he seems to want to try. I wonder if Colonel Parker approves. Is Parker just an ectoplasmic projection of Presley's Hollywood side? Will he now shrivel up? The night before I left Las Vegas, I saw him drop five hundred dollars at roulette. You can't win 'em all. —ELLEN WILLIS

•

LETTER TO P.

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Words! Words!

Your needs are children of a past
so strewn with murdered desires
that you must want and want
murderously.

I am willing to be
only a tongue speaking sincerely
the praise your life grows tall on,

the mirror necessary
to render your face its beauty,
your body its splendor,

a sun to light your moon
that otherwise rolls, cold stone,
in darkness, infinitely.

But where I stand
—outside your any recognition of me,
who also need
a tongue, a mirror, and a sun—
I cannot help you.

Help me to help you.
I do not utter now
the word "love."

—ROBERT FRIEND

•

At the end of the summer, she will take her family to Balmoral Castle in the Scottish Highlands. There she dons tweeds and strong shoes, walks across the Moors, and enjoys a vacation from being Queen.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

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THE RACE TRACK

Wheatley Hopeful

NEVER underestimate the Wheatley Stable in the Hopeful Stakes. Last Saturday, the establishment's Irish Castle, a nice, muscular bay colt by Bold Ruler, stormed home a nose ahead of the Hickory Tree Stable's Hagley, with George Widener's Pontifex third, a nod behind, in the closing event of the meeting at Saratoga Springs. It was the third time in five years that the yellow-and-purple silks of Mrs. Henry Carnegie Phipps had been first past the post in the Hopeful. Nine two-year-olds ran, and even on TV, which is where I watched it, the finish was as thrilling as any I've seen in months, for six of the runners came through the last furlong and went under the wire only heads apart. Then the Hopeful had to be run all over again—in the stewards' room, because Anderson, who rode Pontifex, lodged an objection against Hagley, charging interference at the start. The claim was disallowed. The painful minutes of apprehension at the track before the "official" sign was flashed on the tote board were just a tick of the clock compared to what we television viewers suffered, because the "Race of the Week," which telecast the Hopeful, went off the air just as the claim of foul was made. It's only fair to say, though, that C.B.S. did include the result in its six-thirty news. It has always seemed to me that the broadcasting industry looks down disdainfully on racing. I wouldn't know why.

To get back to the action, Brick Passer, the colt from Puerto Rico, was first out of the gate, but Hagley zipped by him, going on to the quarter in 0:22⅕, the half mile in 0:45⅖, and six furlongs in 1:10⅖. At about this point, Walker's, the favorite, got his head in front for a few strides, but then he gave way to Hagley, who I thought for a moment would take all the money. Meanwhile, Irish Castle, who had waited off the fast pace for half the route, started his run, and after making a wide turn into the stretch he got up in the last few yards. Pontifex, after his trouble at the start, settled into his stride, but he made a wider turn into the stretch than Irish Castle did, losing lengths and lengths. Before the race, the experts on such things weren't sure how well Pontifex would run on a fast track, since his victories in the Flash and the Saratoga Special had been in the mud and the slop. Oh, well; being beaten by a nose and a head in 1:17⅕ for six and a half furlongs isn't too bad. Still, it was a disappointment to Mr. Widener, who no doubt remembered that back in 1930 his Jamestown won the Flash and the Special and then finished second in the Hopeful. This spring, Ed Neloy, who trains Irish Castle, thought he was a nice colt. Right now, he's the best of the establishment's two-year-olds, having won four of his six starts and $91,114 in prize money. By the way, that makes three Hopefuls for Neloy; he also saddled Buckpasser, who won for Ogden Phipps in 1965, and What A Pleasure, who won for Wheatley year before last.

MERITUS, an easy winner of the Adirondack Stakes the previous week, won the Spinaway, the prize of the meeting for two-year-old fillies, even more easily. Leaving the gate with the speed you'd expect from a daughter of Bold Ruler, she came in ten lengths ahead of Title, with Bright Sun third. Meritus is a handsome dark bay who looks more like a colt than a filly, and she should go far in the races to come. Money doesn't always make the mare go; earlier in the week Love of Learning, for whom Charles Engelhard paid $225,000 at the Saratoga sales last year, finished out of the money again, winding up eighth.

NOT so many customers came to the Spa this year, and they didn't bet as much as they used to. No doubt a soggy first week was to blame. Nevertheless, a lot of racecourse managements I could name would settle for attendance of 392,757 and a mutuel handle of $31,621,322. The Old Lady of Union Avenue will be at the same stand in 1970.

AND they're off and running at Belmont Park. Glad to be back.

—AUDAX MINOR

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Peterson said that first, all crime should start on the local level.—*Wilmington (Del.) News.*

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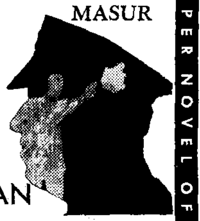

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BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE HUNGRY GRASS, by Richard Power (Dial). Tom Conroy is an Irish parish priest and a stubborn, perplexed man. Sometimes he believes that his small spiritual services are valuable, sometimes that he is wasting his life listening to aged crackpots, attending deathbeds, and rumbling through the Mass. Memorable scenes and dialogues make Father Conroy and his world very real. He sits gloomily on the platform of a noisy agricultural-reform meeting; forgets that it is Sunday; sets off for a frosty day's shooting; or visits cottages where, over bacon-and-cabbage dinners beside peat fires, men drink strong tea from the saucer and wave their knives in the air.

GENERAL

THE AMERICANS: A SOCIAL HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES, 1587-1914, by J. C. Furnas (Putnam). A literary fruitcake crammed with factual nuggets, and one that neither sates nor palls. From first, when the United States presented itself to a few Englishmen as one great big forest, to last, when the woods are gone and the cities are filled with millions of brand-new immigrants, the book is a delight. Mr. Furnas is funny, readable, and down-to-earth. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection. Twelve dollars and ninety-five cents.

REFLECTIONS FROM A VILLAGE, by Frank Swinnerton (Doubleday). The octogenarian Mr. Swinnerton's fifty-second book shows him cheerily cultivating his herbaceous borders. He doesn't care to thunder on about his literary generation—Wells, Bennett, Galsworthy, and Maugham—and he would find it immodest and ungentlemanly to dwell on anybody's personality, least of all his own. At this stage, he sees few reasons to look beyond the boundaries of the Surrey village where he has lived for nearly fifty years. He is rarely nostalgic or peevish, and often lightheartedly curious. He does regret the closing of the local branch line, the threatened extinction of butterflies in southeast England, and the invention of sodium lighting. Most of the memoir is about songbirds, pets, flowers, village cricket on the greens, and endearing local "characters." Mr. Swinnerton, who loves England, is a happy man.

SPIRIT OF PLACE: LETTERS AND ESSAYS ON TRAVEL, by Lawrence Durrell, edited by Alan G. Thomas (Dutton). The first quarter of this book amounts to an autobiography in letters. And what letters! Ebullient, fluent, evocative, and gay, they speak to their recipients. They are not mere displays of writing, but they do display an enchanting writer, an entertaining friend, a nice man with a great capacity for enjoyment. Mr. Thomas has included sections of Durrell's early novels, which are only so-so, but the last half of the book contains Durrell's topnotch travel pieces, somewhat more formal than the letters but equally beguiling. Ten dollars.

TWO DREISERS, by Ellen Moers (Viking). An elaborate study of the sources and influences affecting Theodore Dreiser's two "masterworks"—"Sister Carrie" and "An American Tragedy." Miss Moers traces the multiple origins of such figures as Carrie, Hurstwood, and Clyde Griffiths, as well as the influence on Dreiser's thought and writing of Stephen Crane, George Ade, Jacques Loeb's "tropisms," "Crime and Punishment," and "The Arabian Nights." Miss Moers is qualified for such a work by being just as relentless a researcher as Dreiser, and just as inept a stylist; her subject would not have been ashamed of writing either that Jacob Riis was the "Virgil" of the Bowery or that Paul Dresser's friends "were legion." Ten dollars.

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Then Creiger went into the endless battle over income tax returns—first as a revenue agent of the U.S. Treasury Dept., examining the returns of individuals, corporations, trusts and estates, later on the taxpayers' side as a member of a private accounting firm. "Representing the taxpayer is the greater challenge," says Creiger, "because here you have an opportunity to plan your transactions within the law."—*Chemical Week.*

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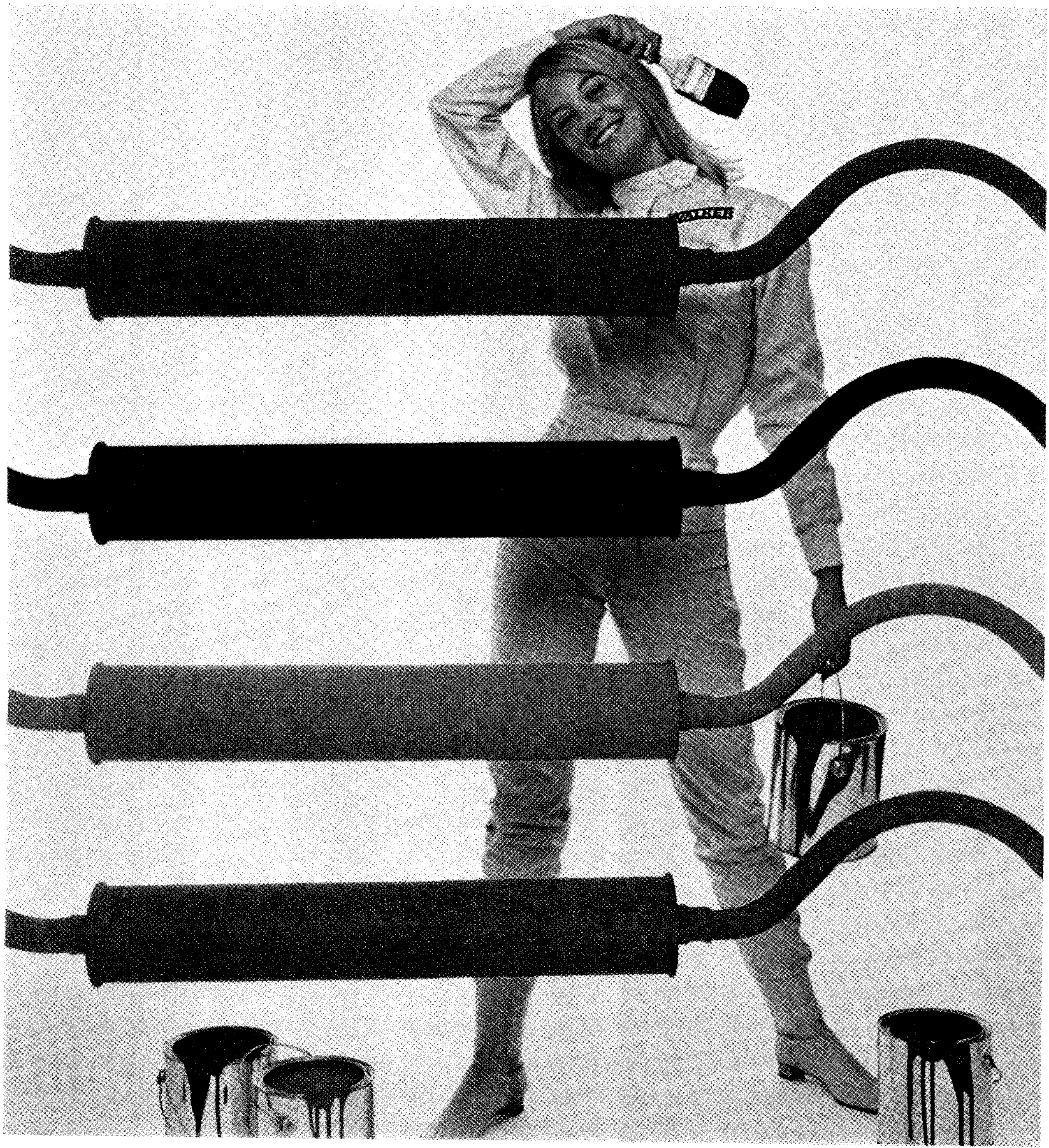

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